



JANUARY
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A 52 page
Comic
Magazine

Tom and Jerry comics

53





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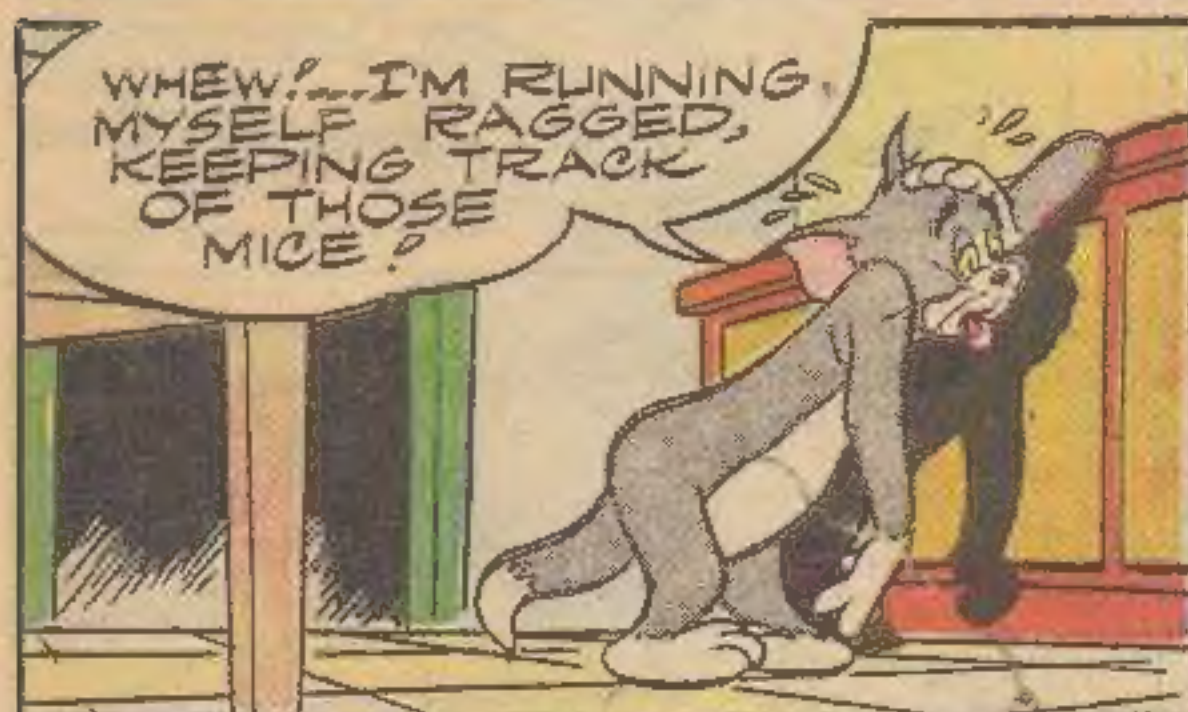
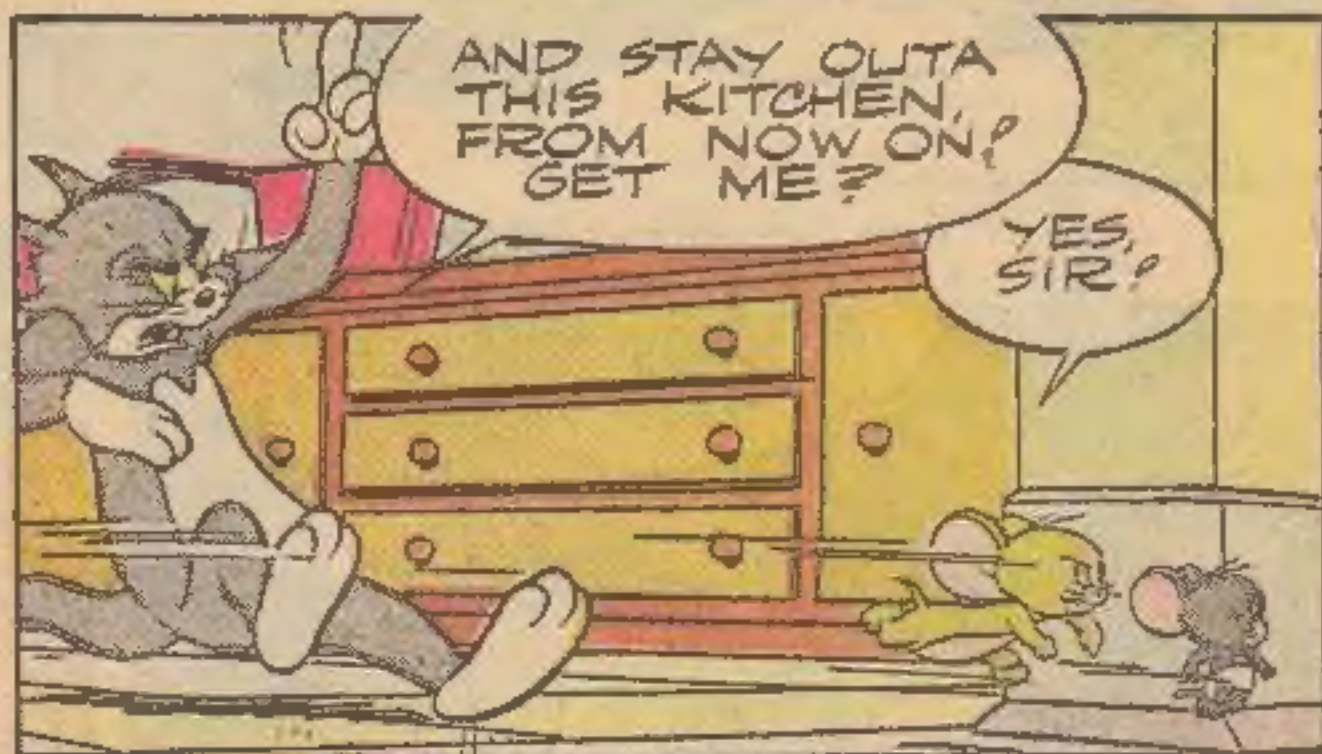
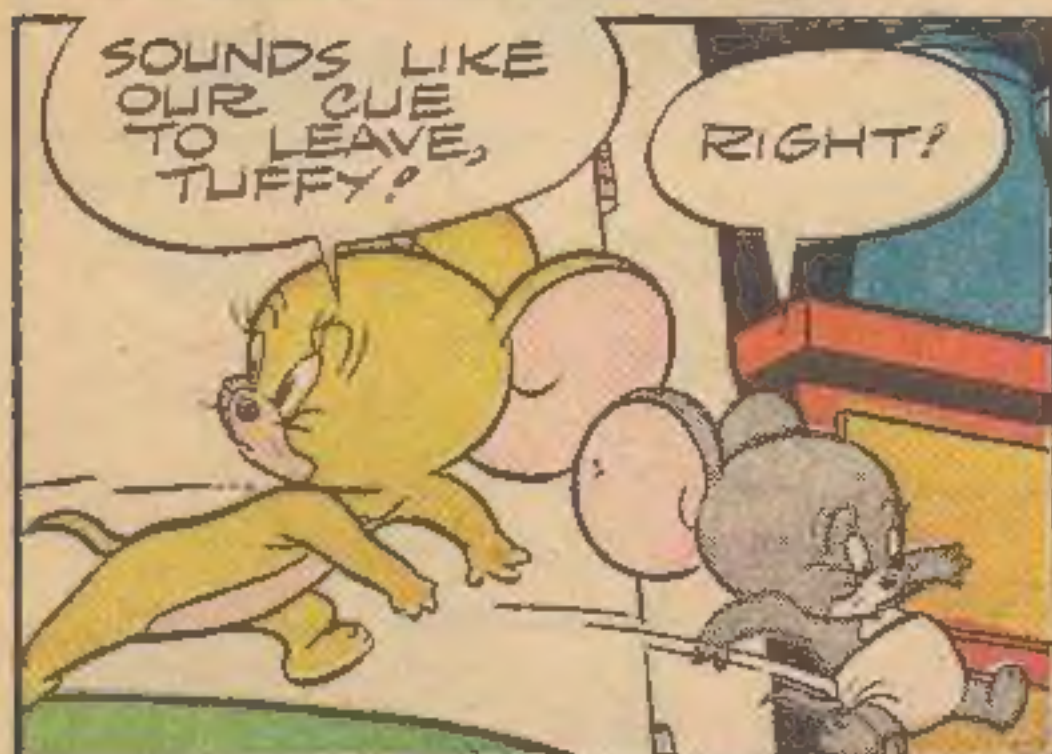


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All those wonderful characters from Walt Disney's *Peter Pan* movie are yours to play with, to read about, to color and paint. You'll have ever so much fun enjoying the adventures in the many ways that Whitman offers them. For instance, those two big coloring books jam-packed with pictures . . . the two story books, one with full-color pictures on every page, the other a jumbo book with 192 pages and 48,000 words . . . the punch-out book with

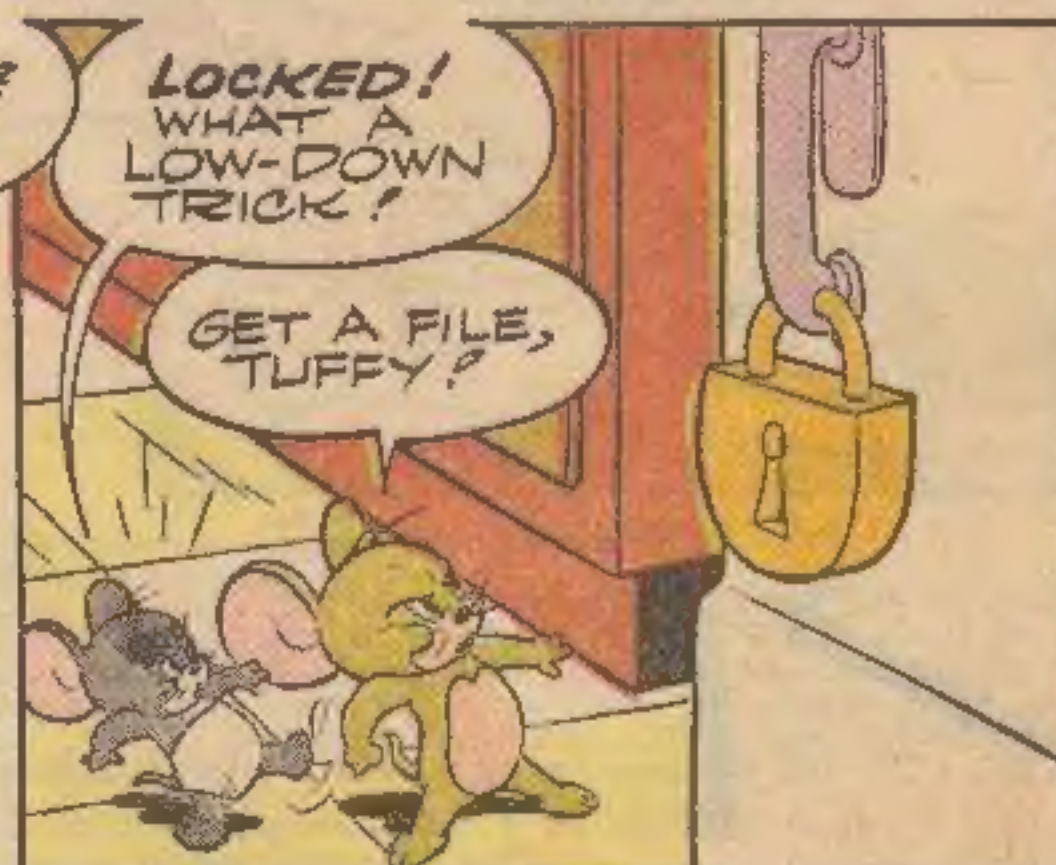
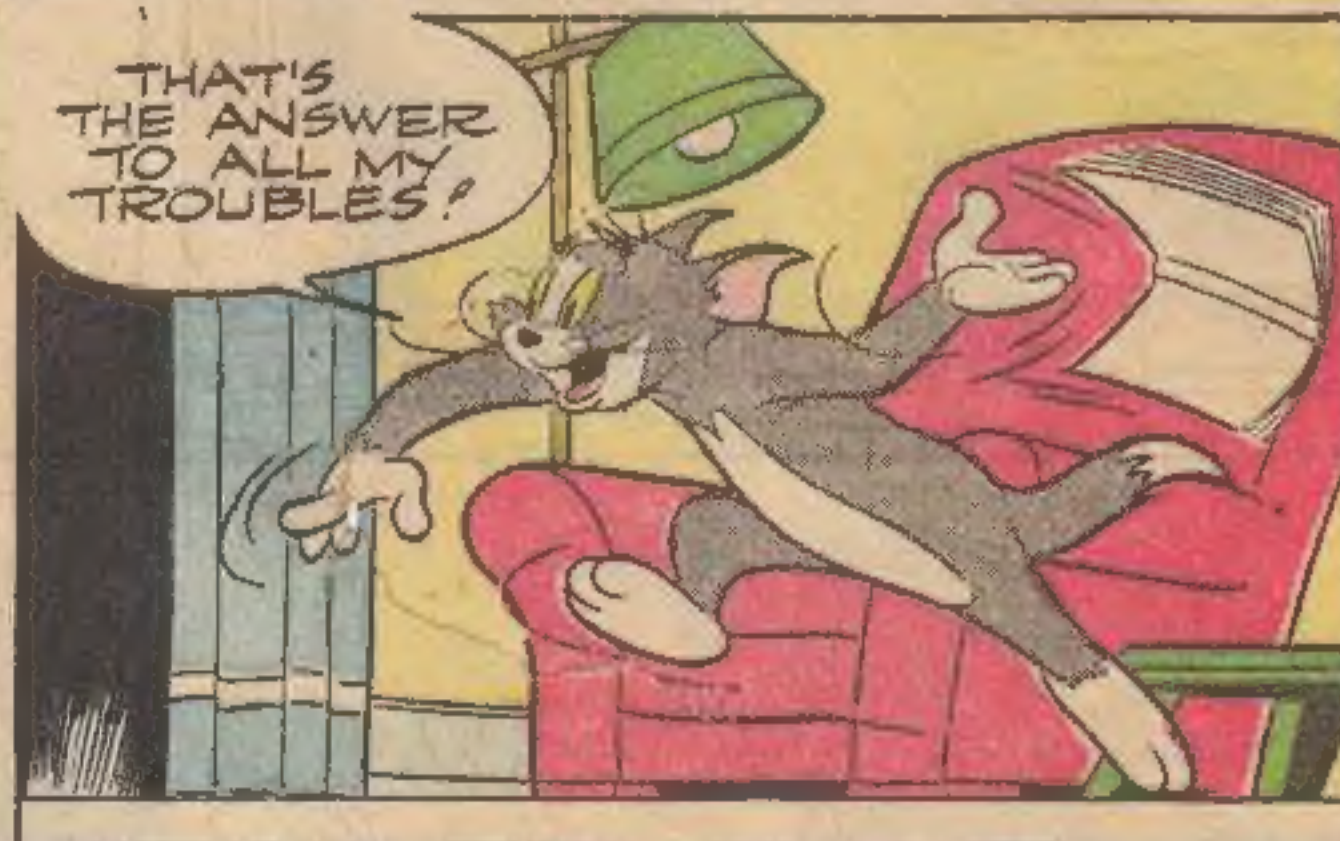
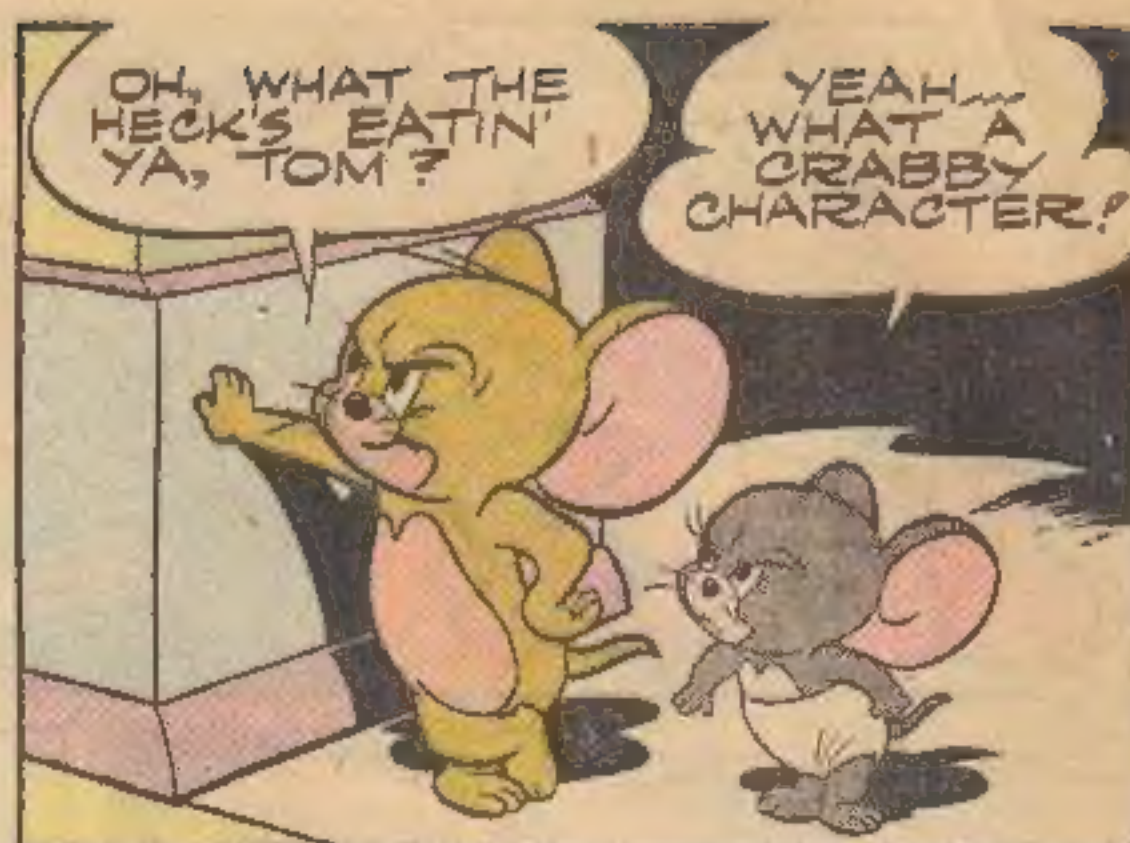
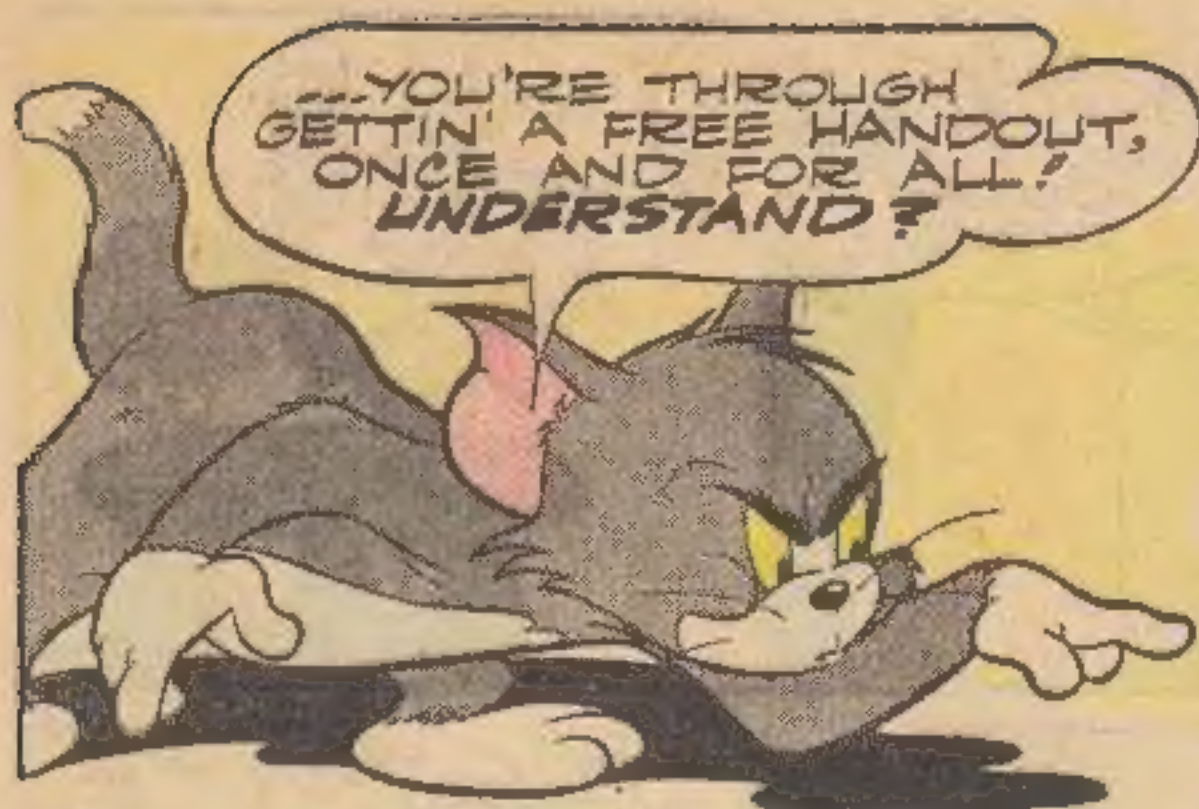
characters that you may put together yourself . . . picture puzzles galore, some in frame trays, and others come six in a box . . . sewing cards complete with cord laces . . . statuettes of eleven Peter Pan movie characters, each with plastic stand-up base . . . and a fun book filled with "things to do," like games, puzzles, dot-to-dot and more! You'll find Whitman's Peter Pan fun at stores everywhere.

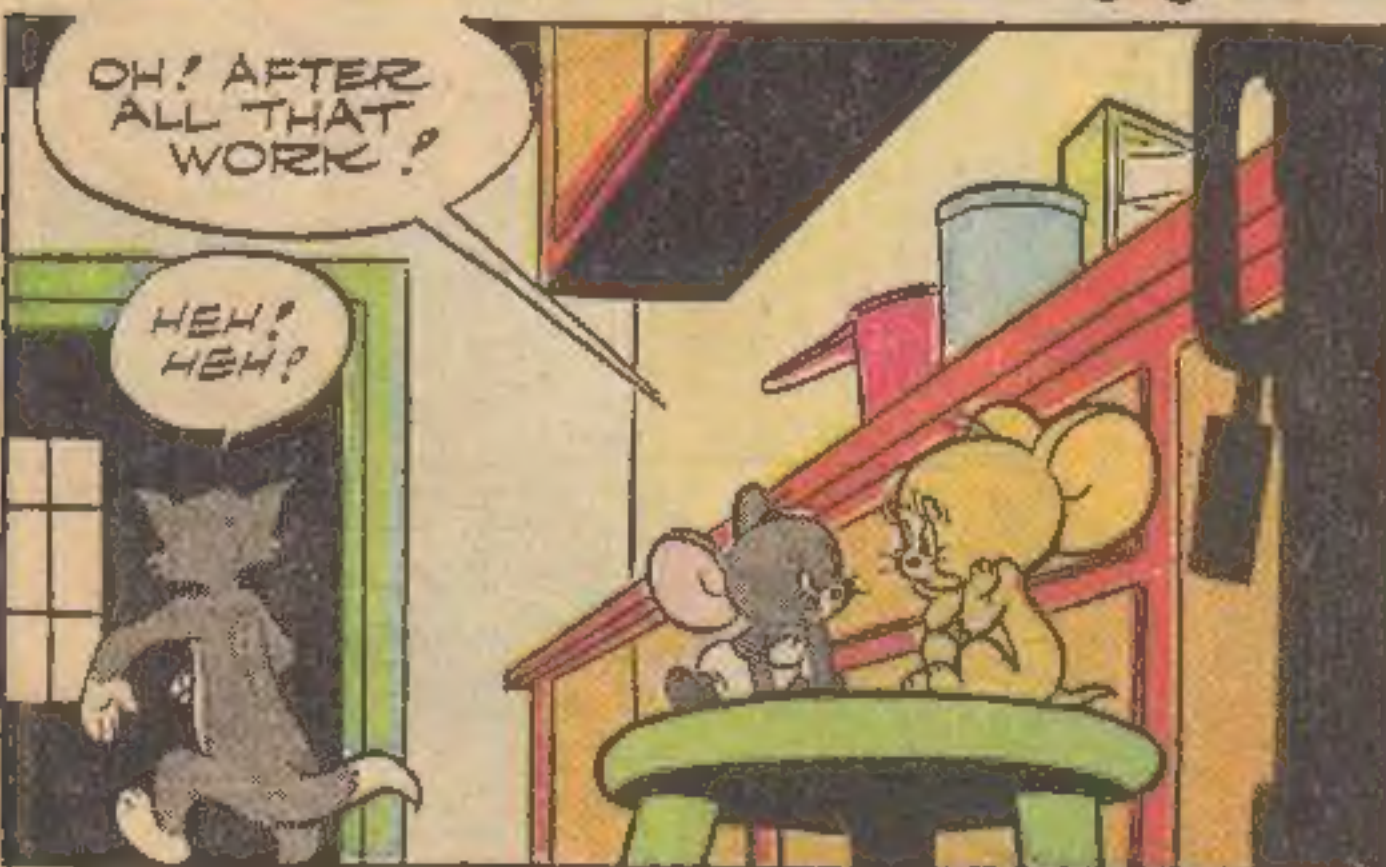
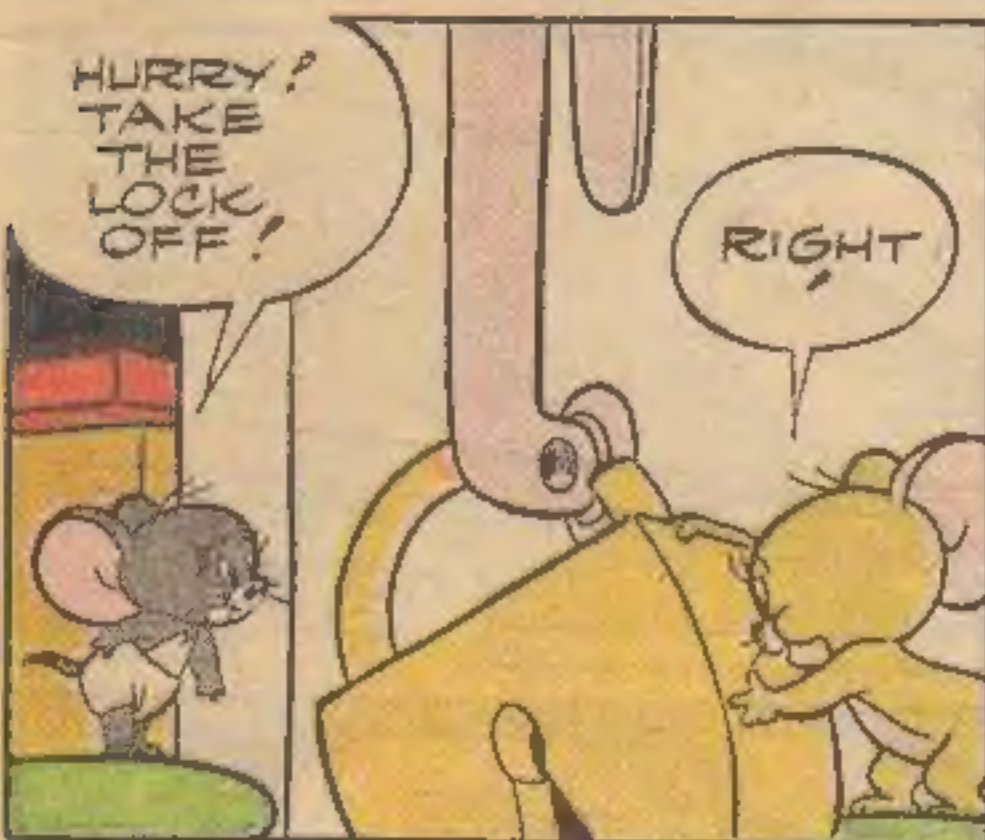
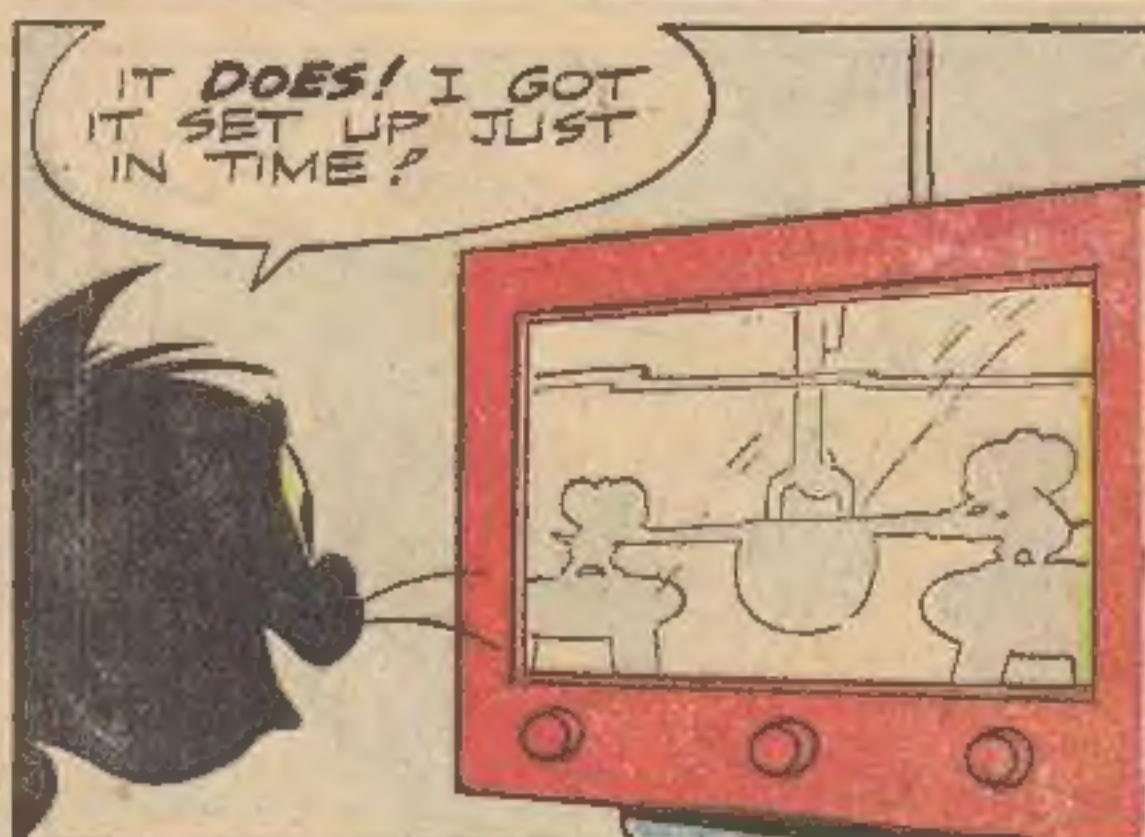
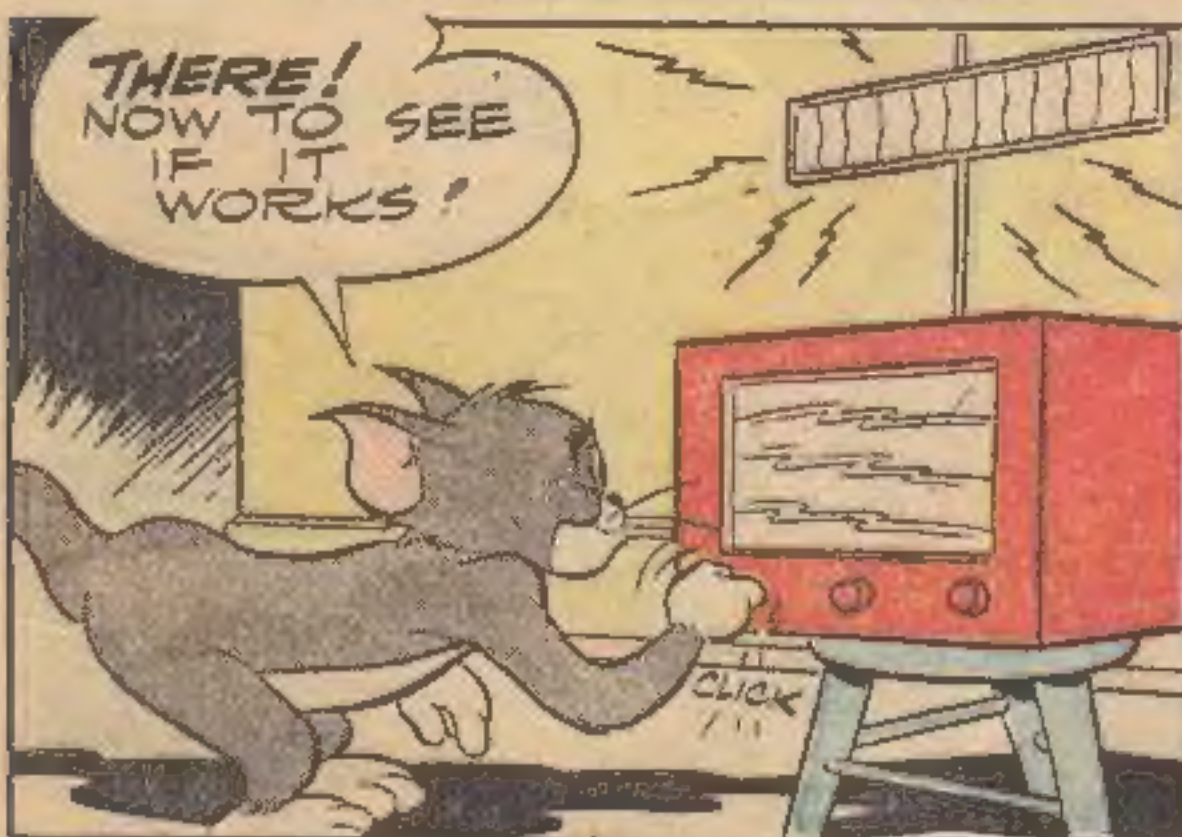
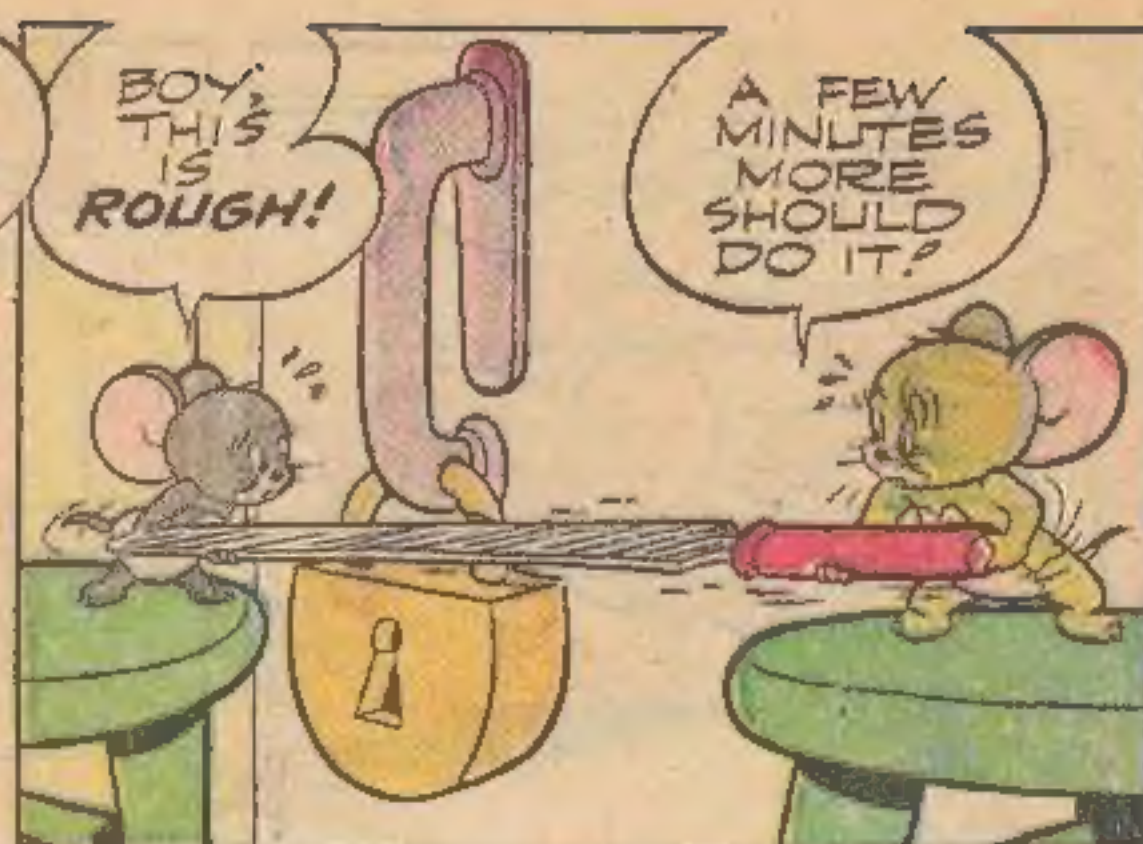
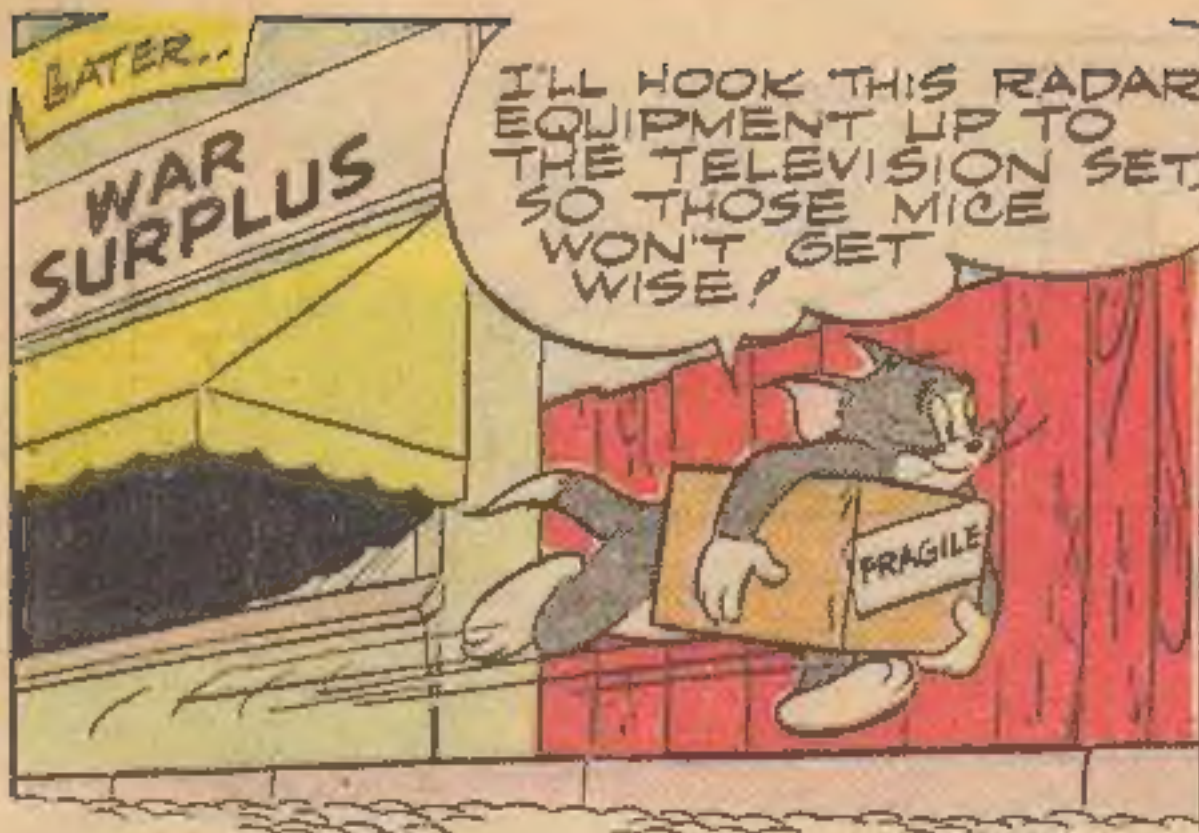


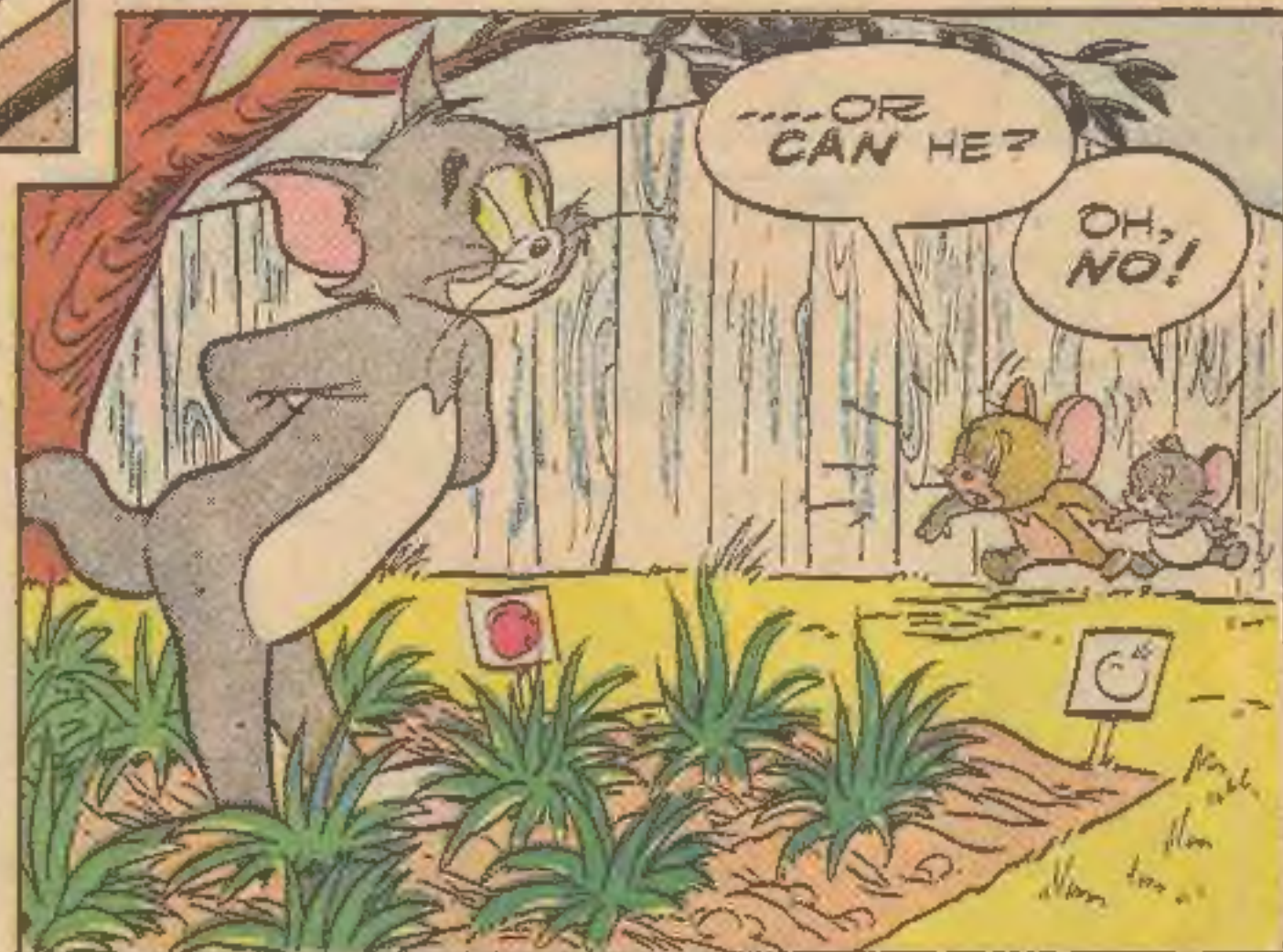
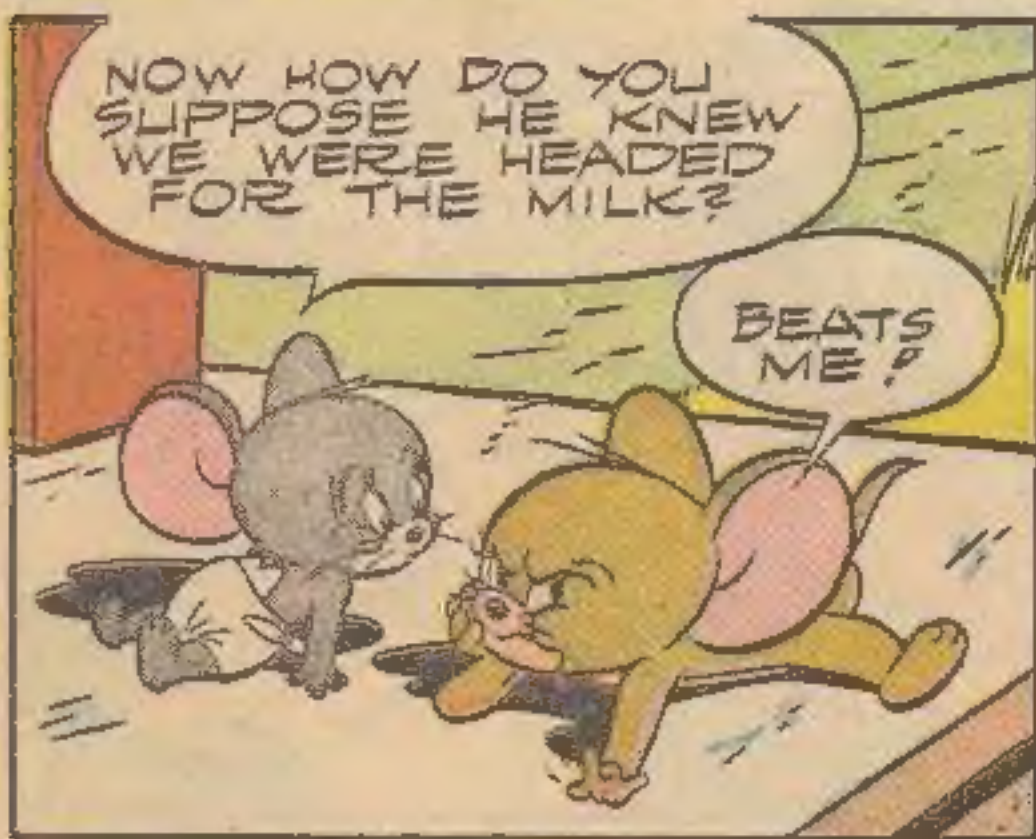
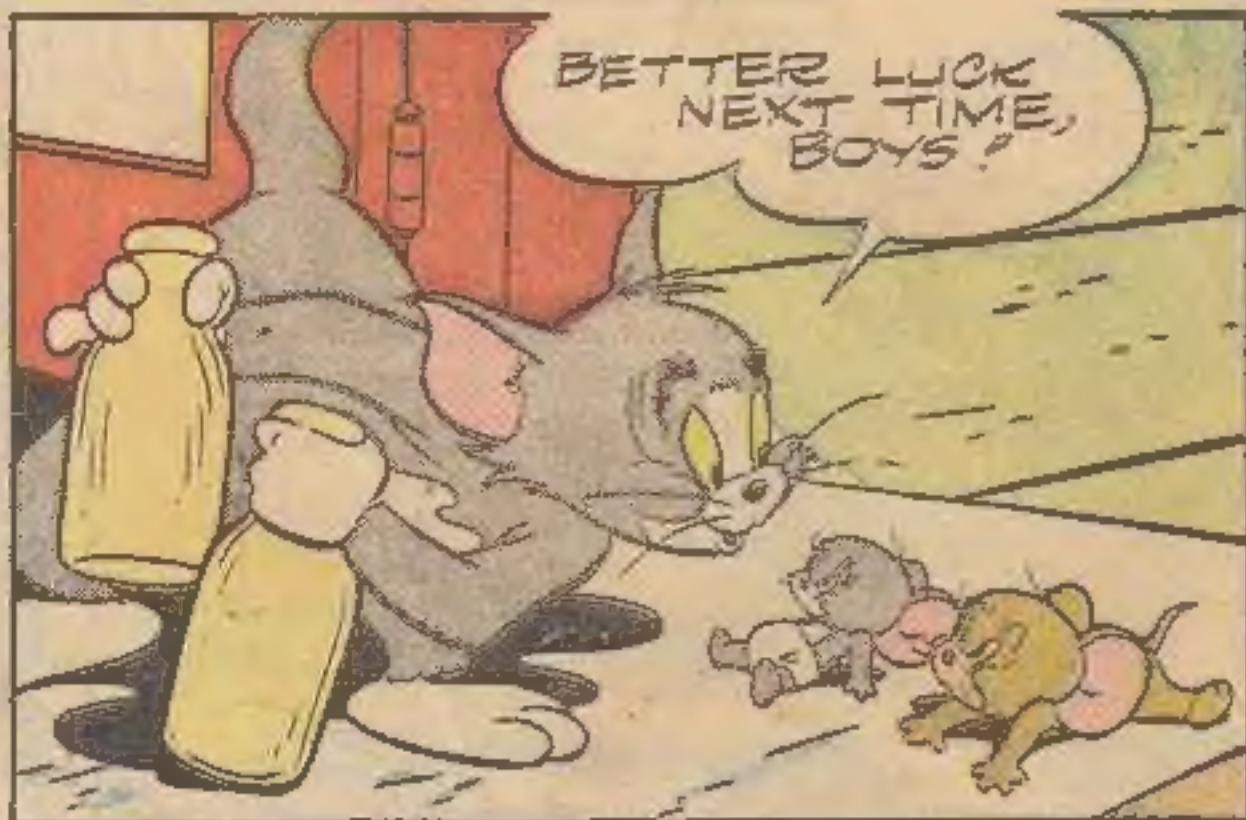
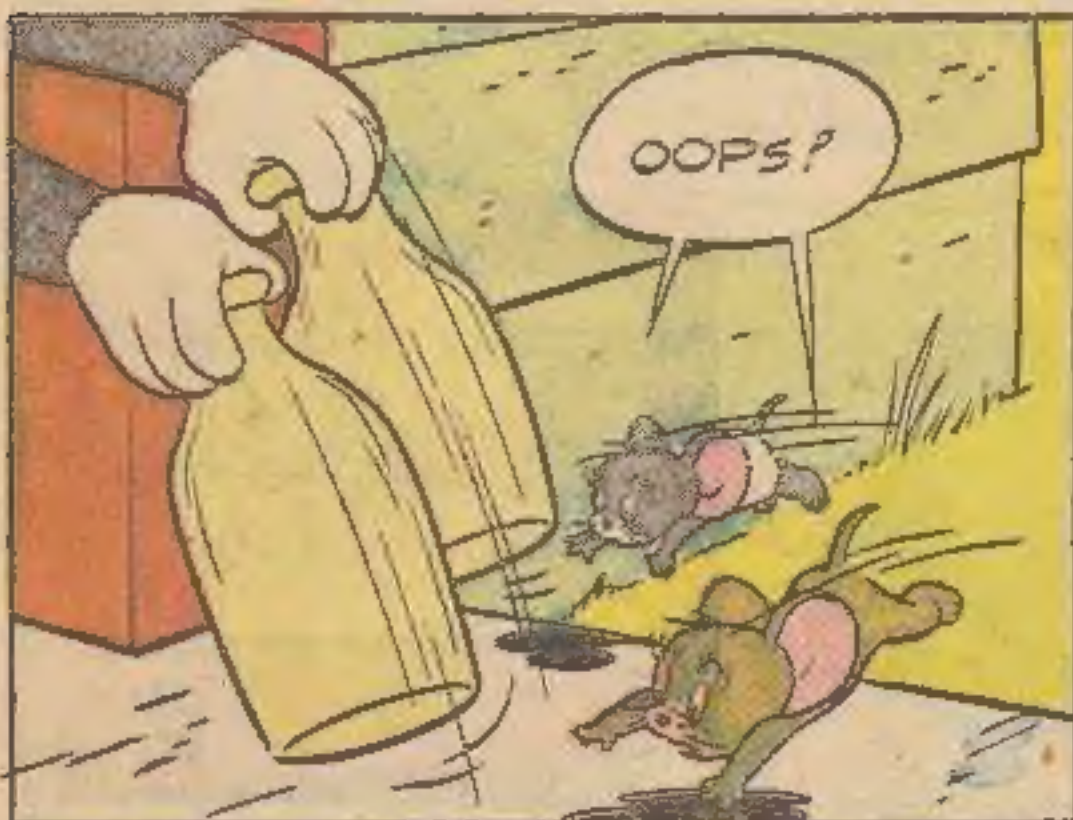
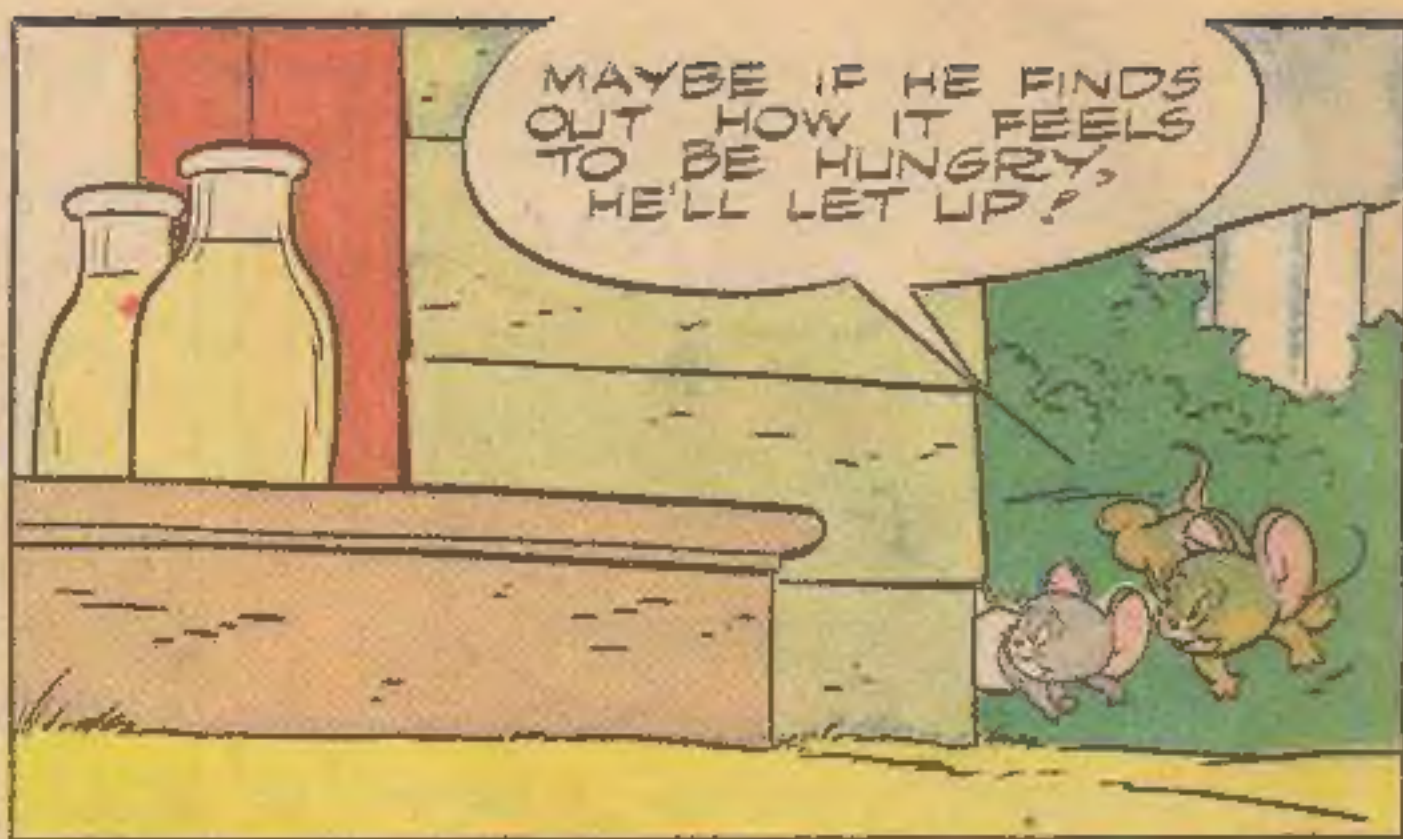
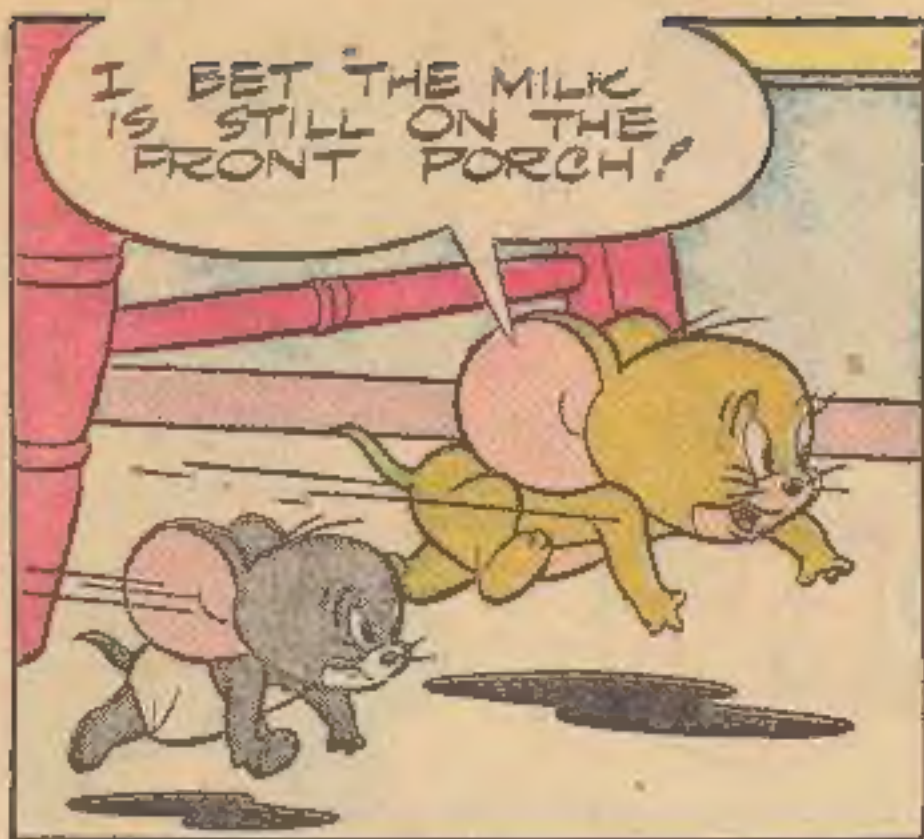
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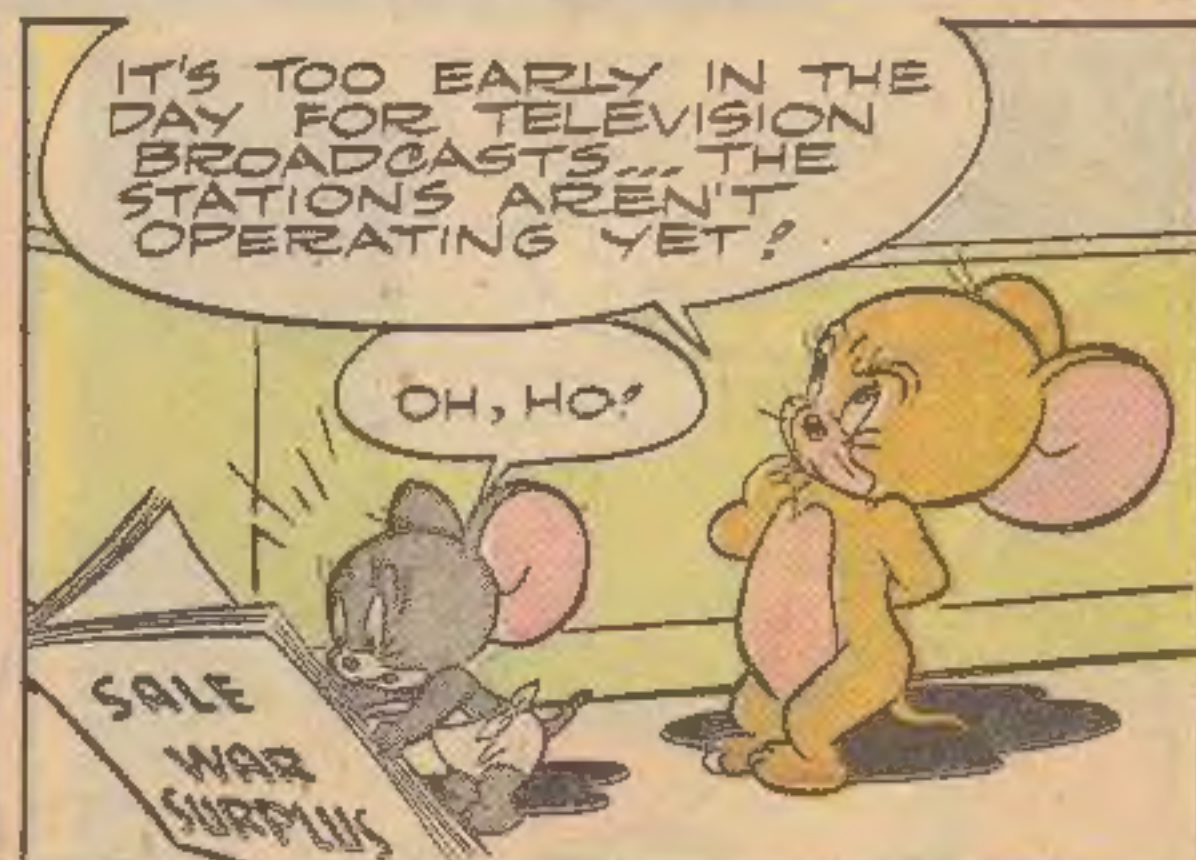
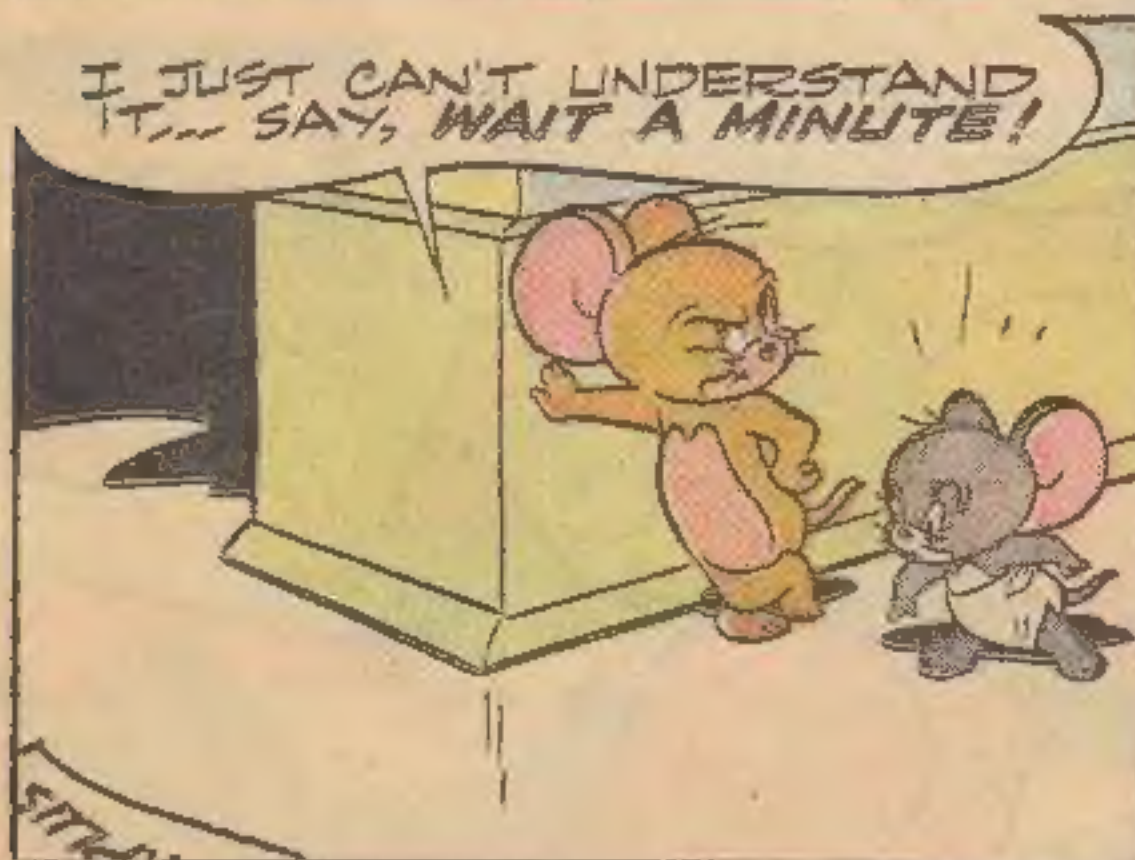
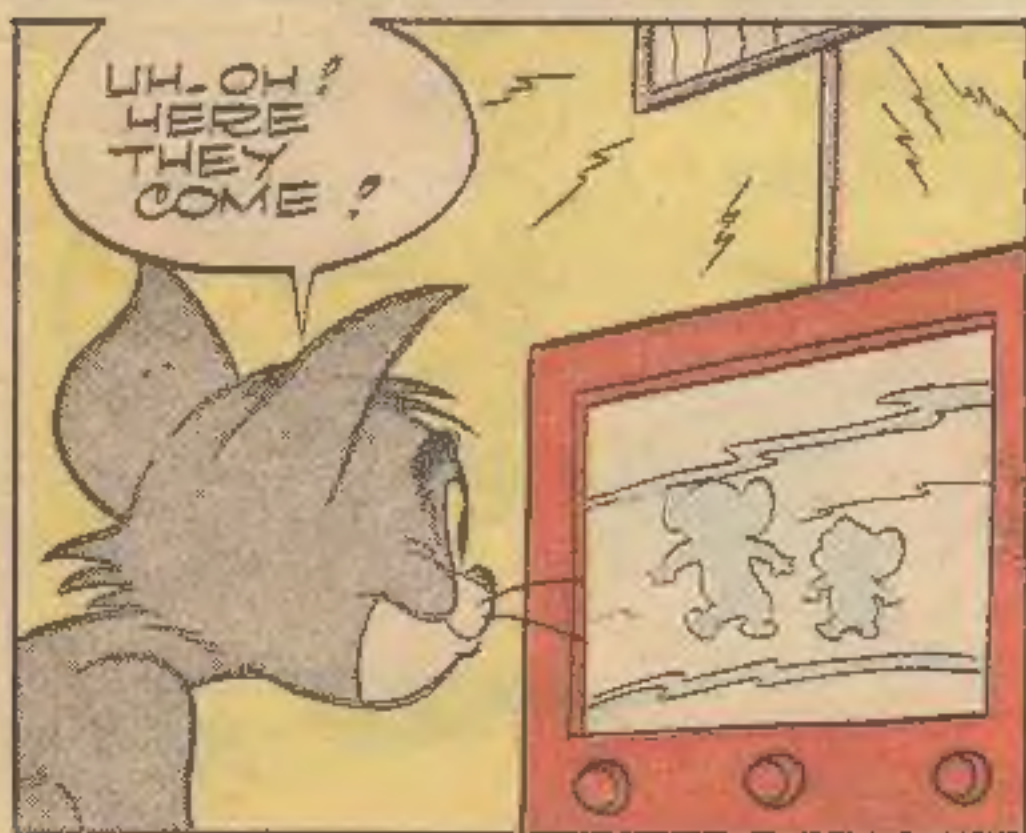
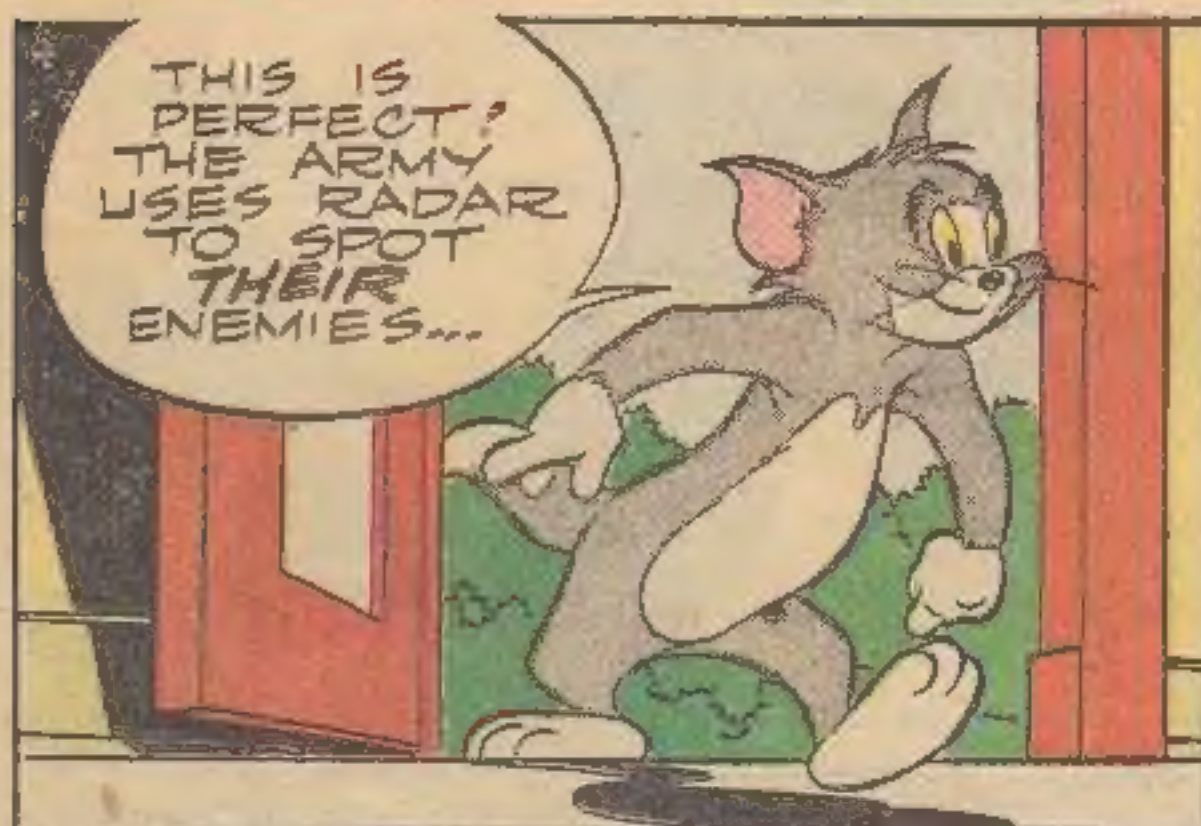
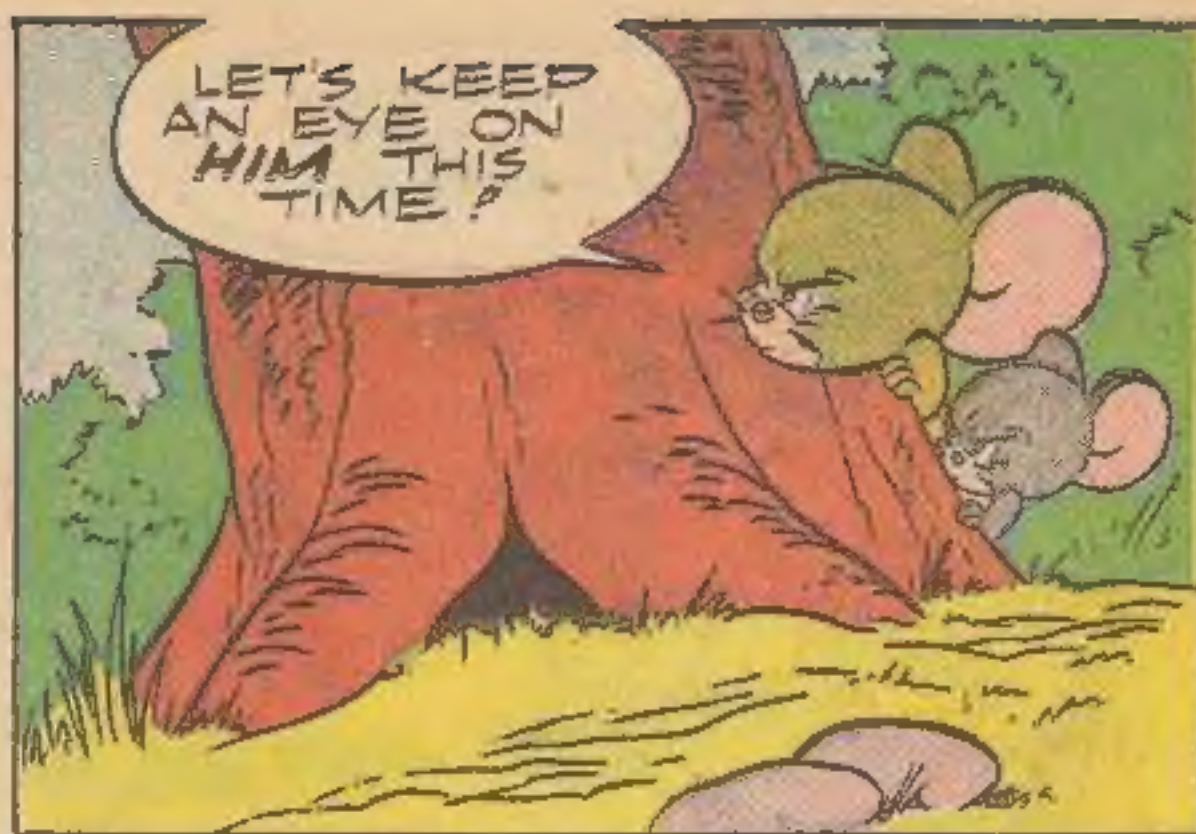
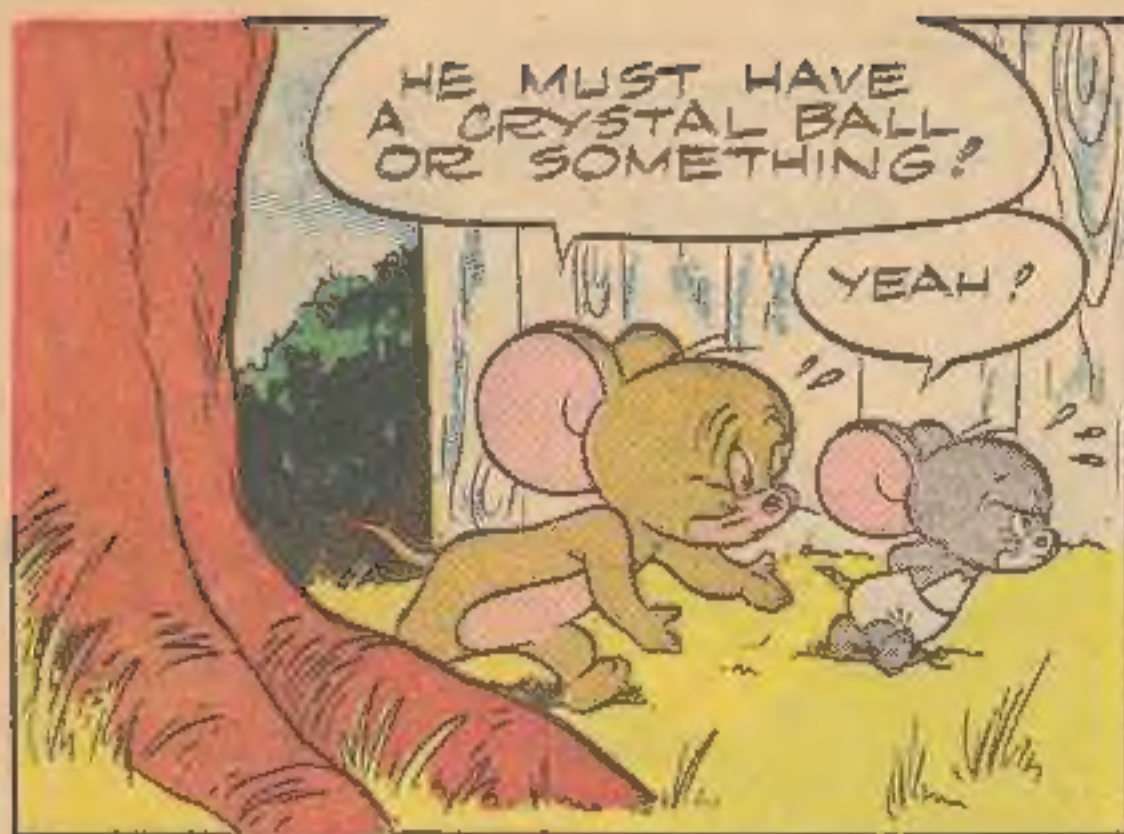
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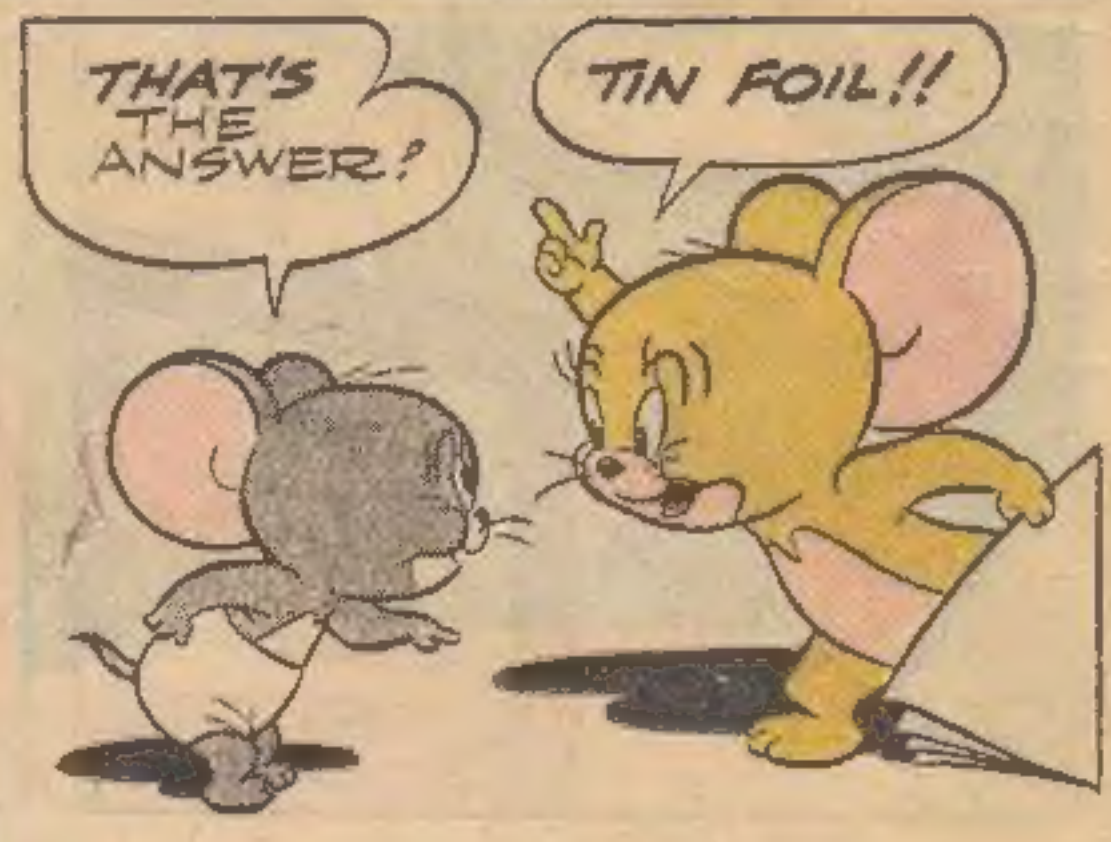
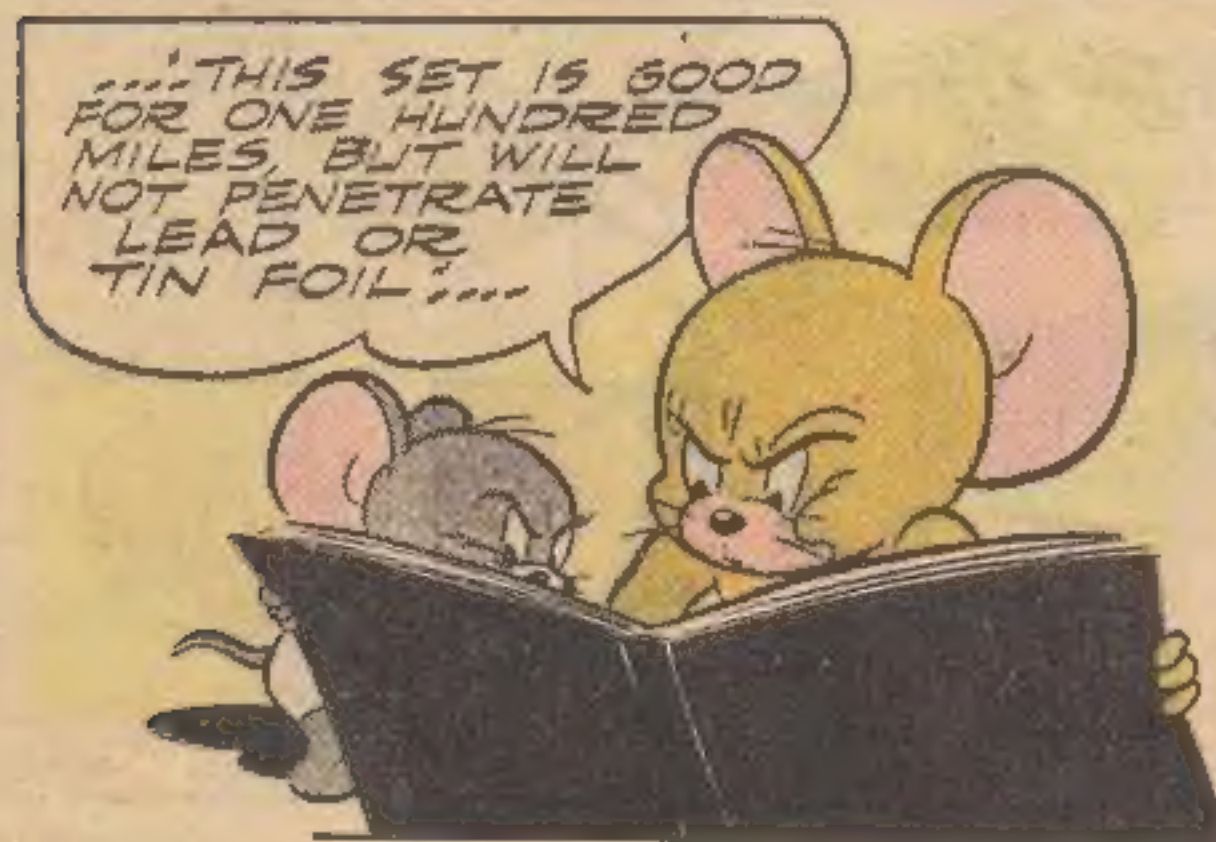
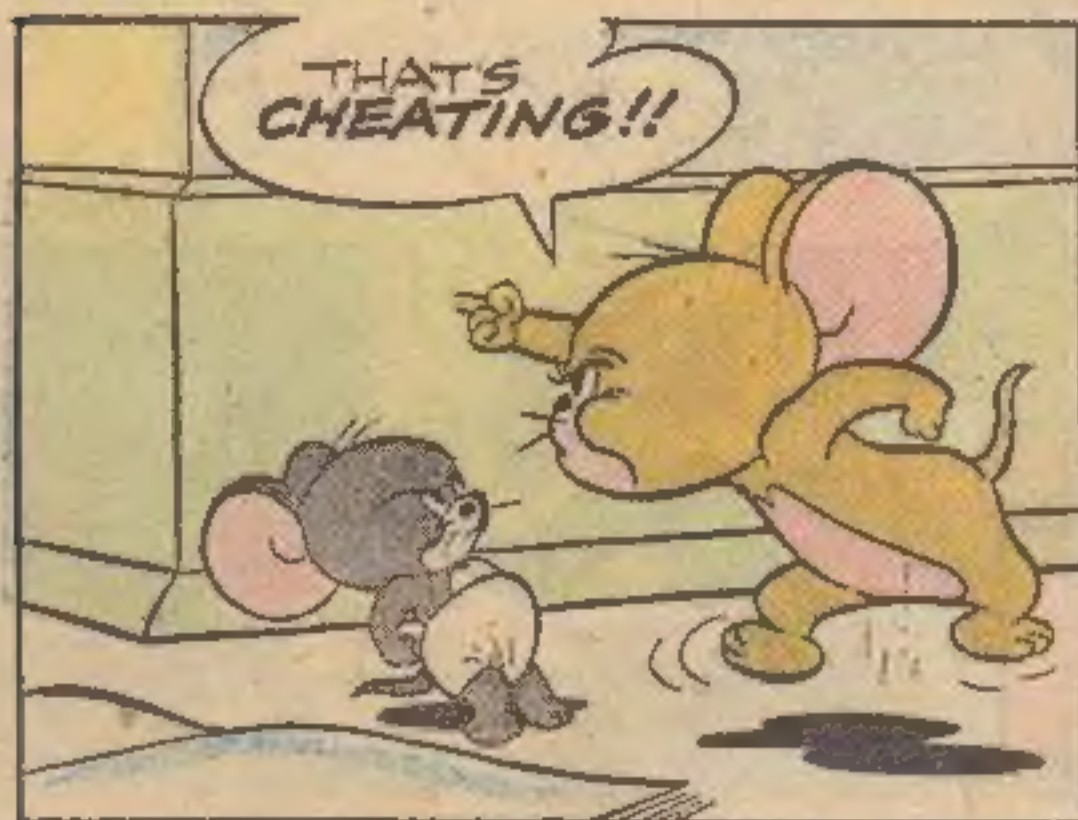
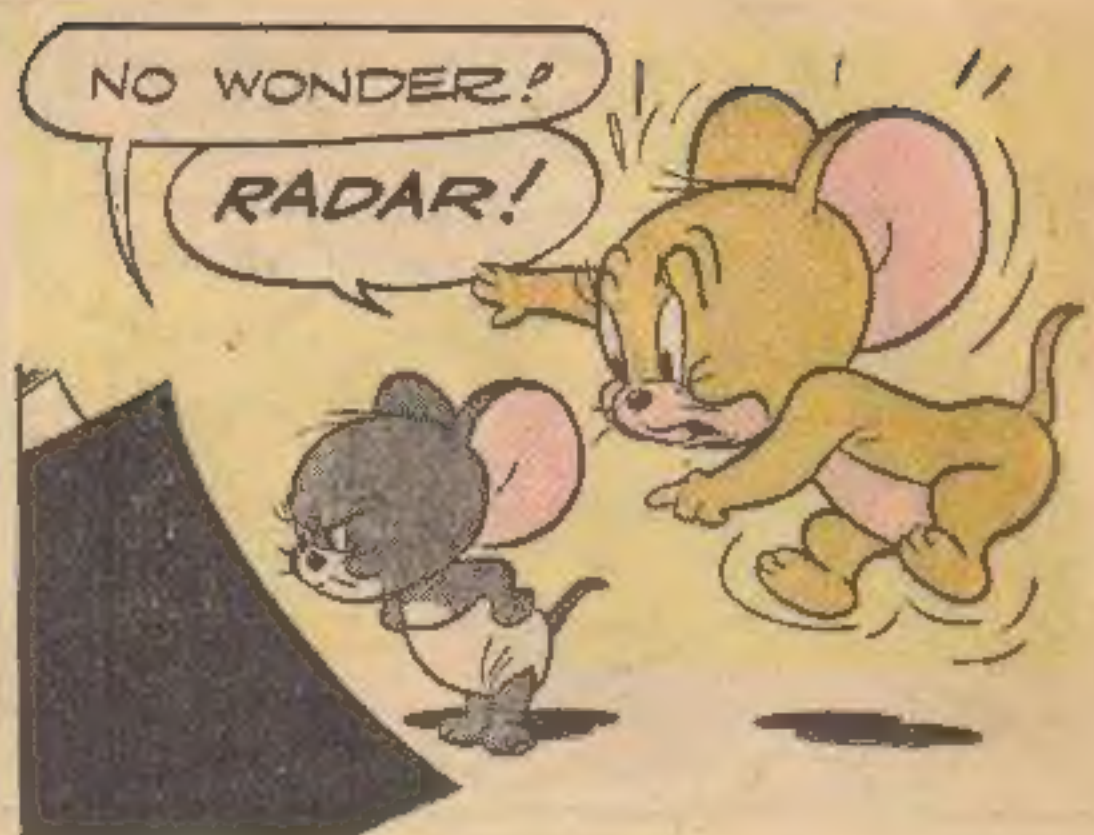
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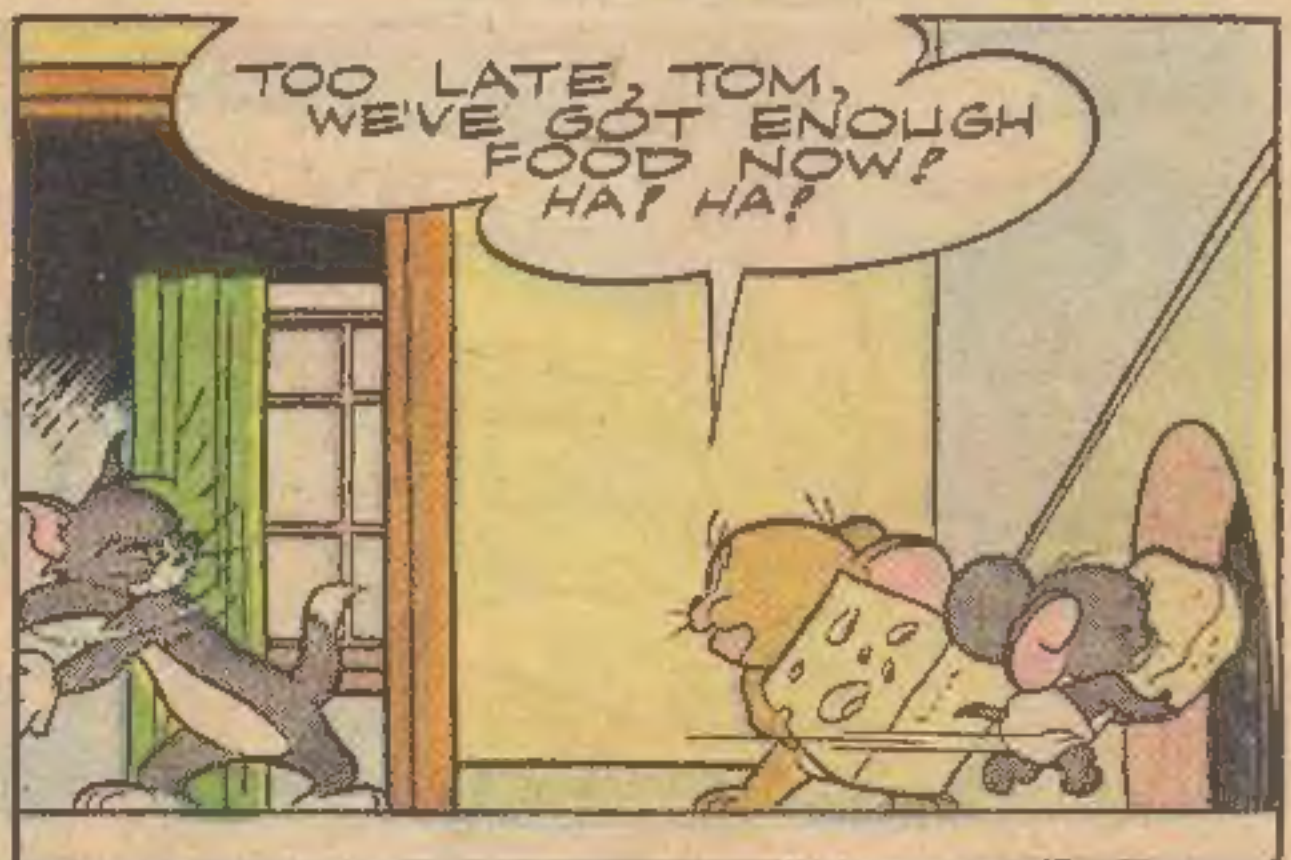
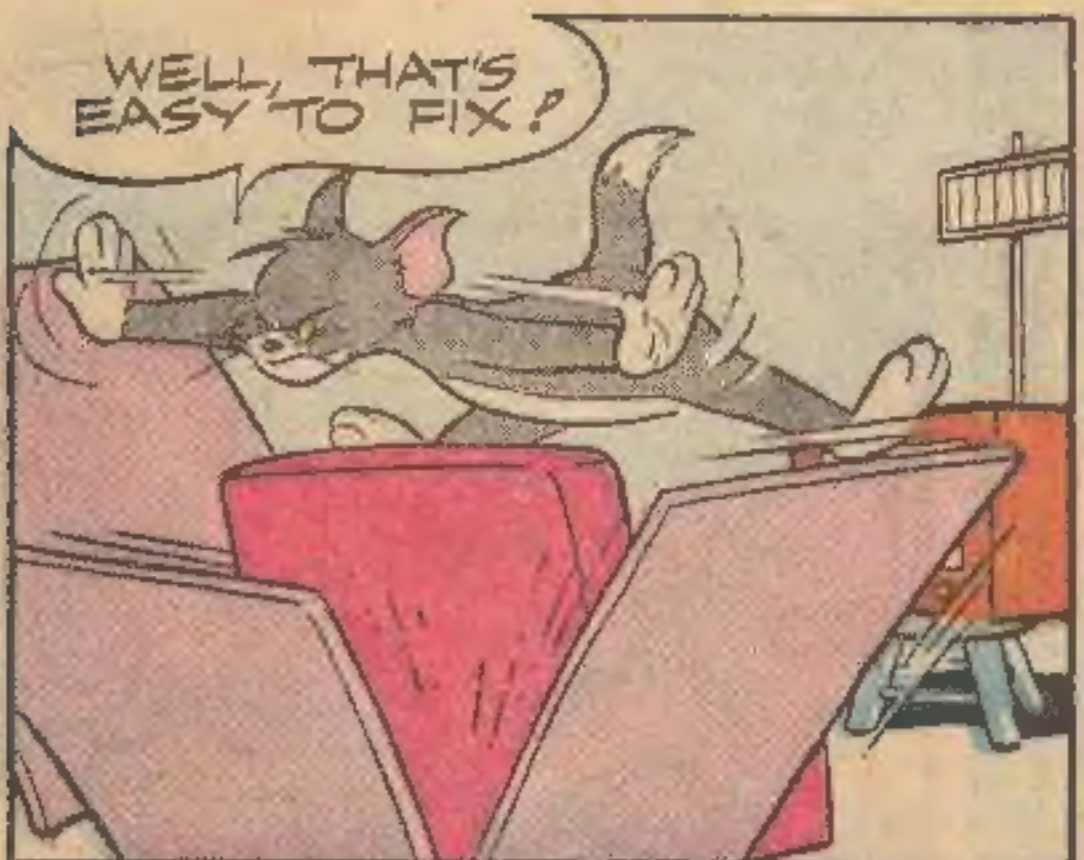
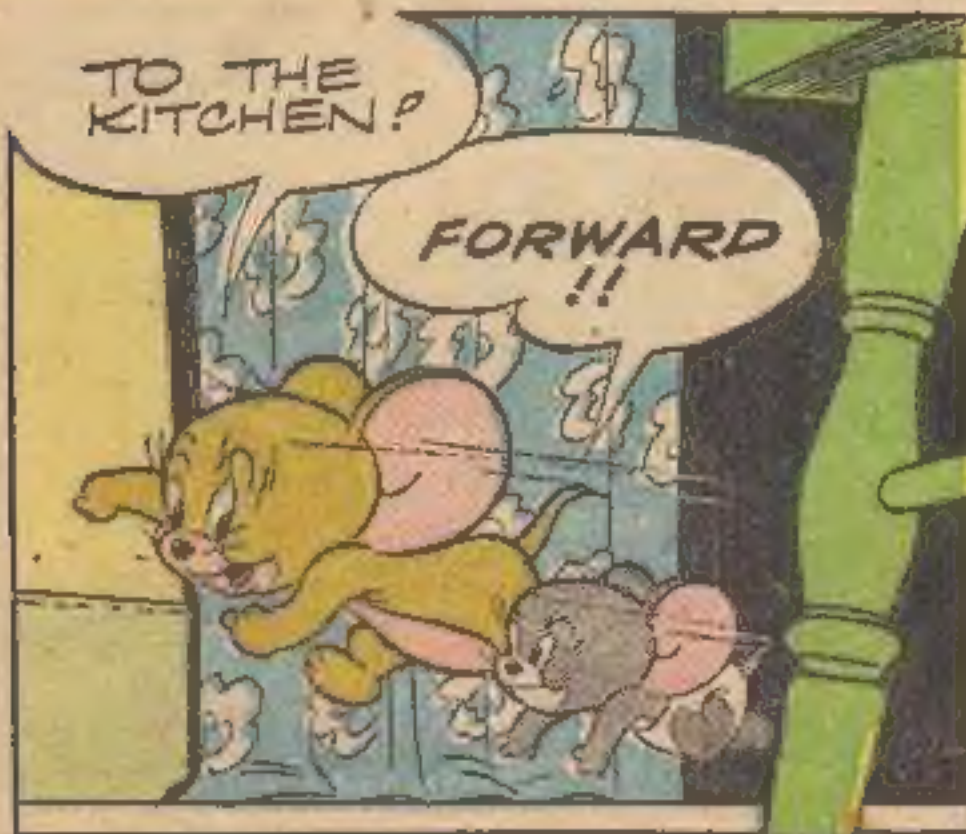
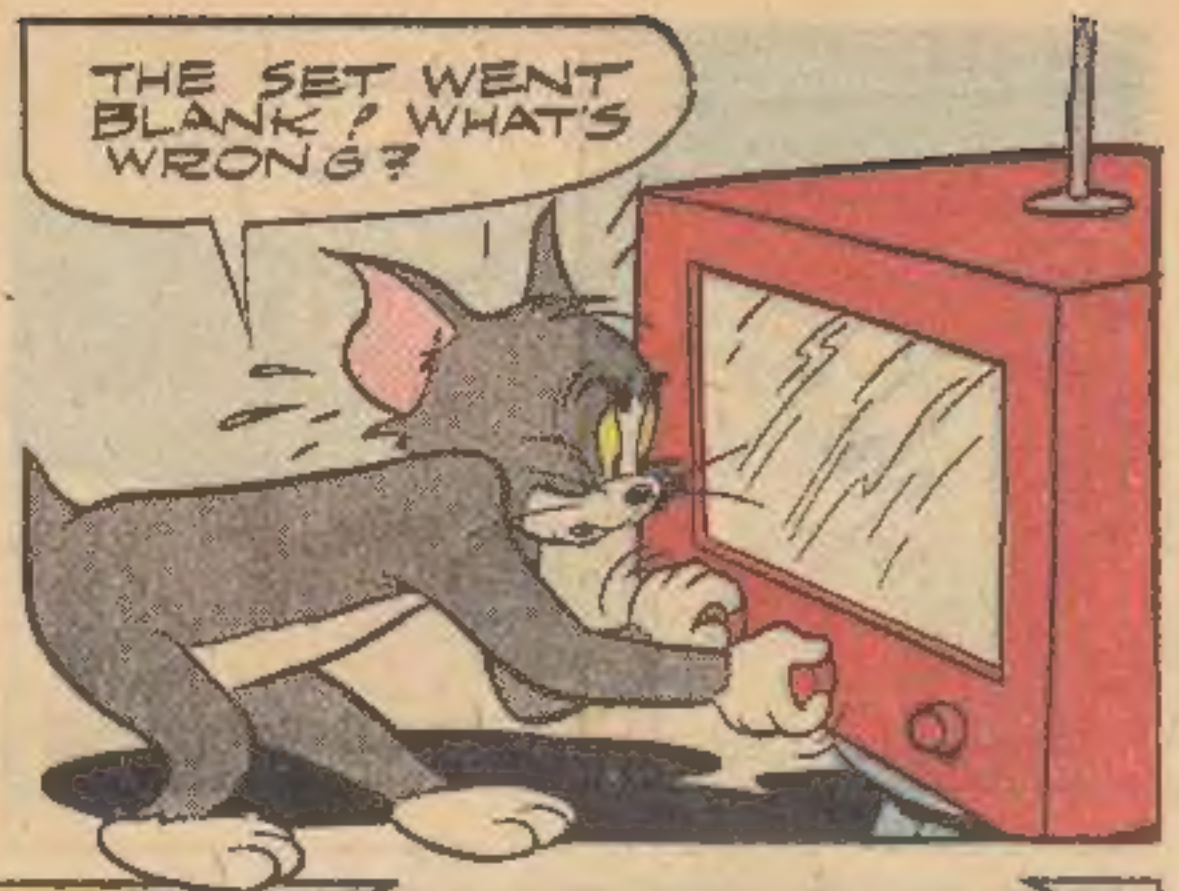
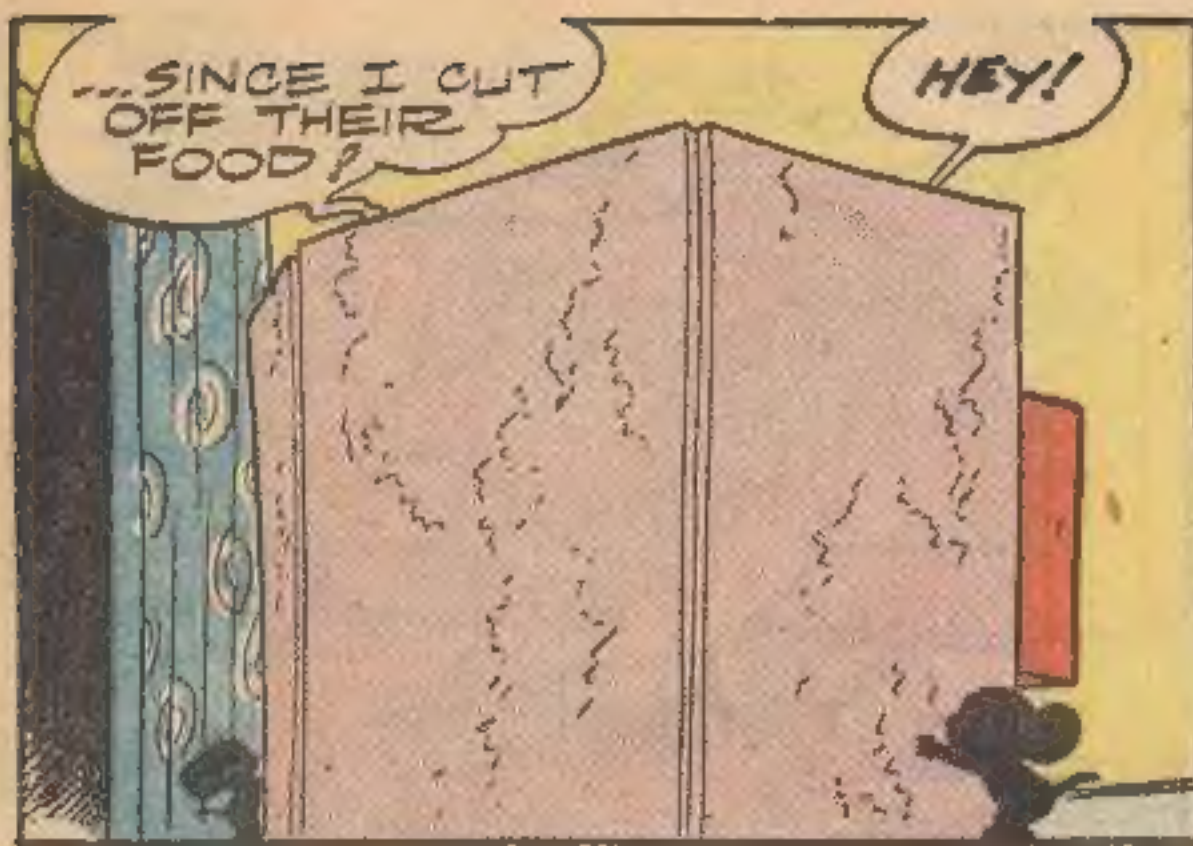


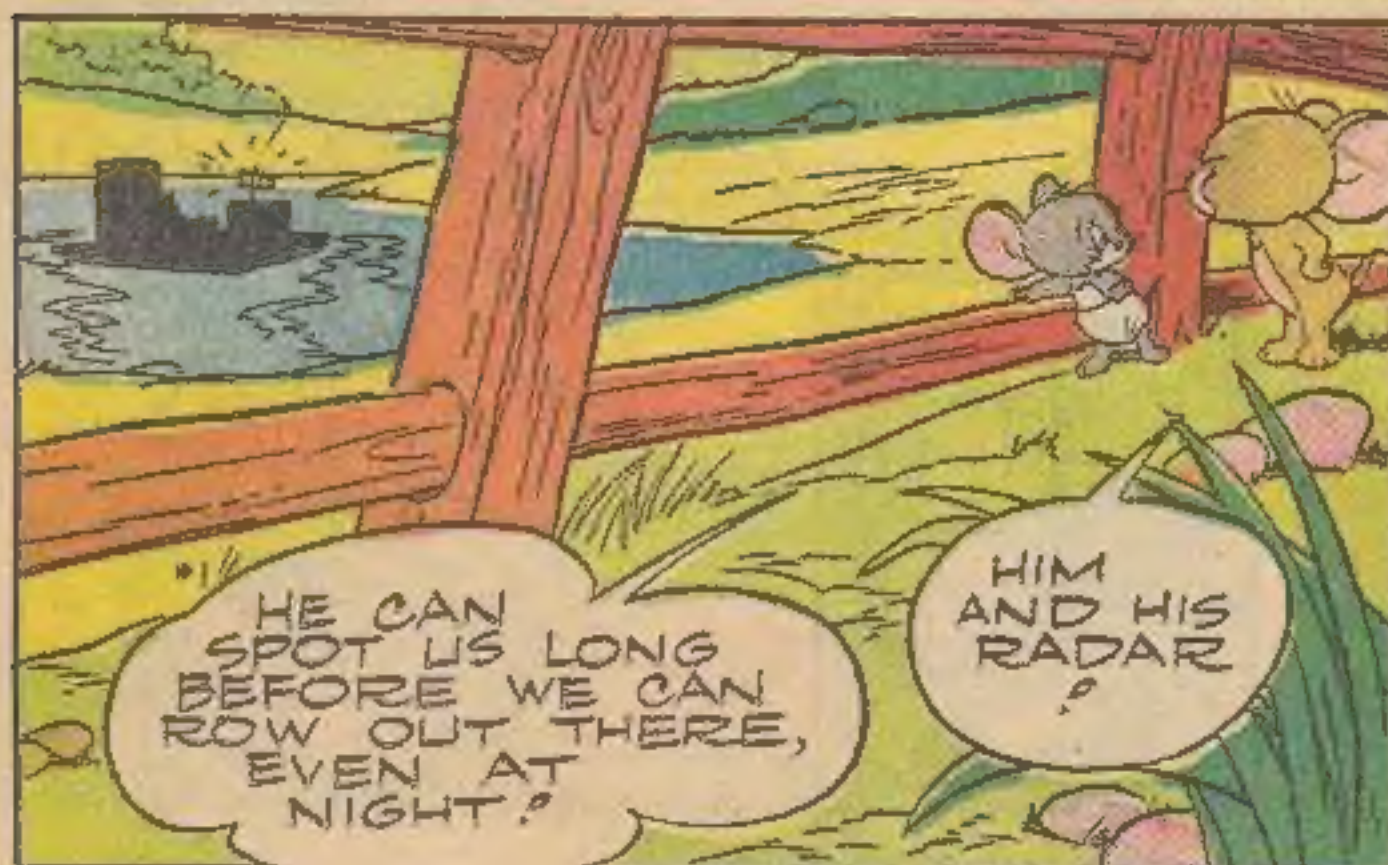
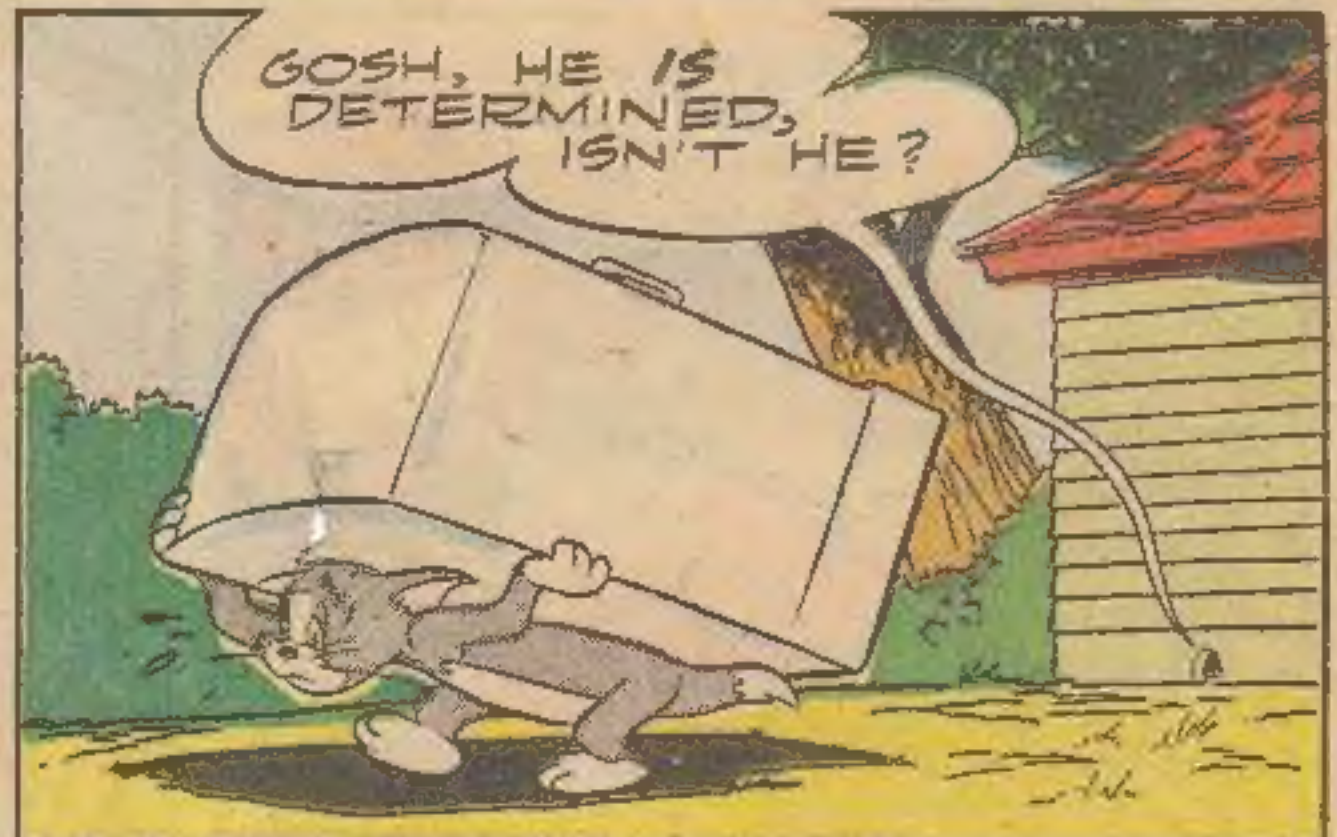
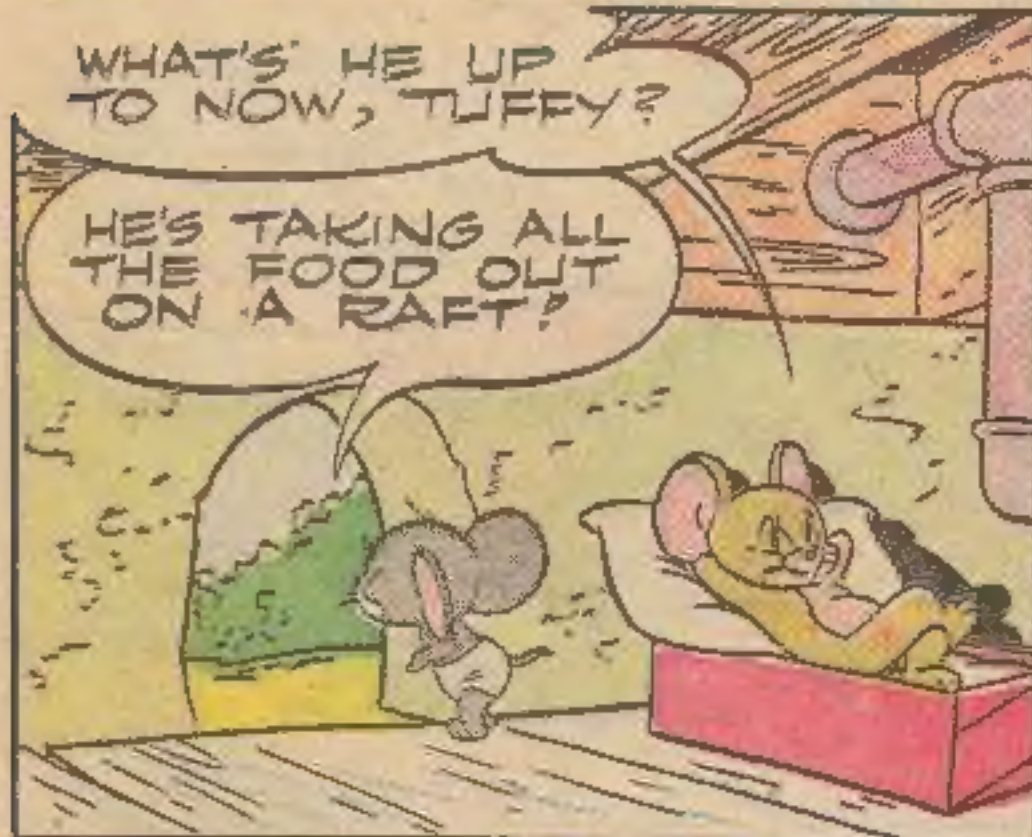
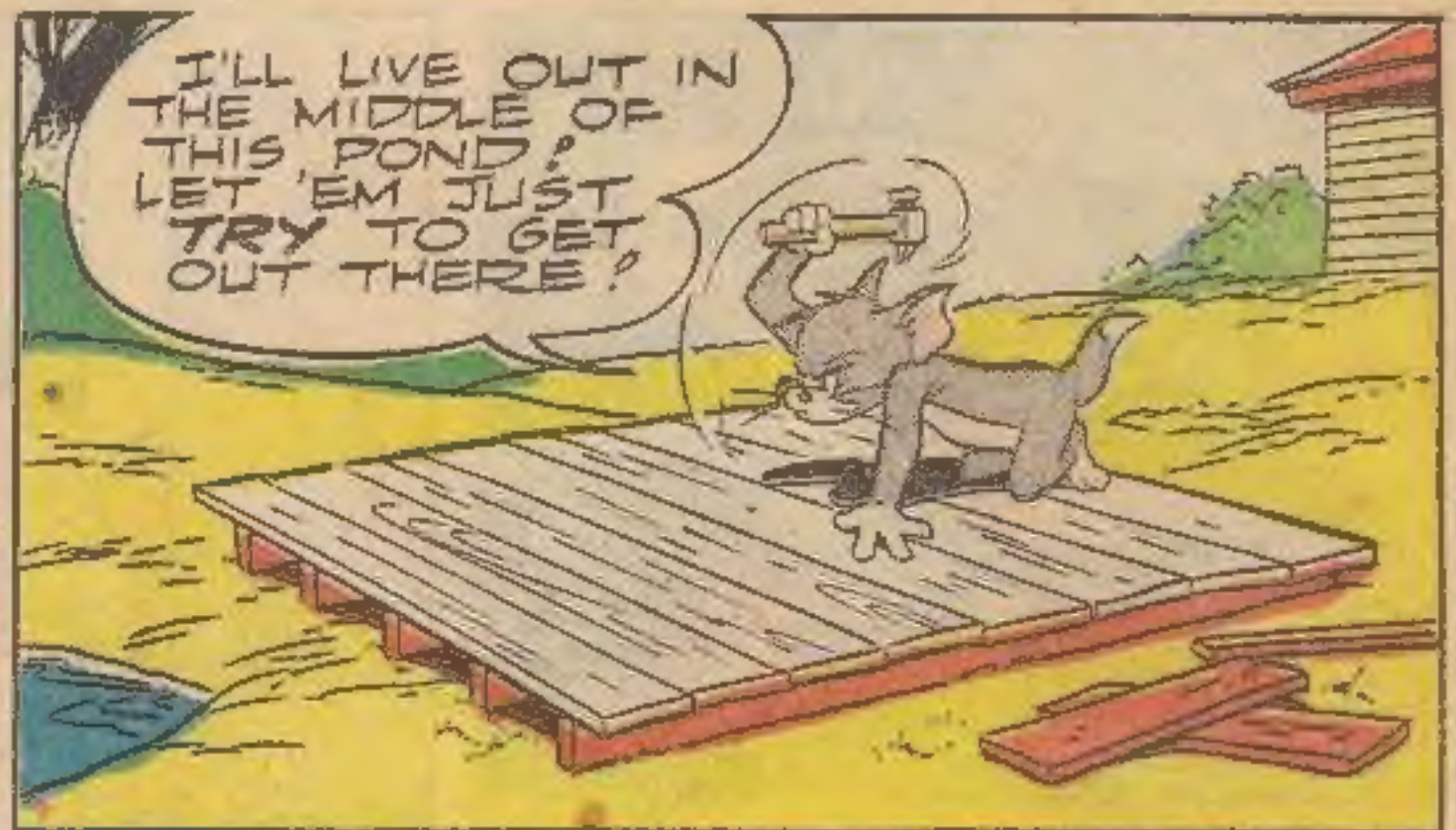
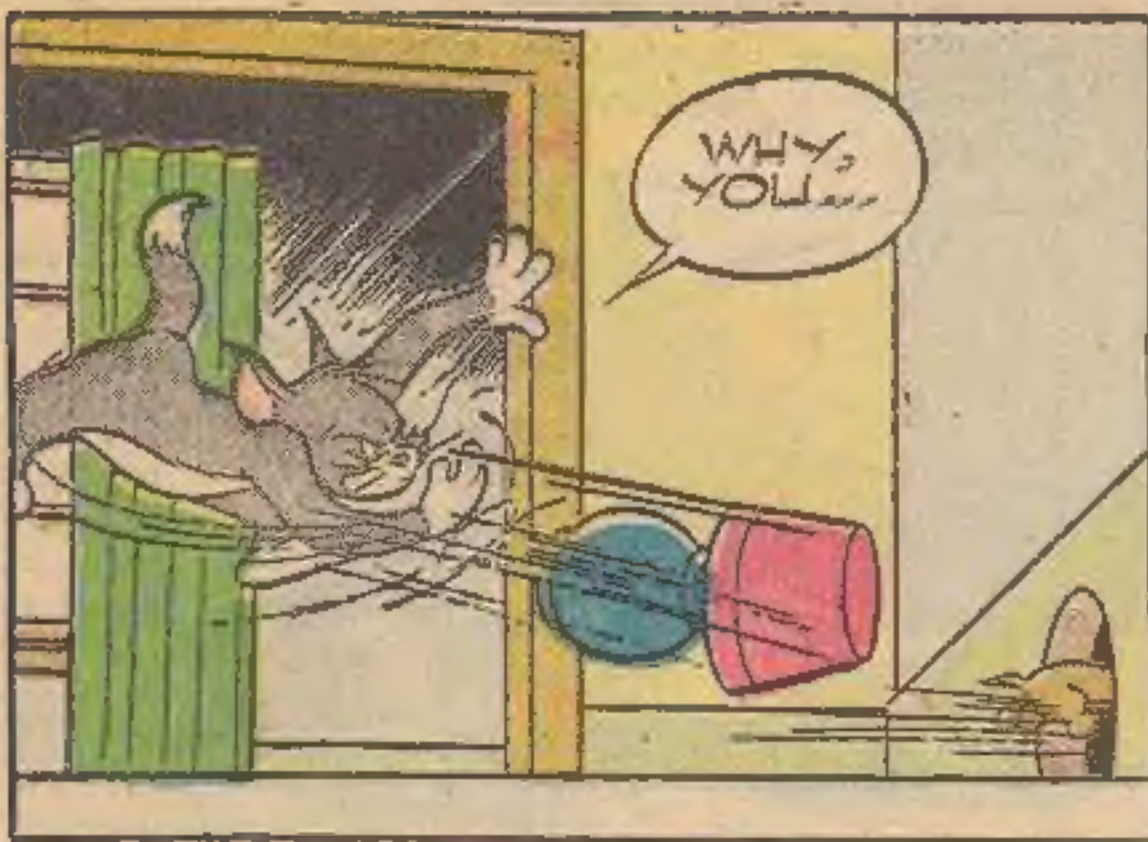


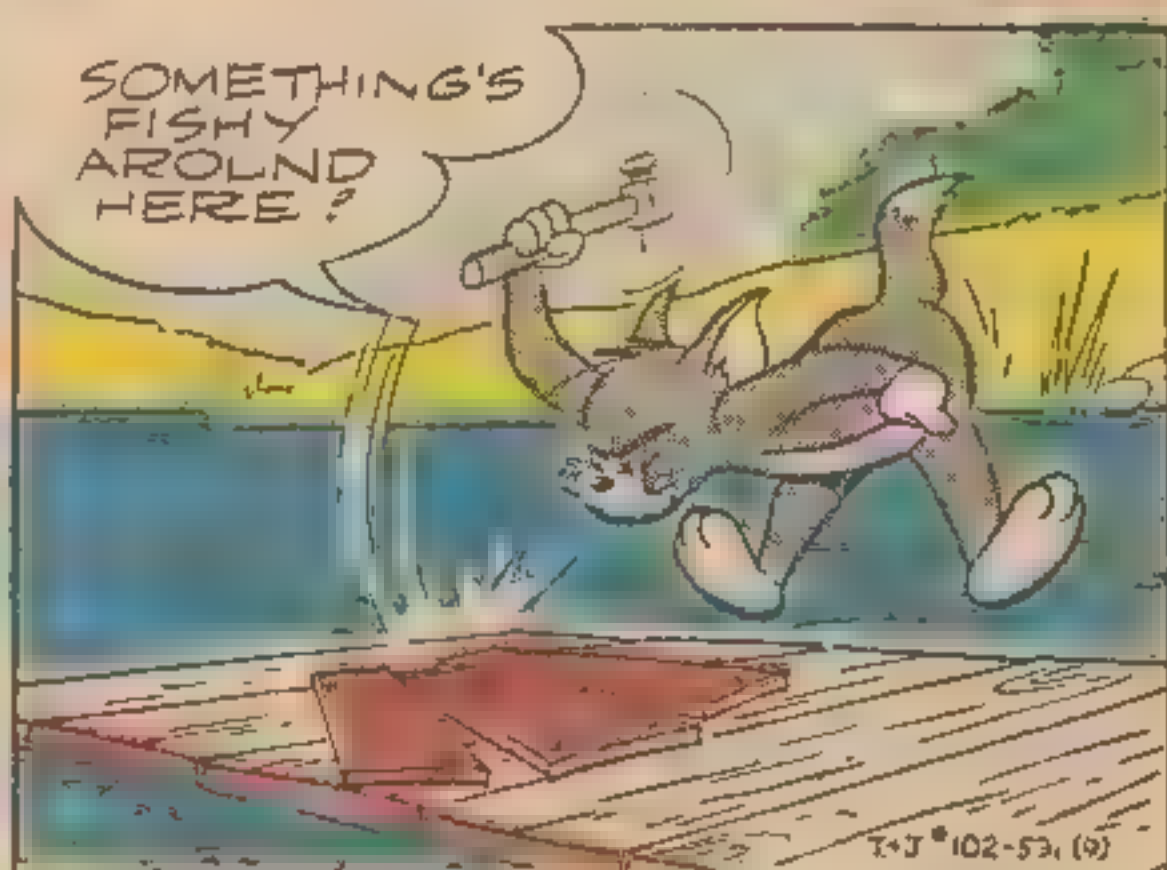
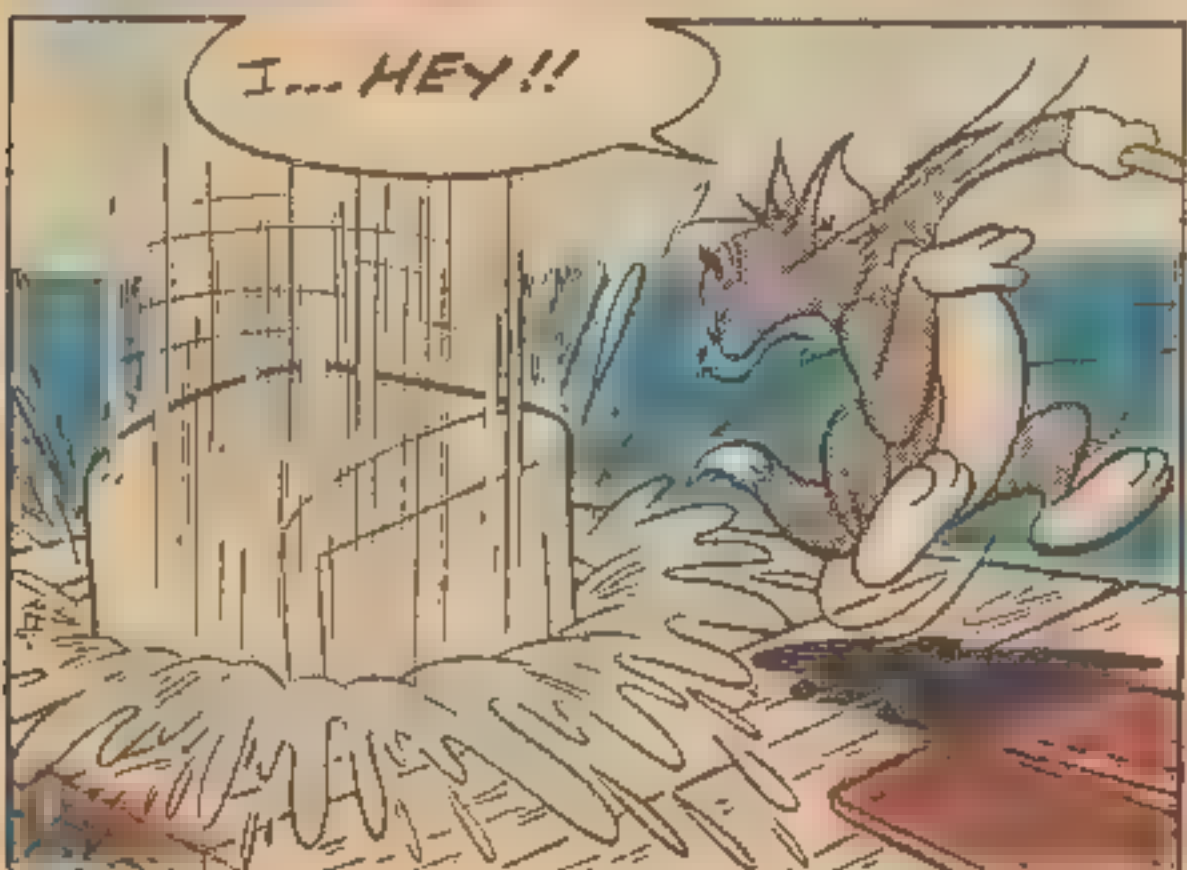
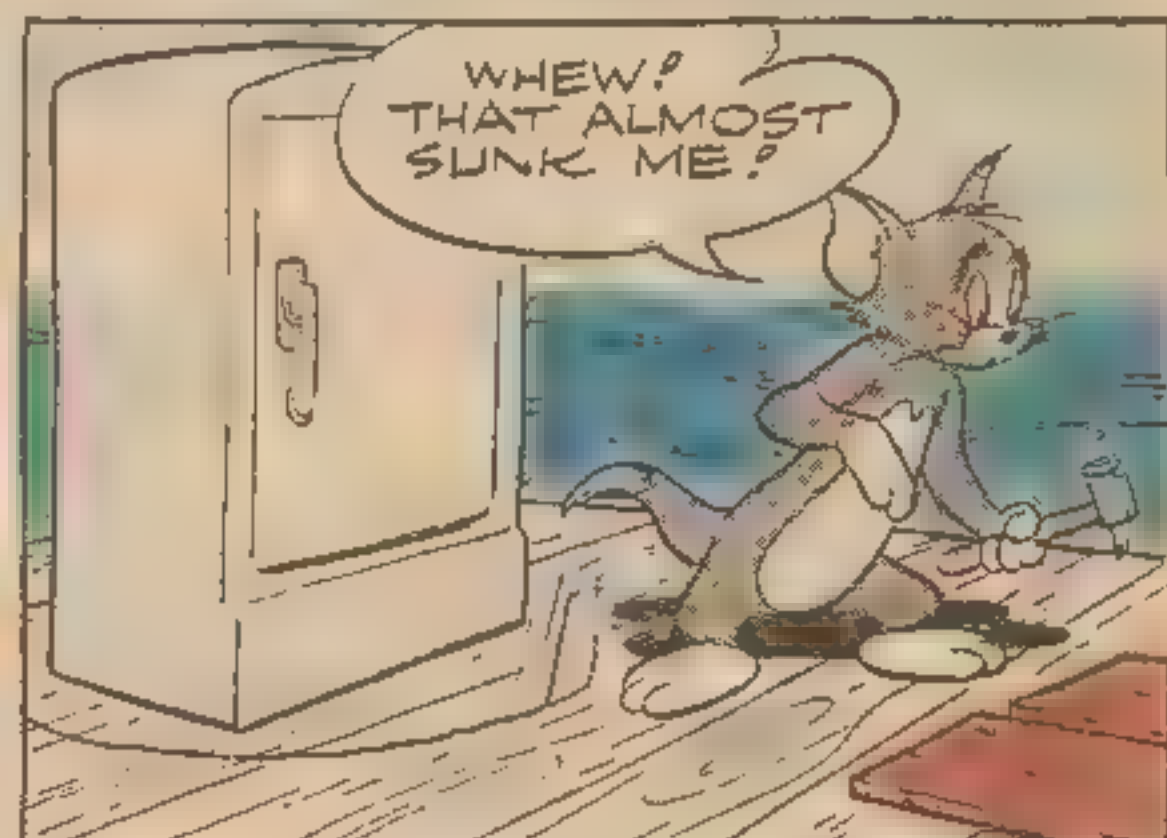
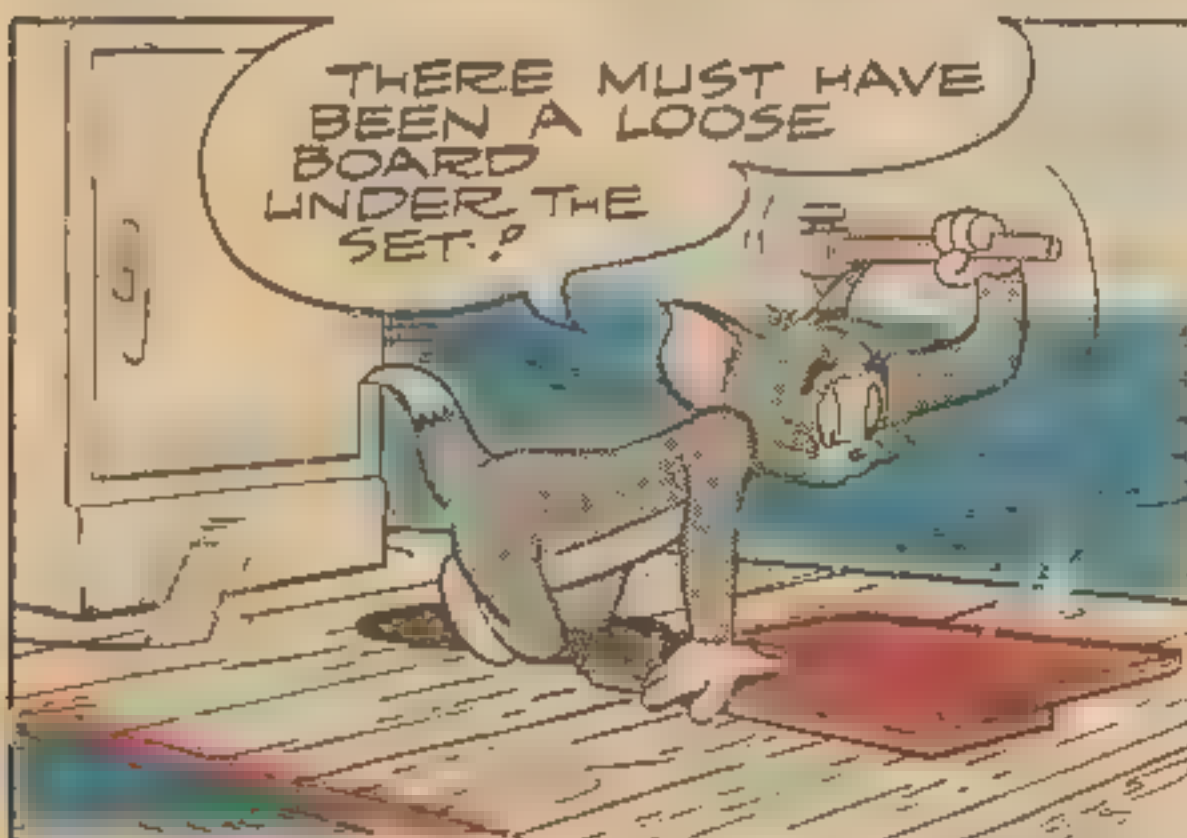
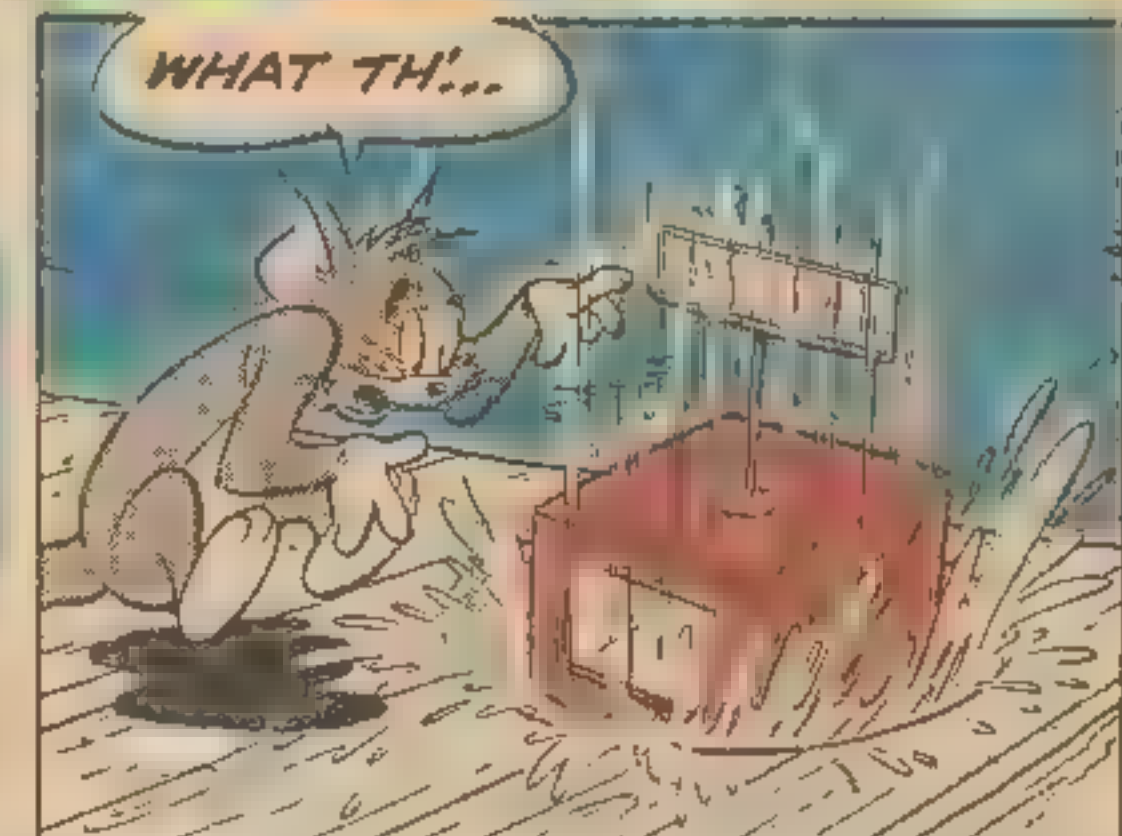
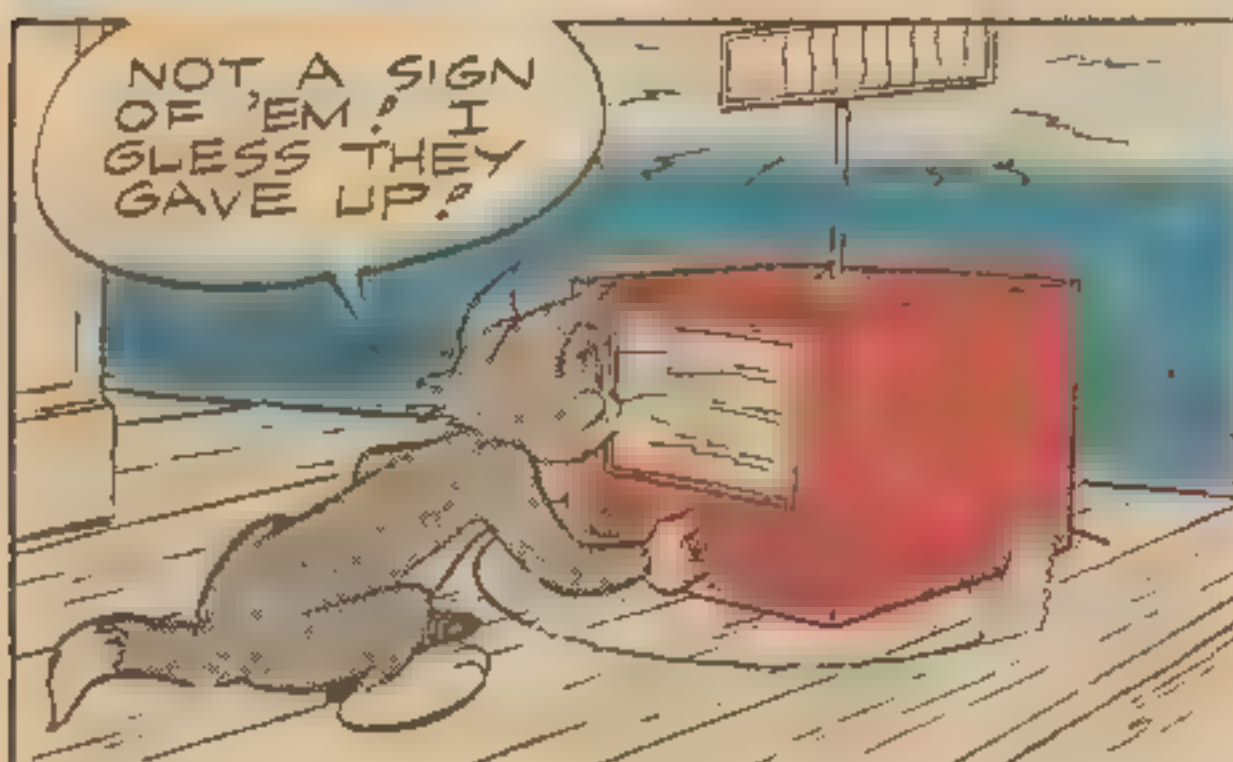
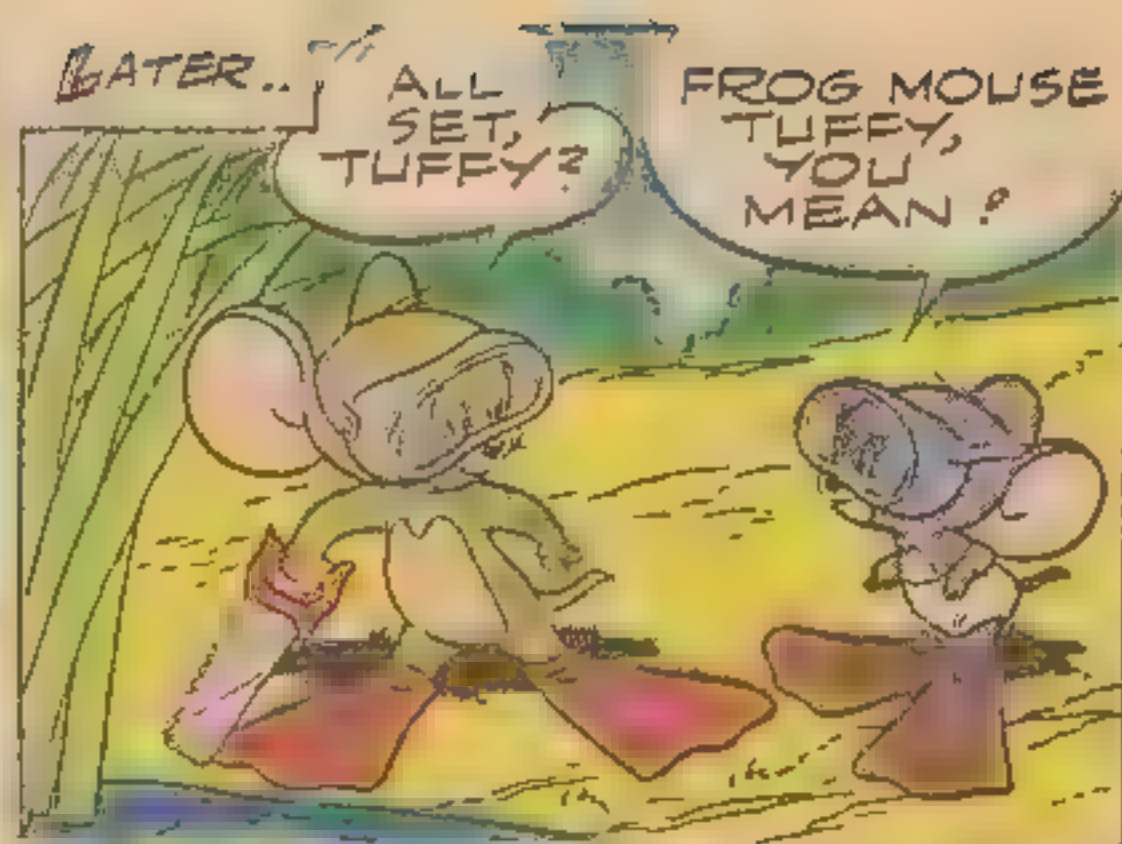
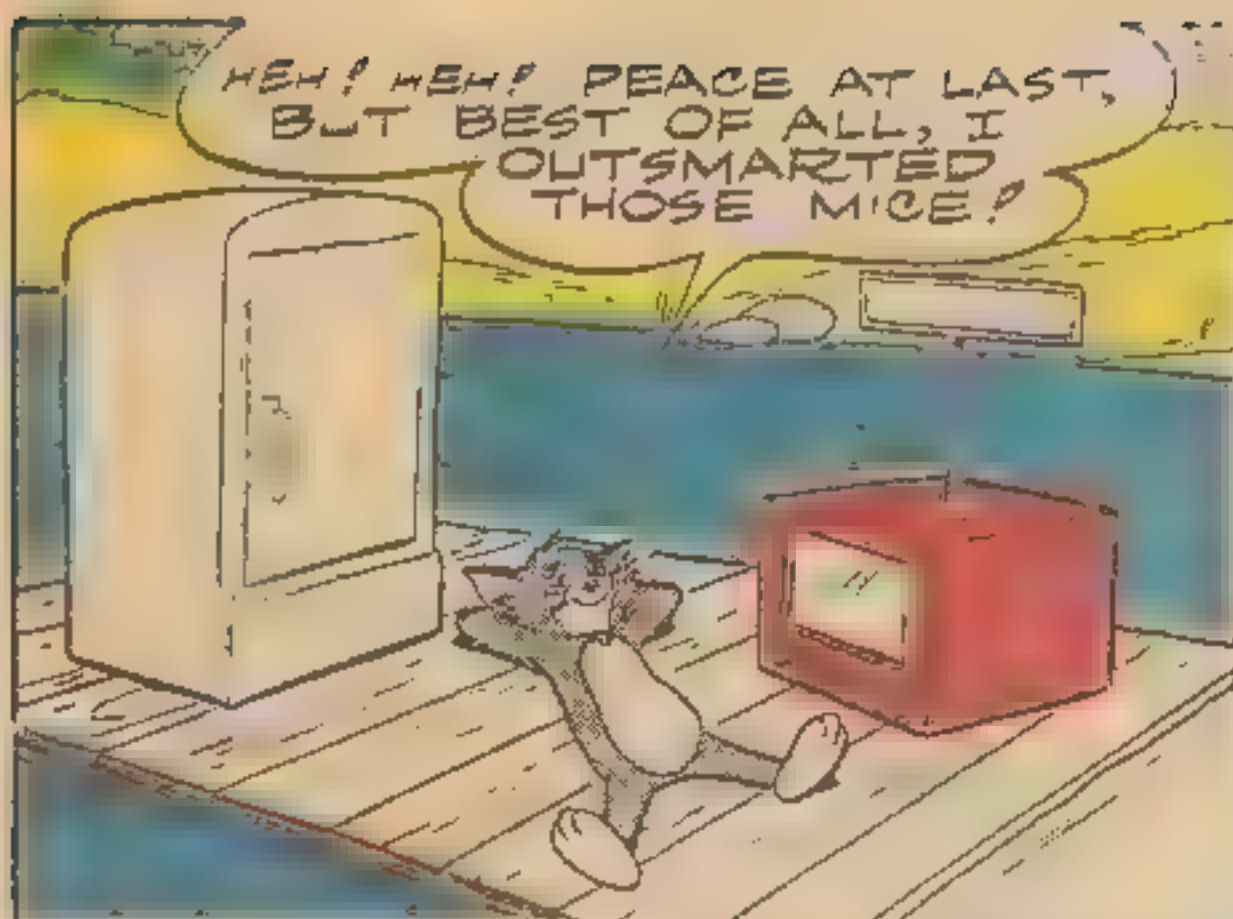


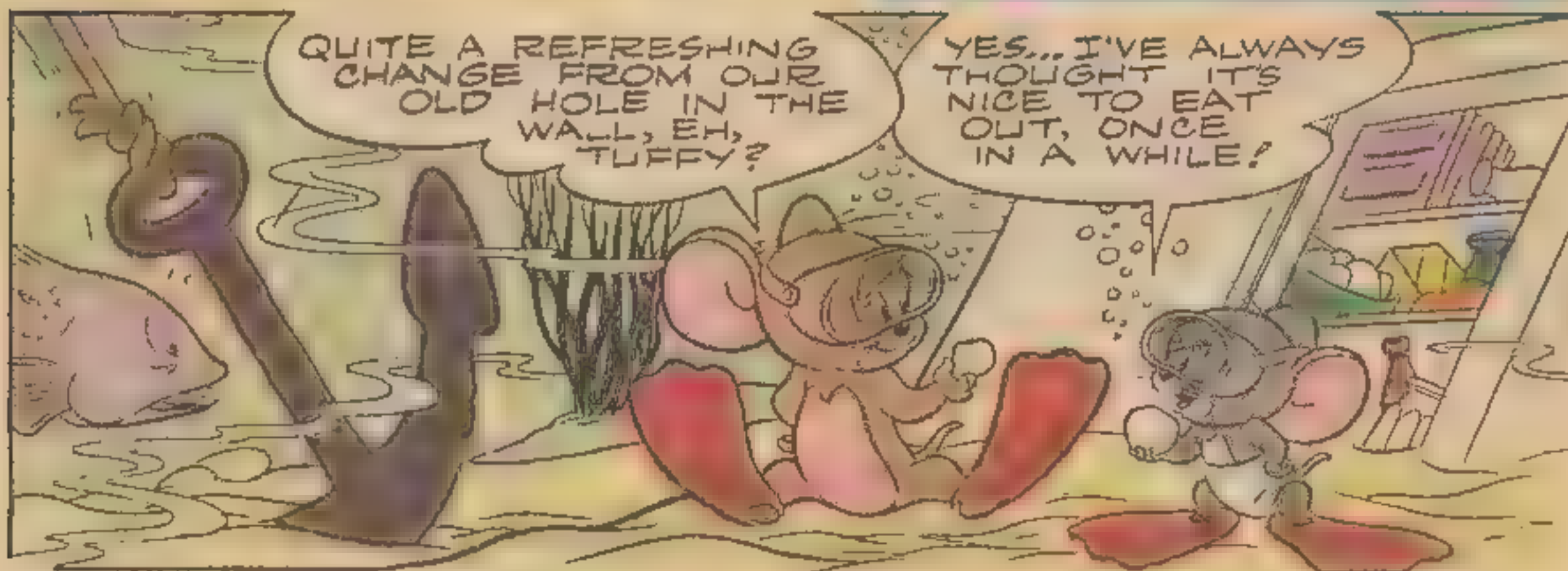
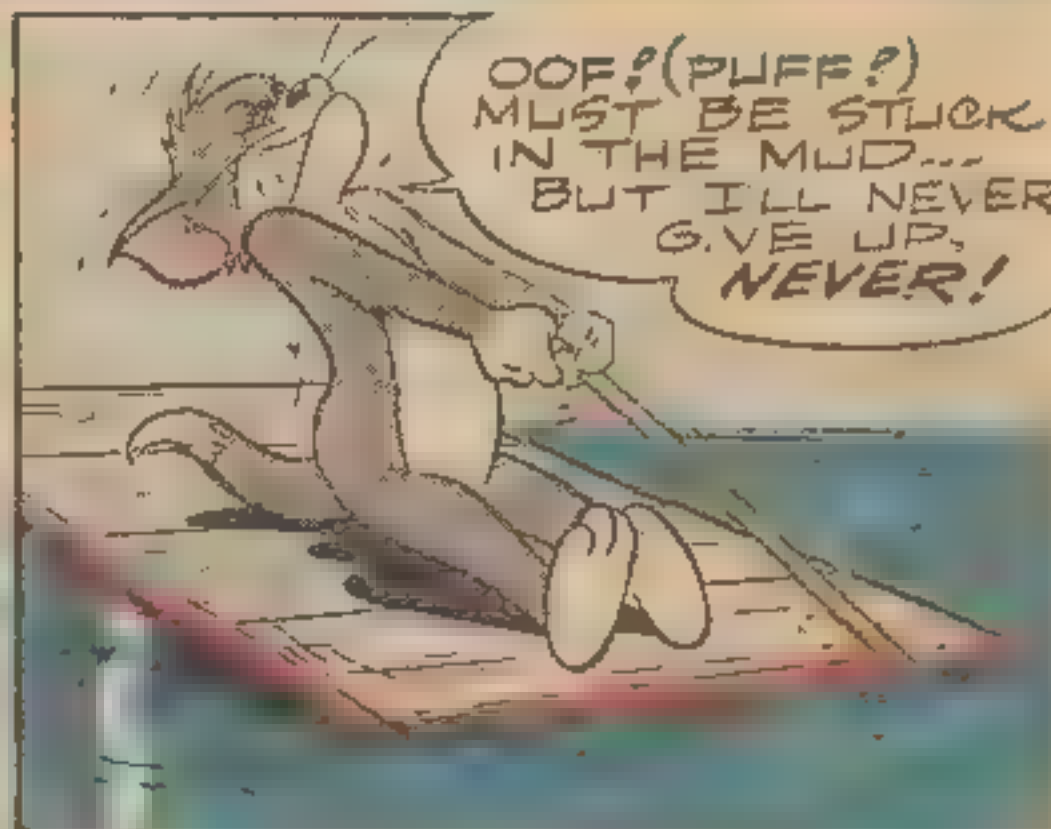
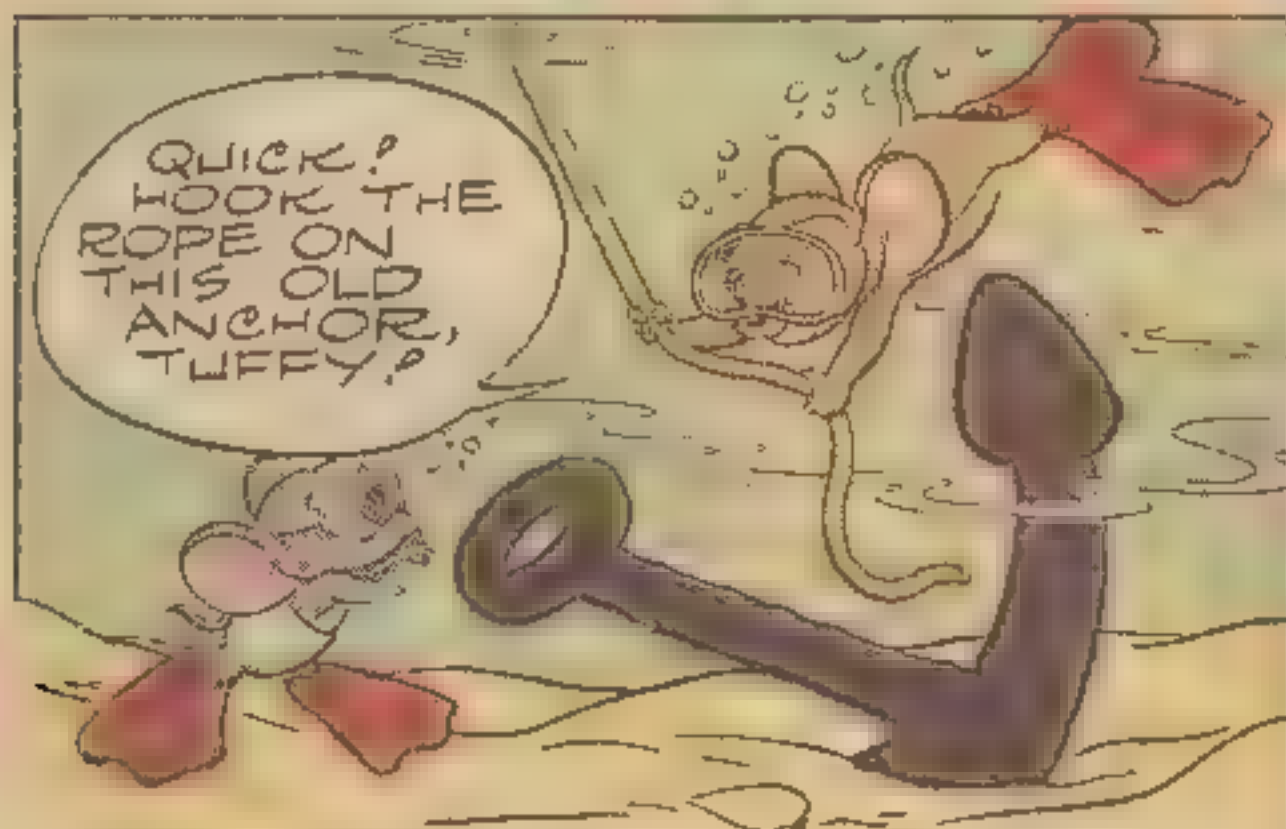
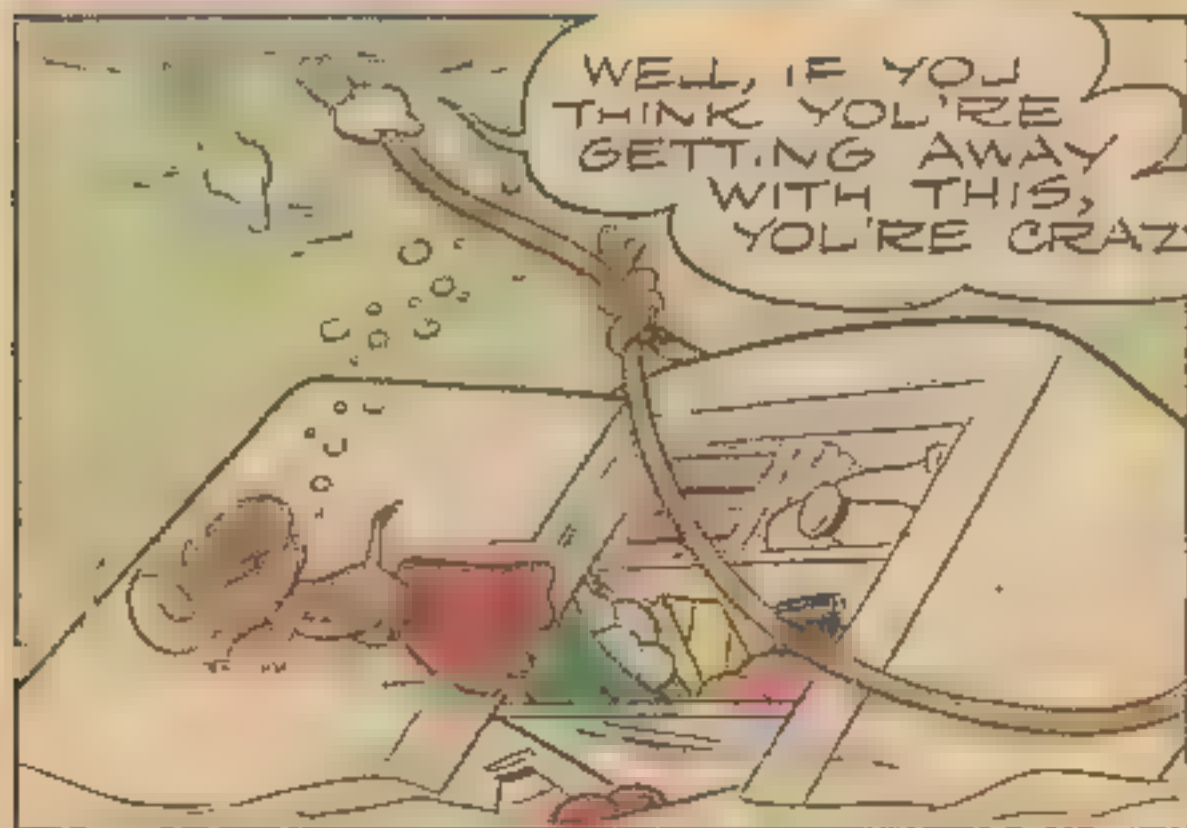
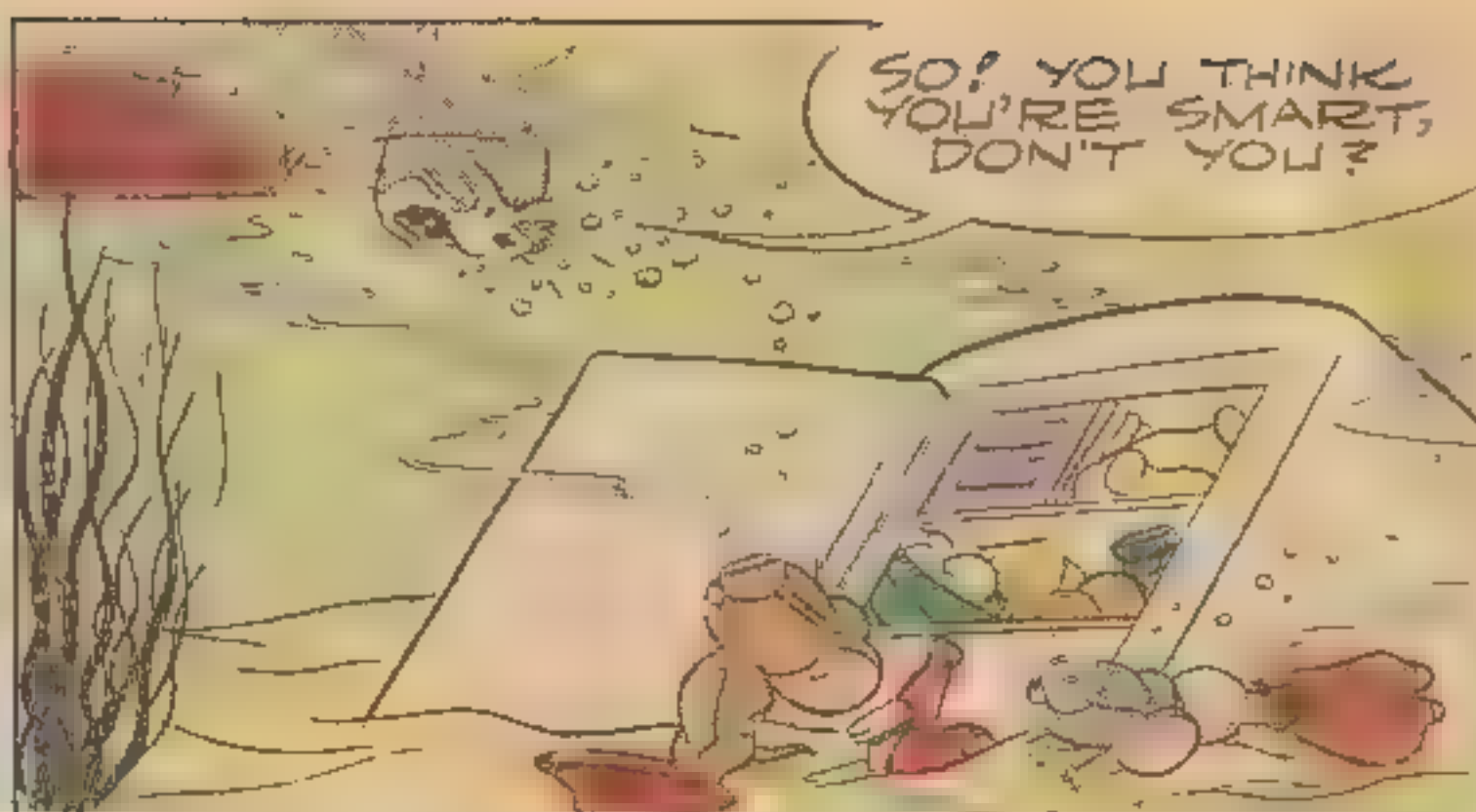


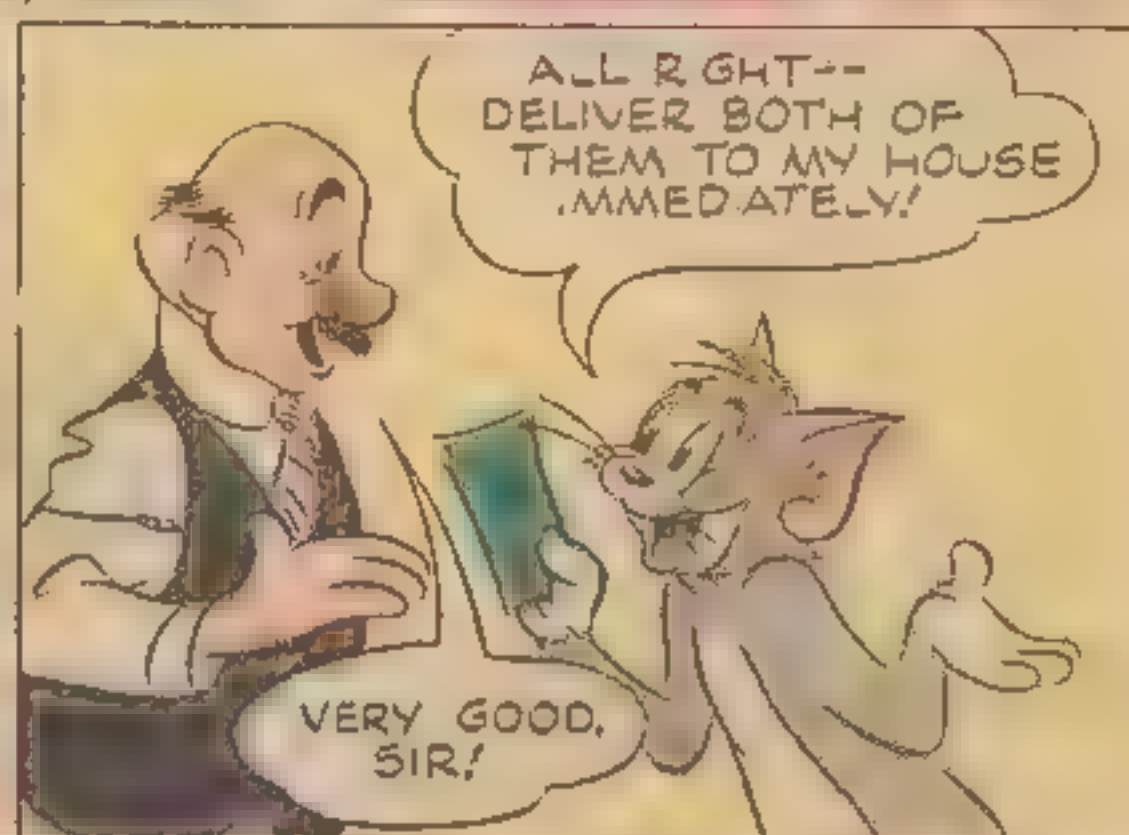
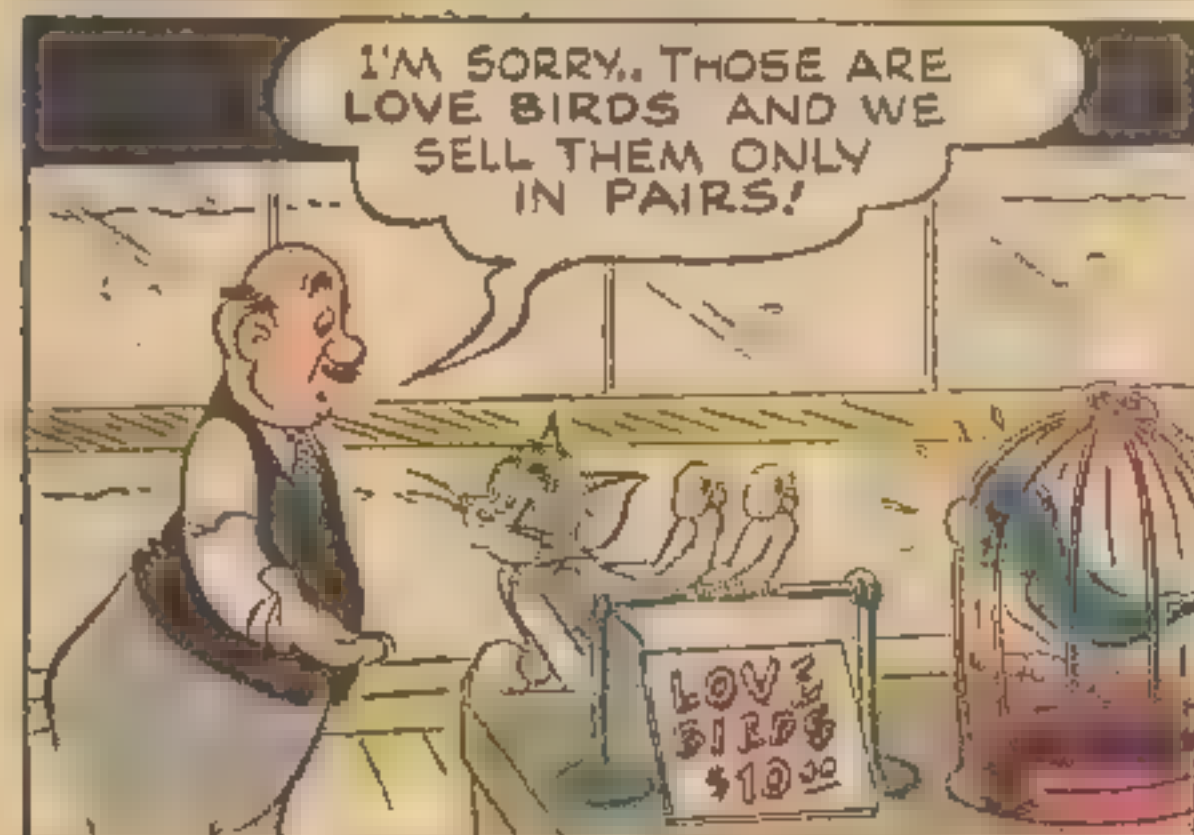
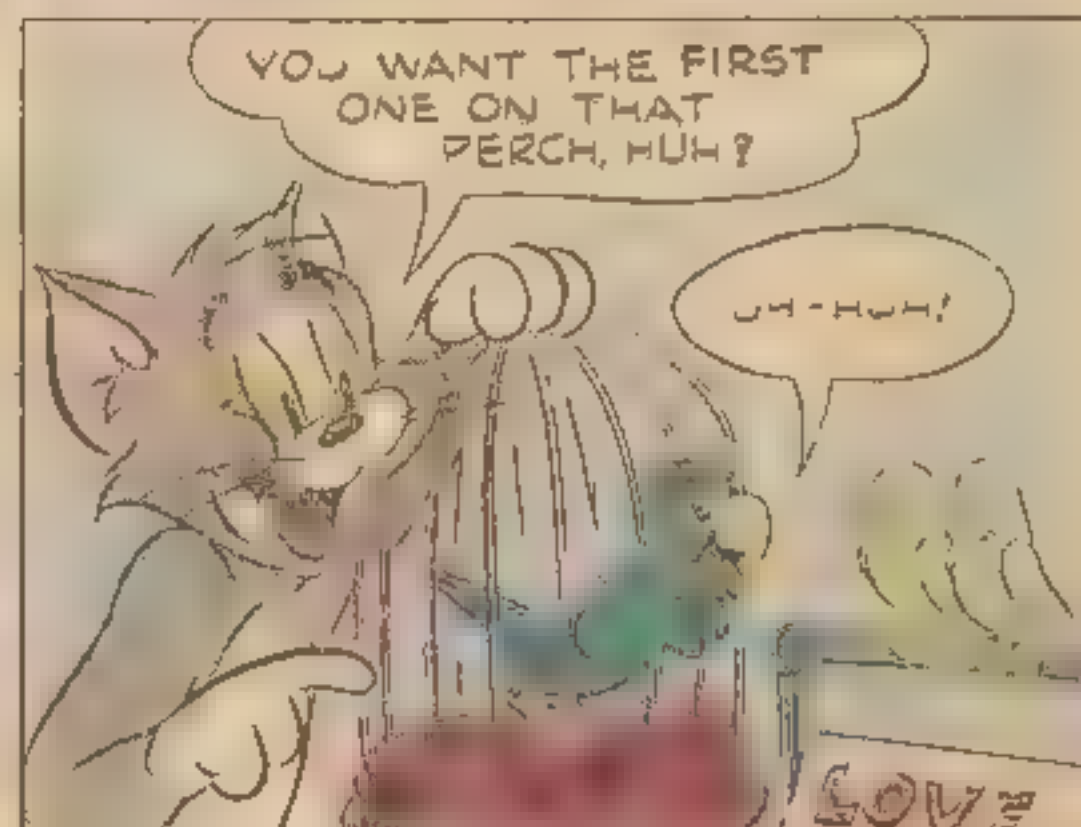
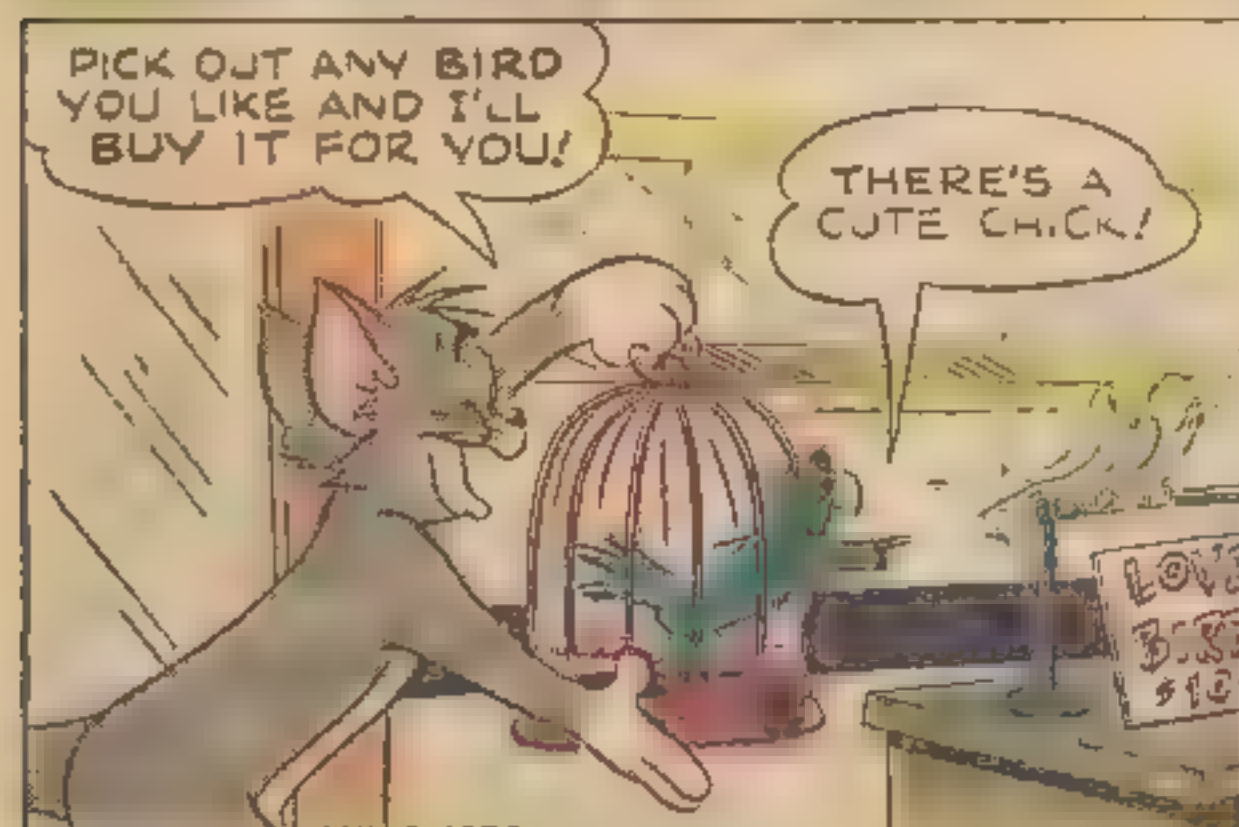
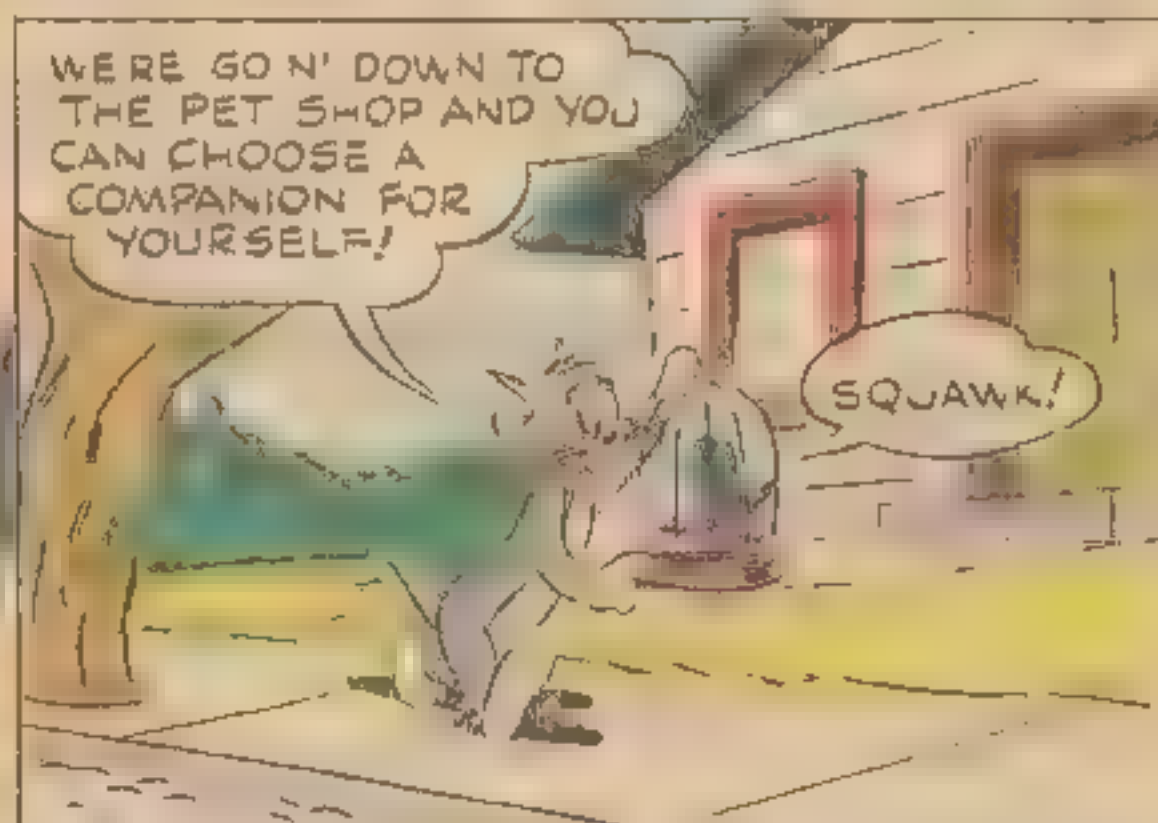
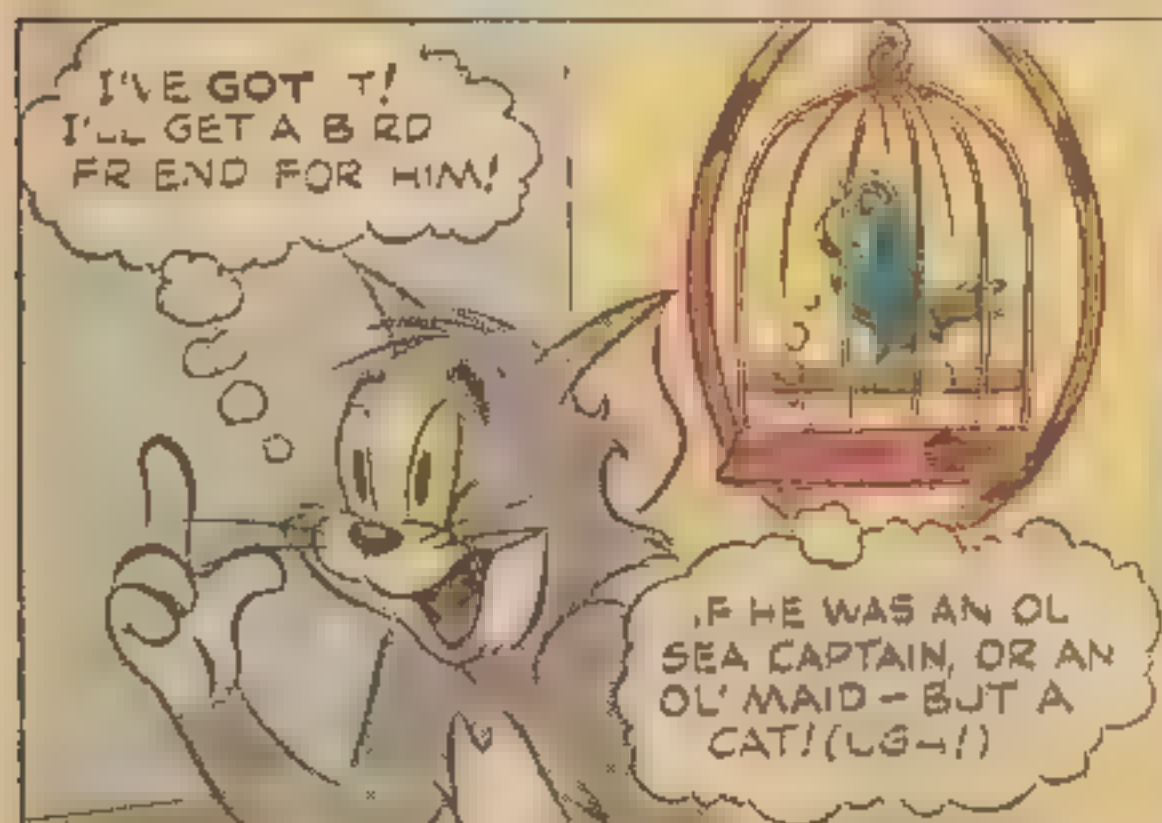


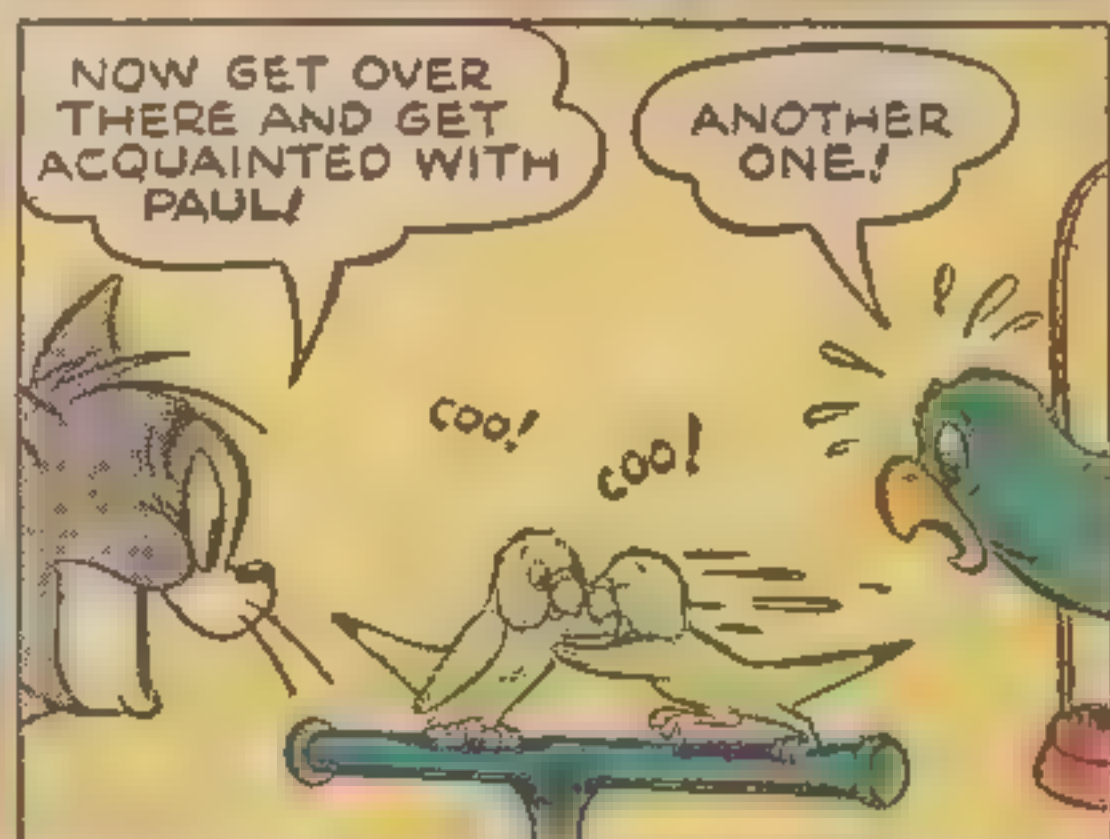
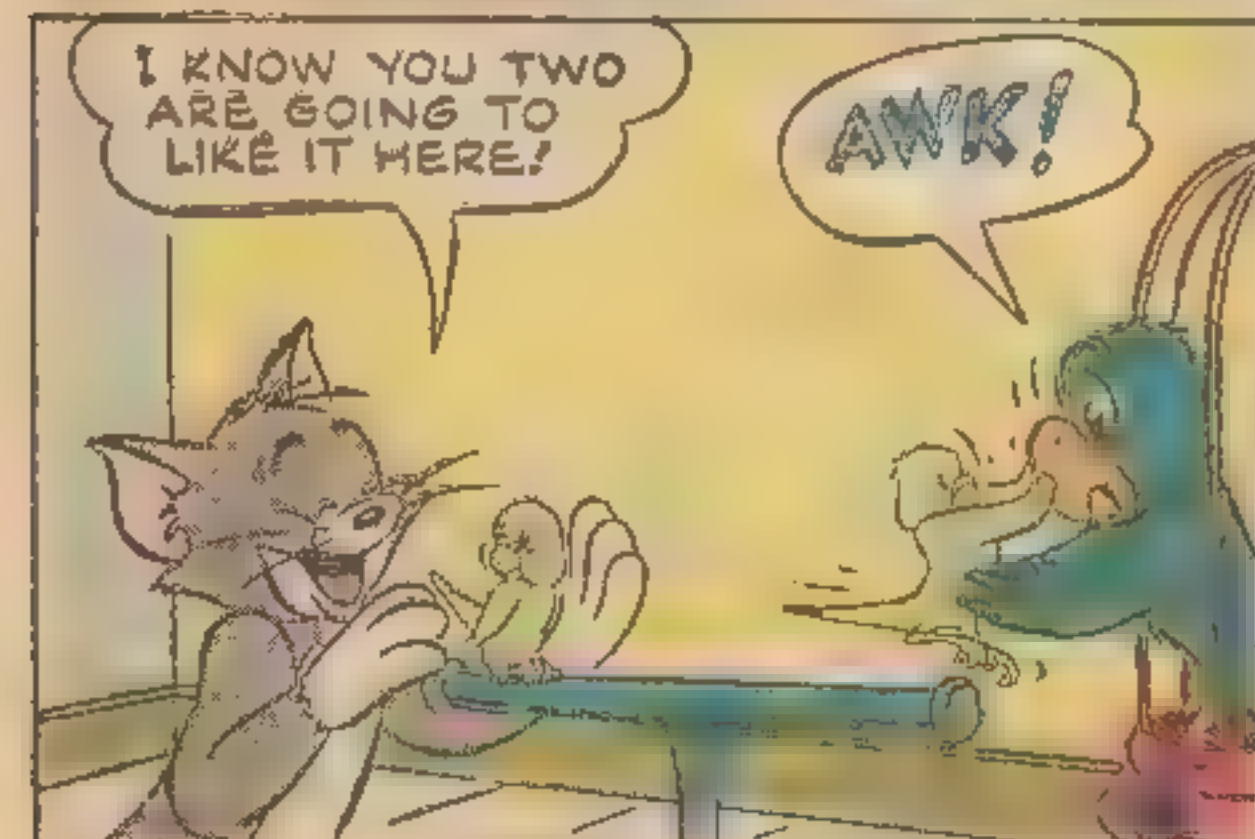
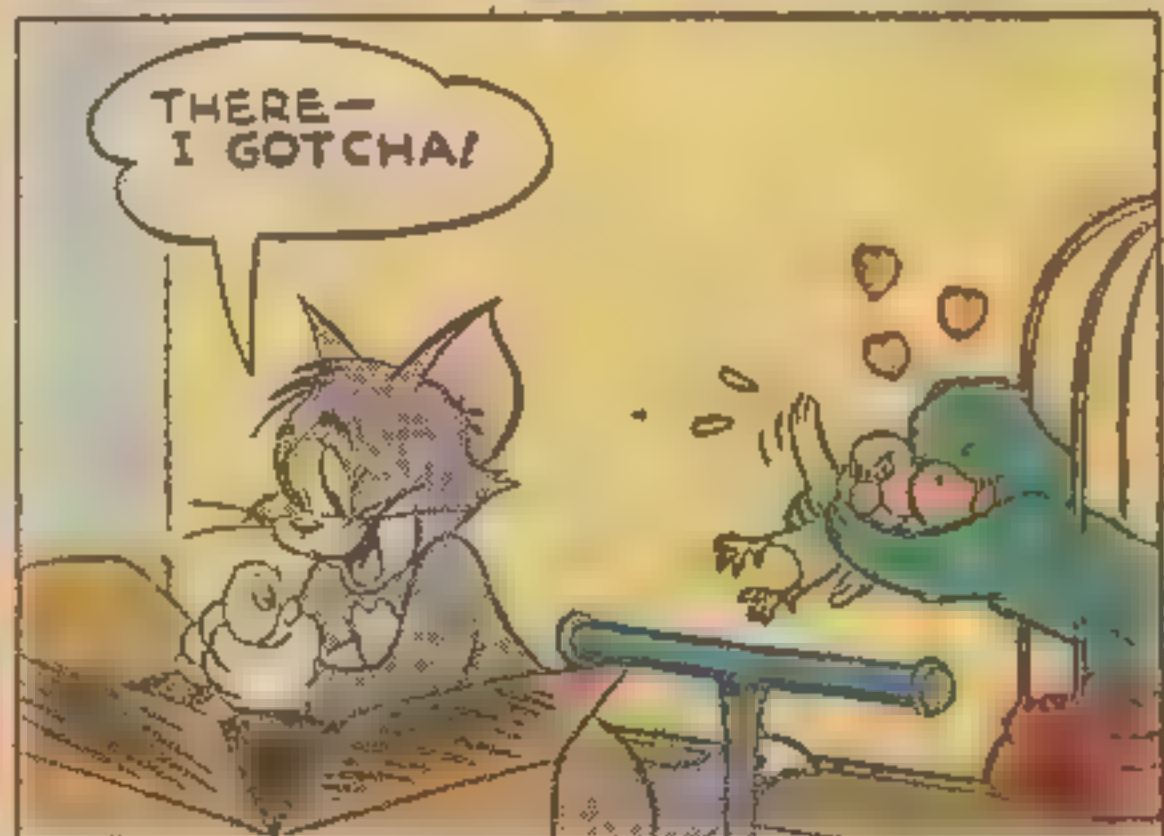
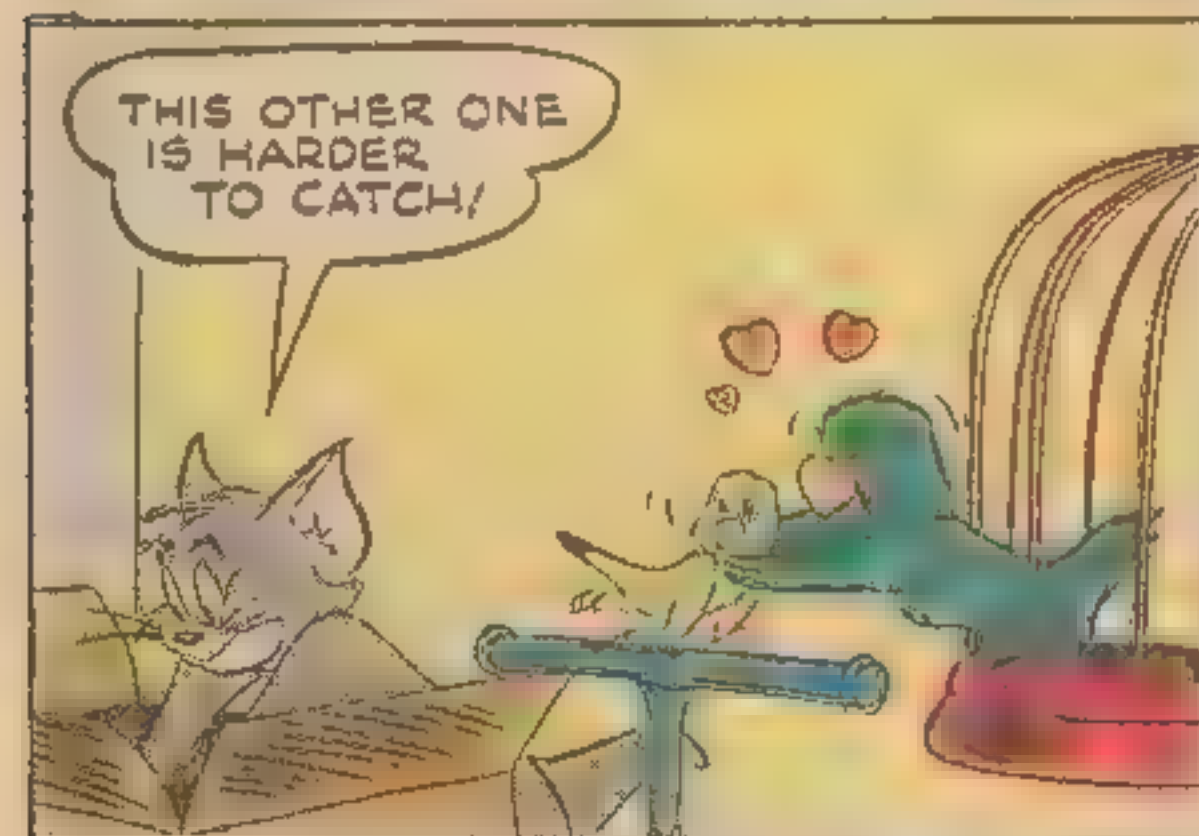
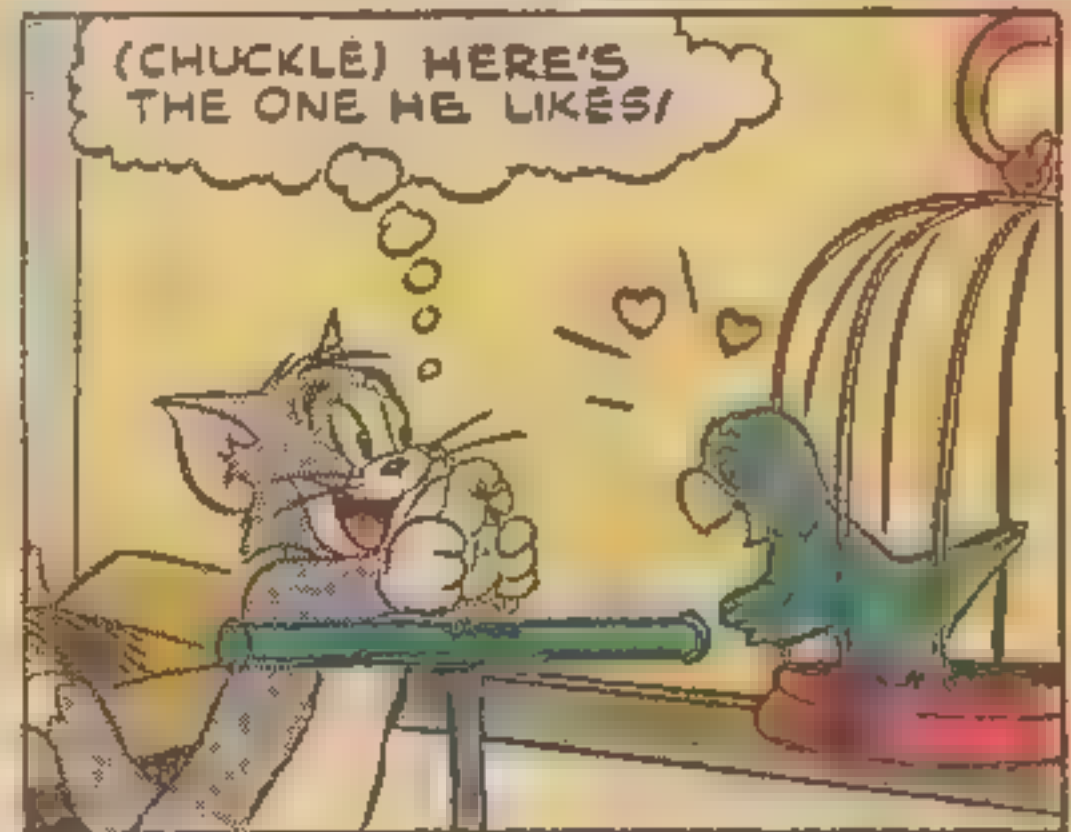
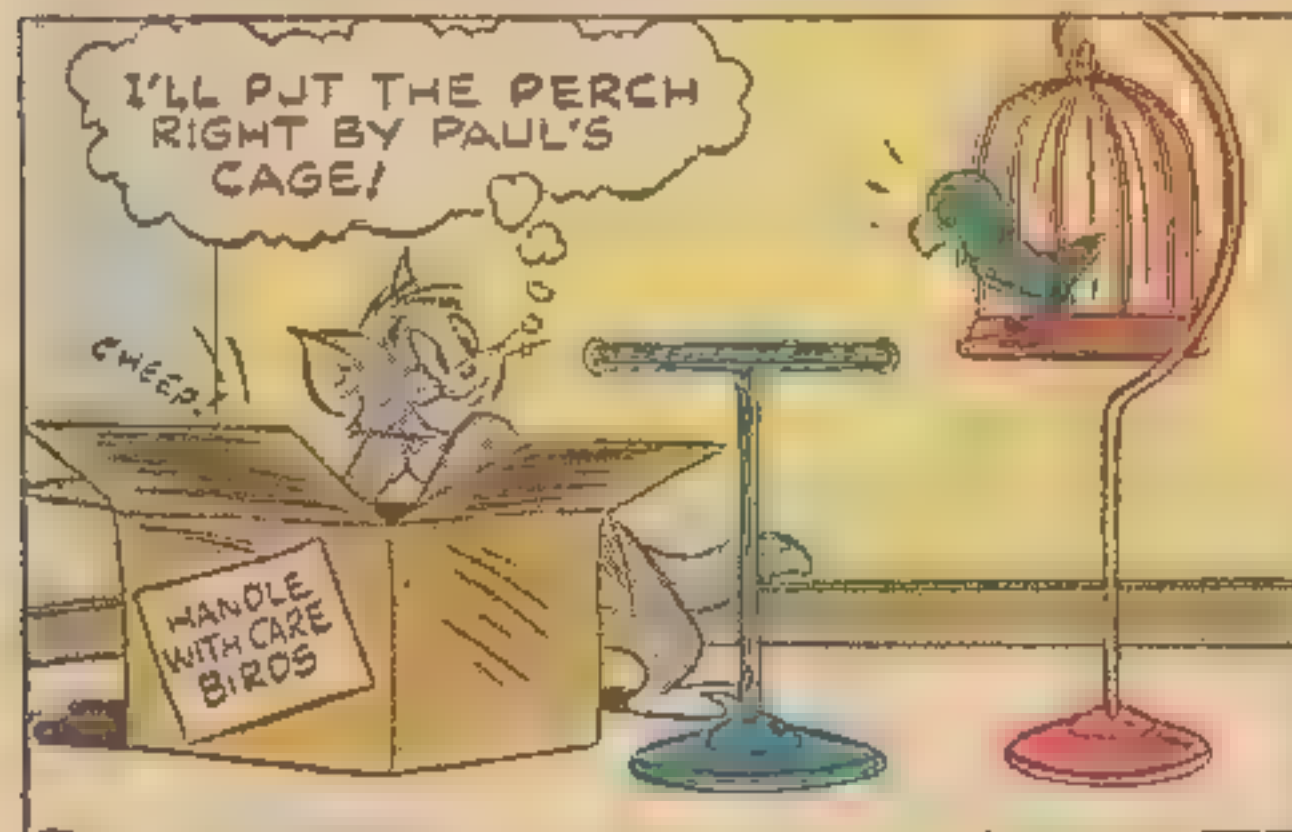
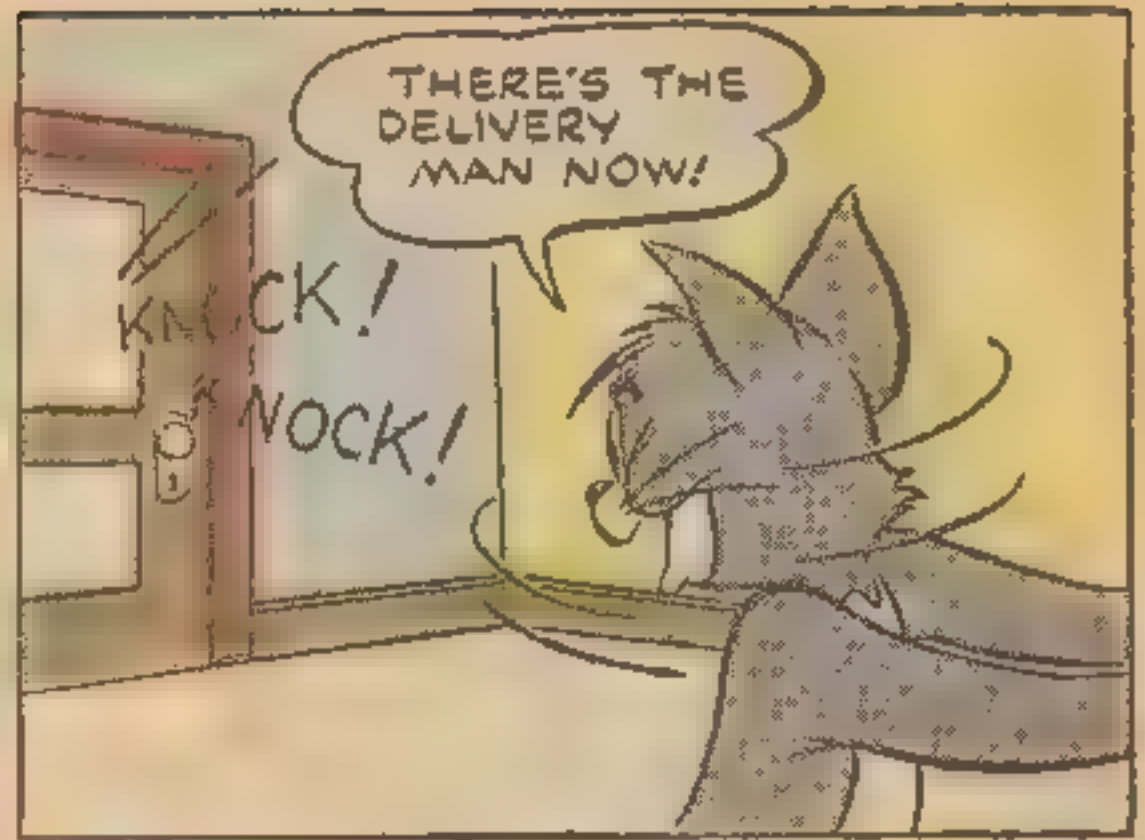
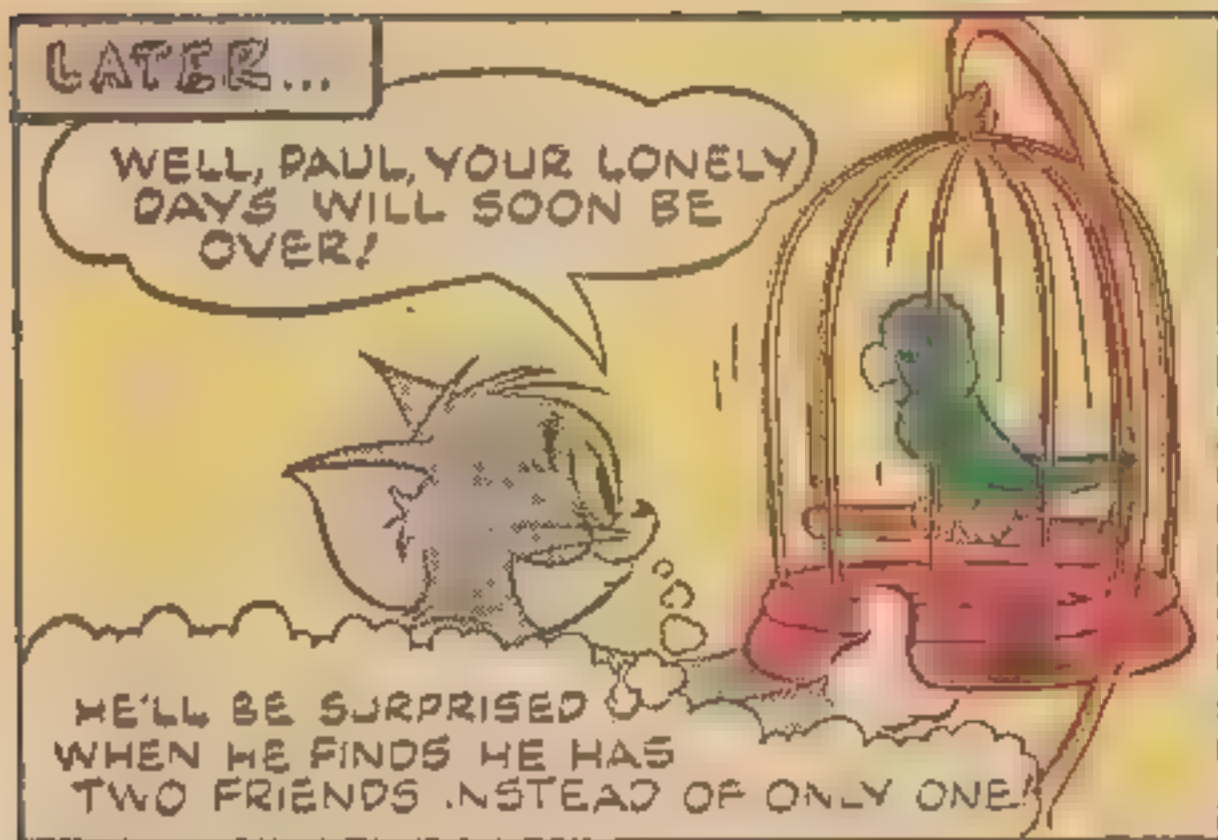


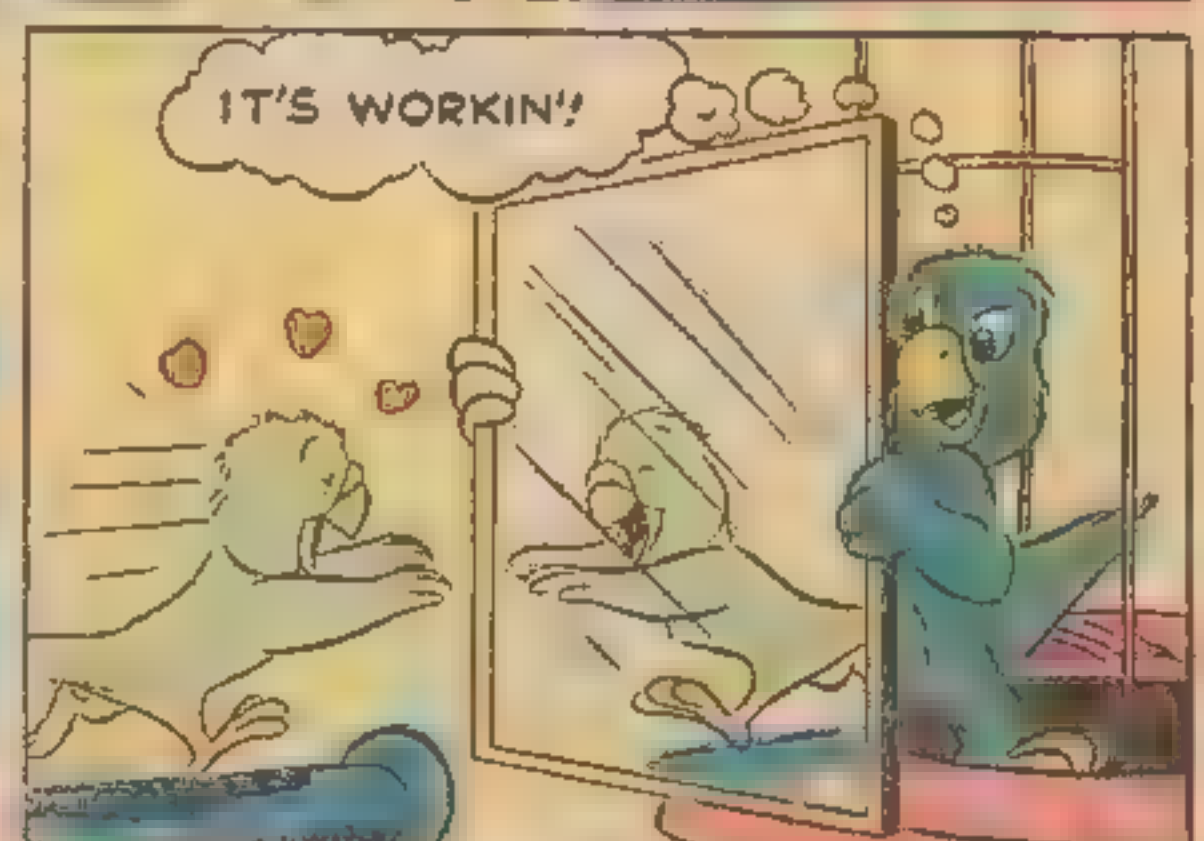
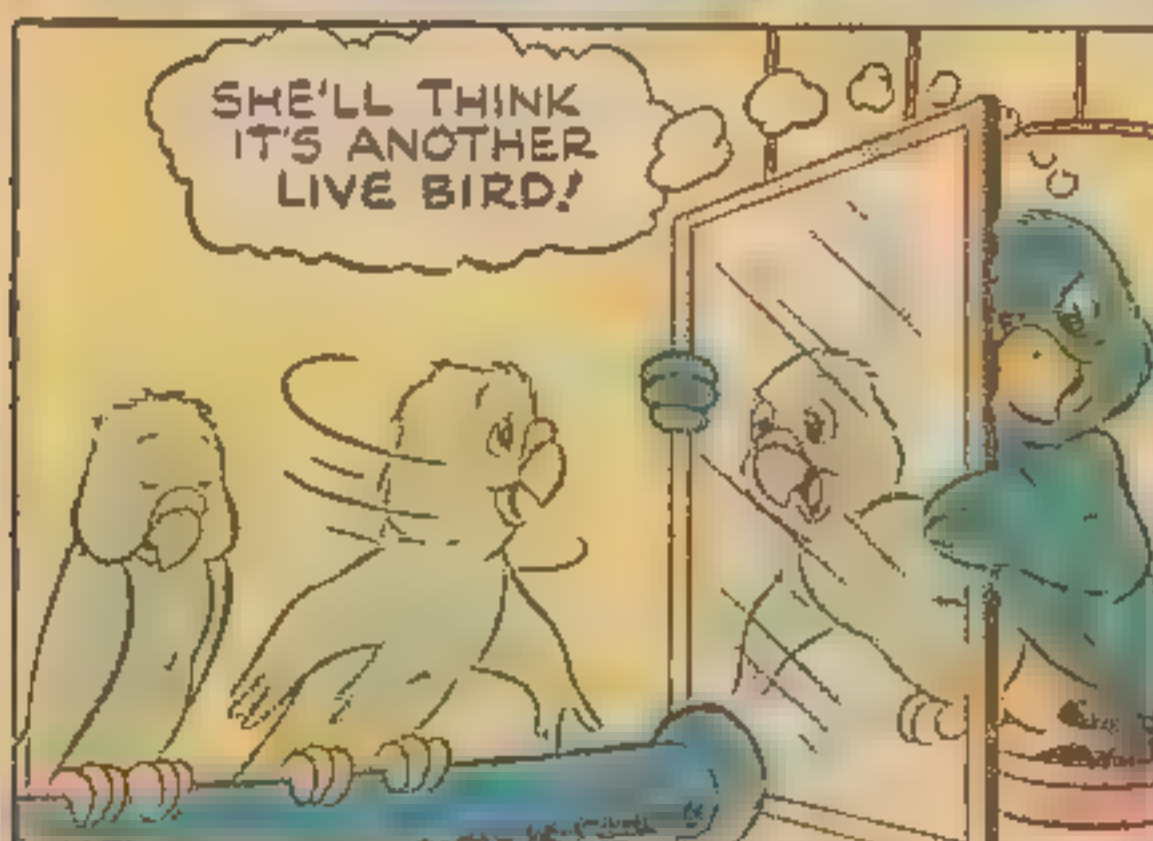
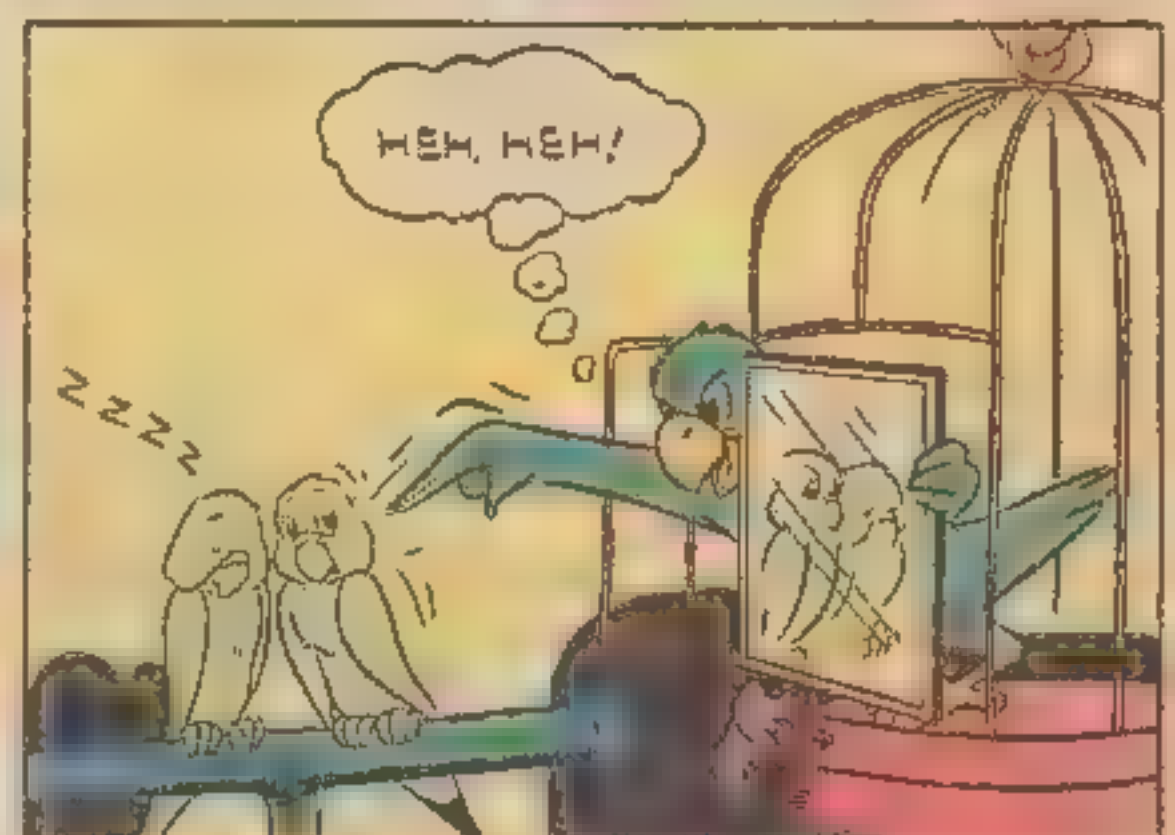
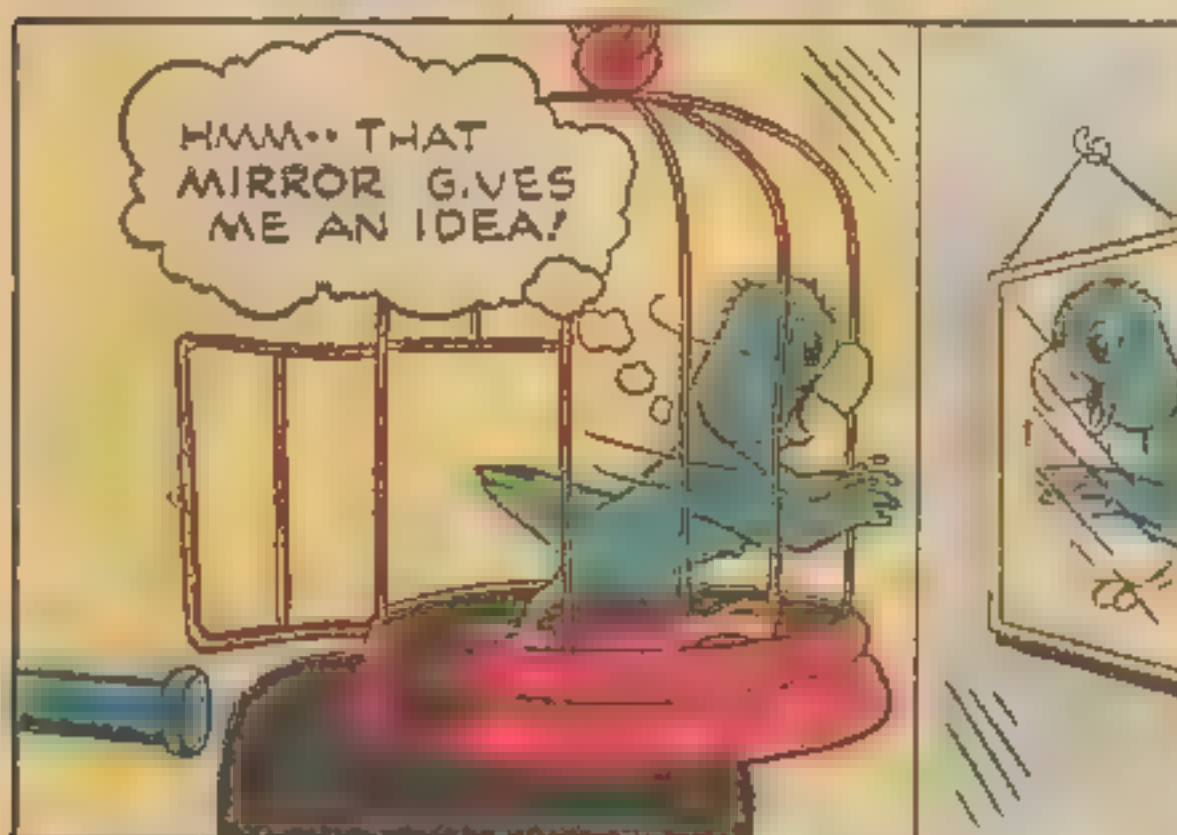
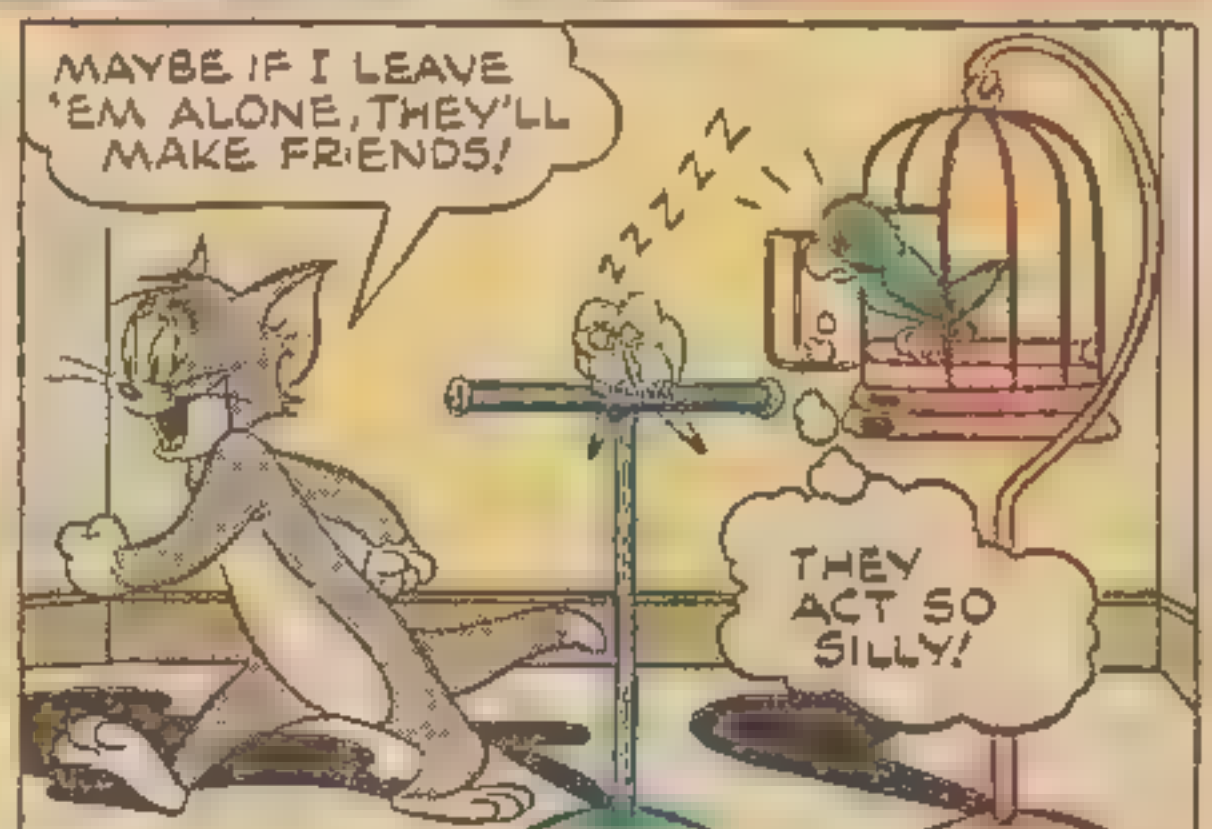
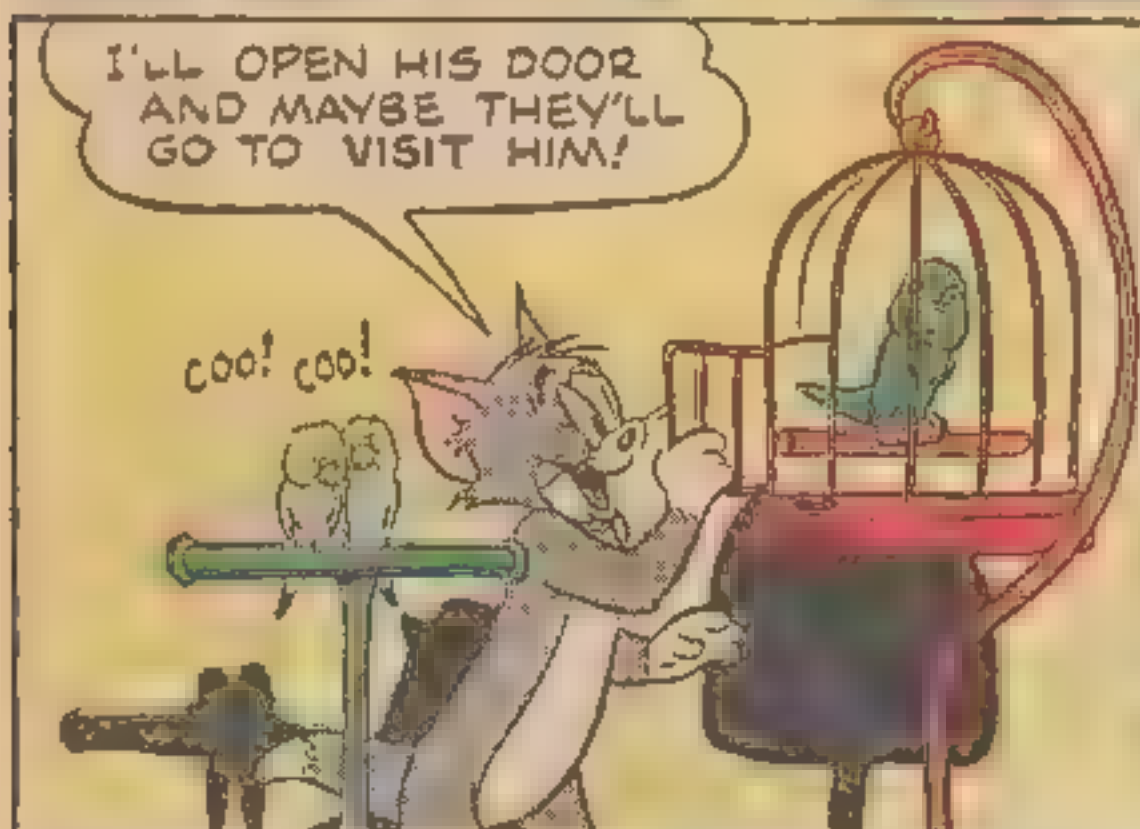
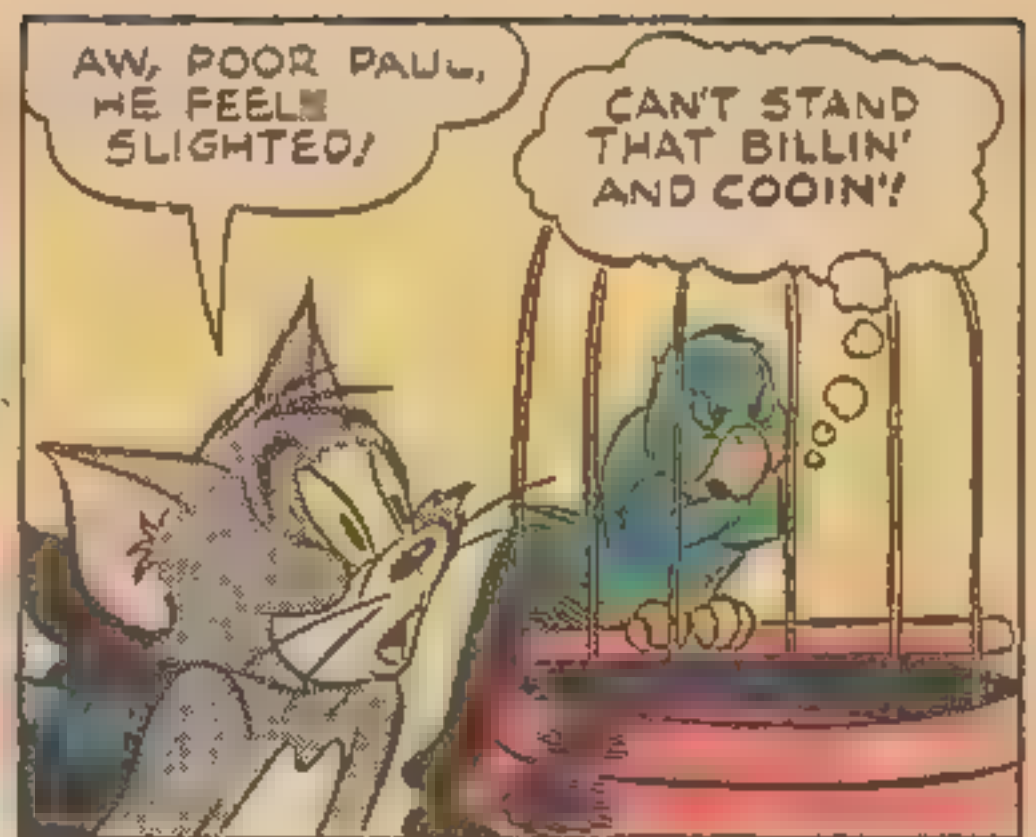
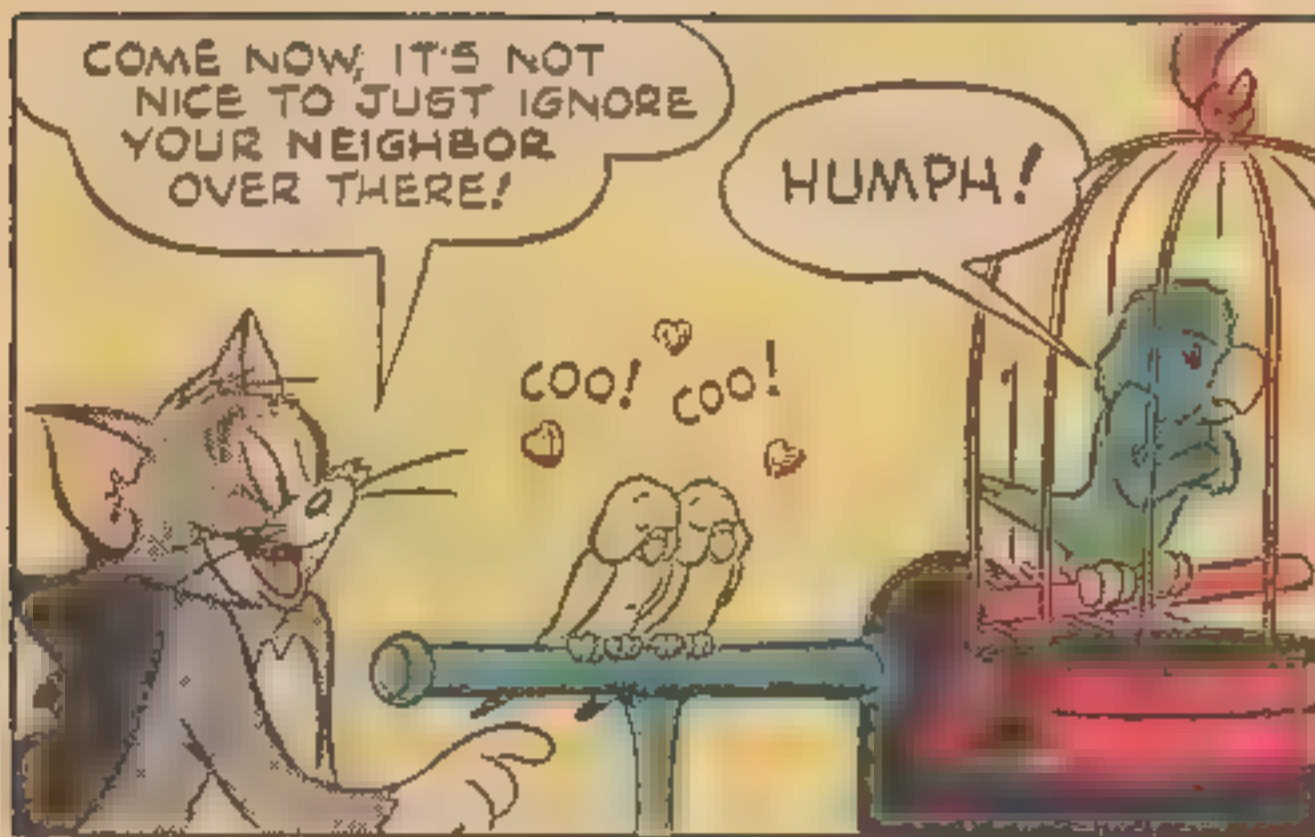


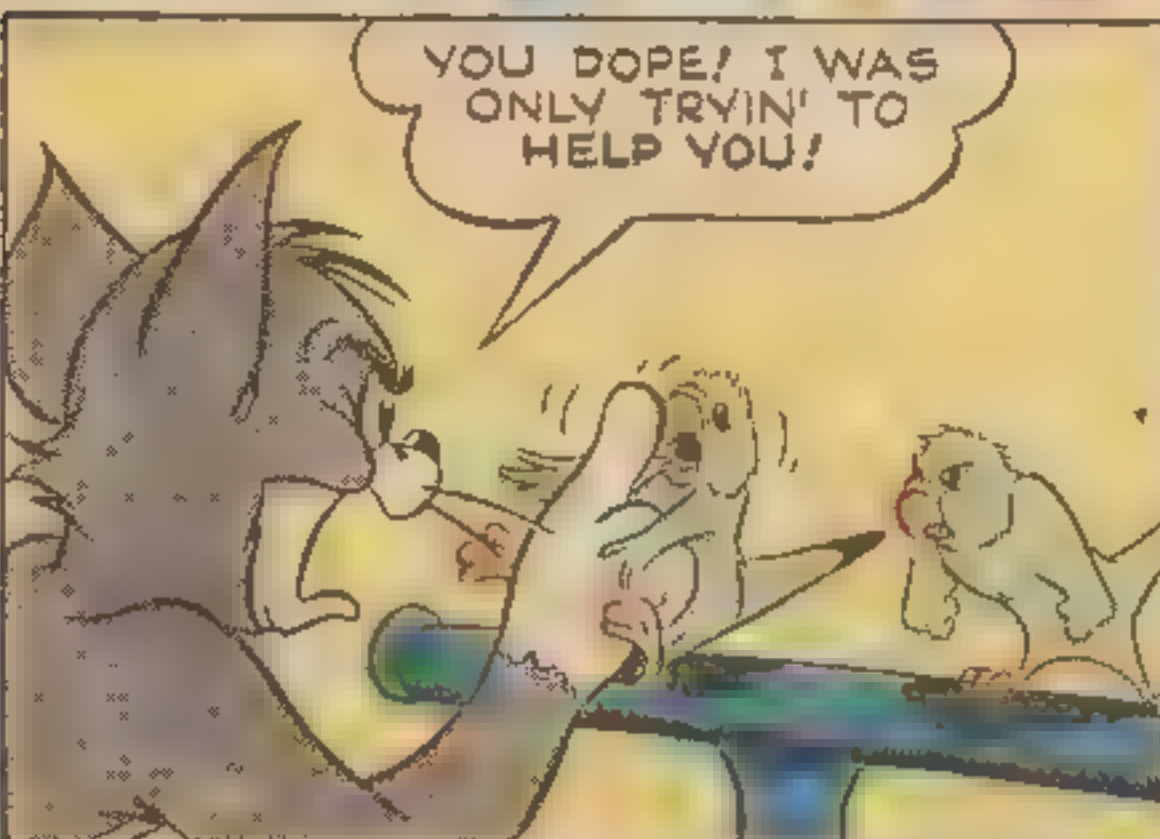
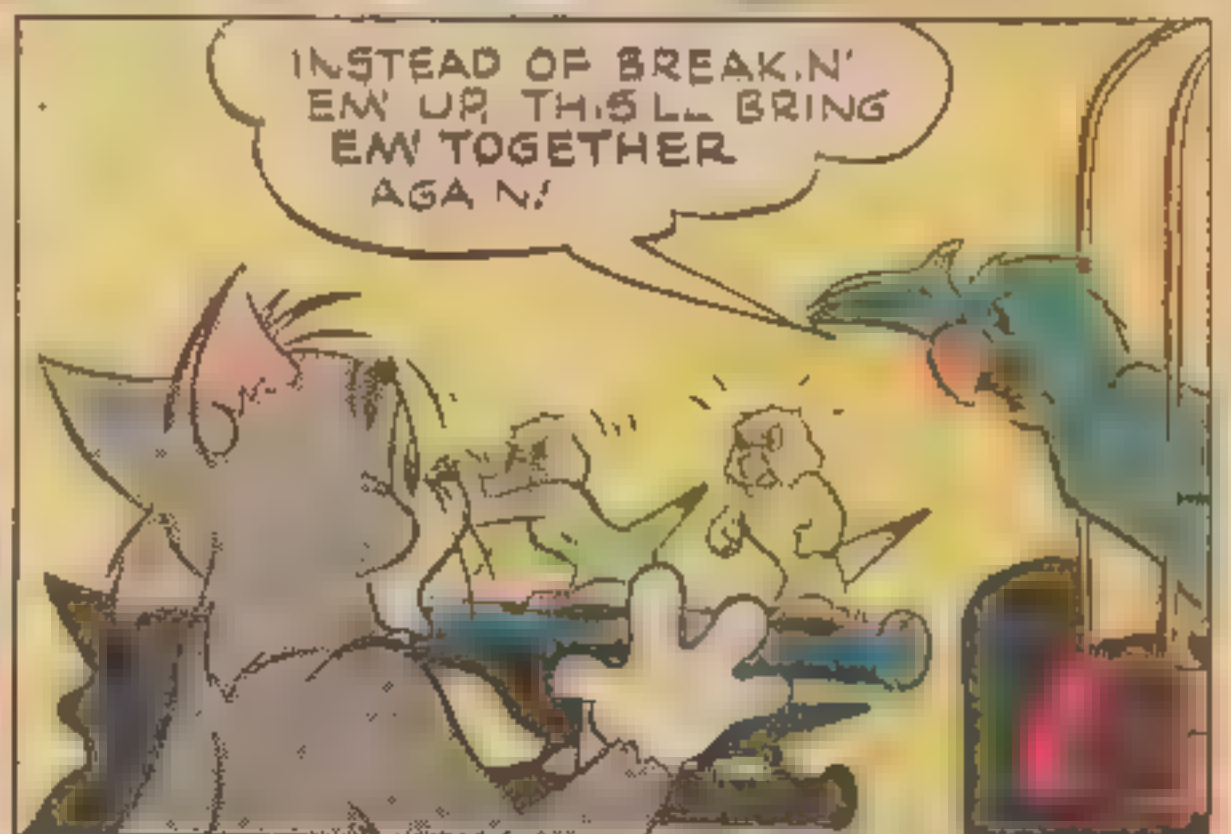
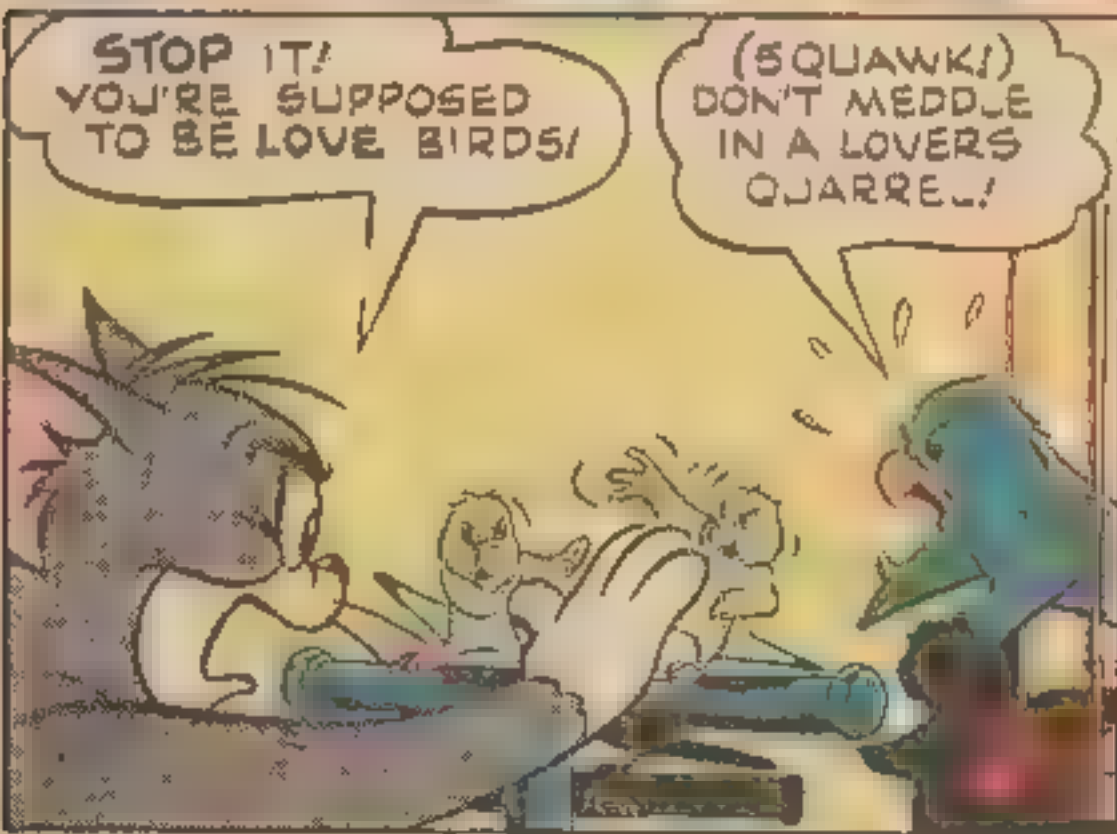
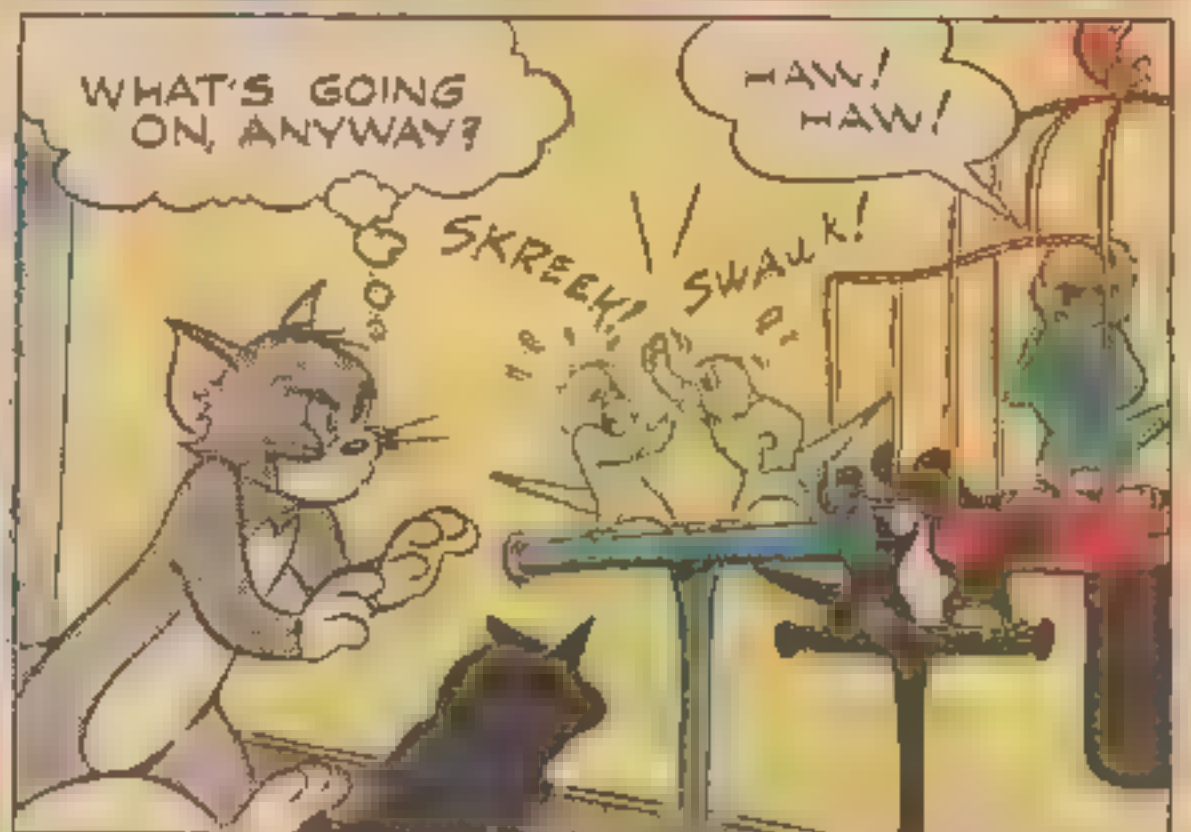
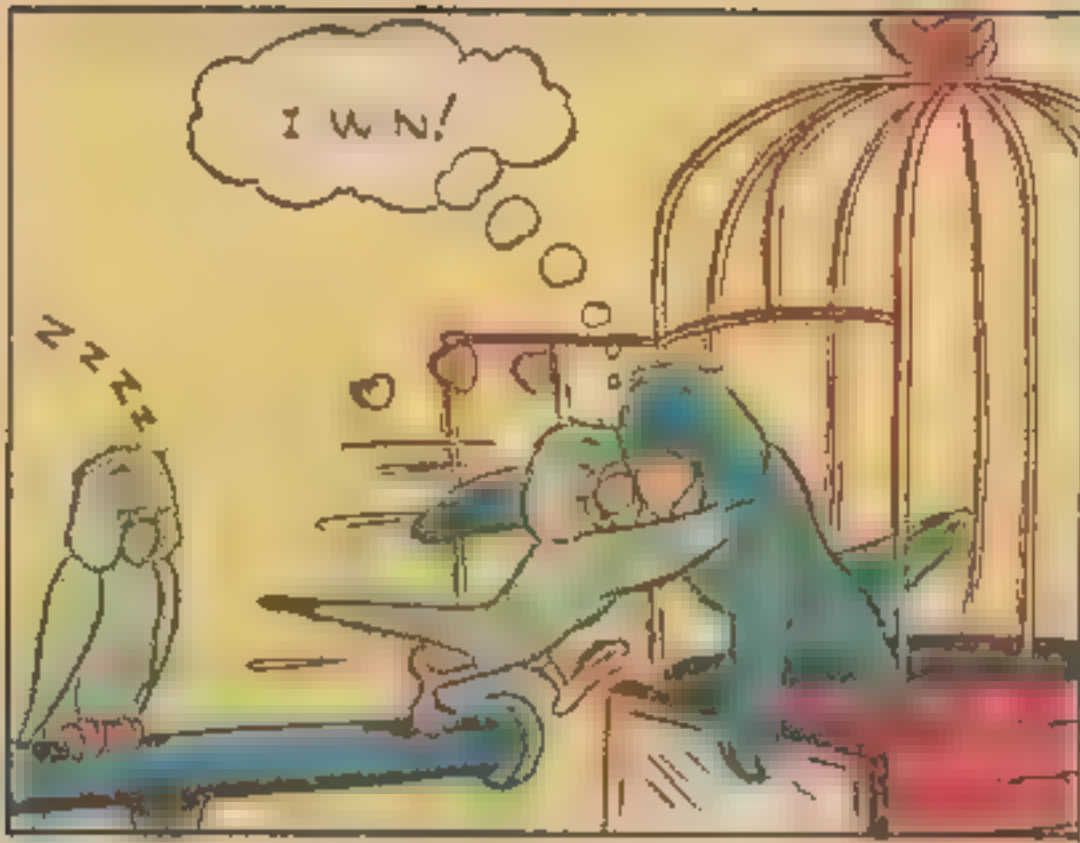


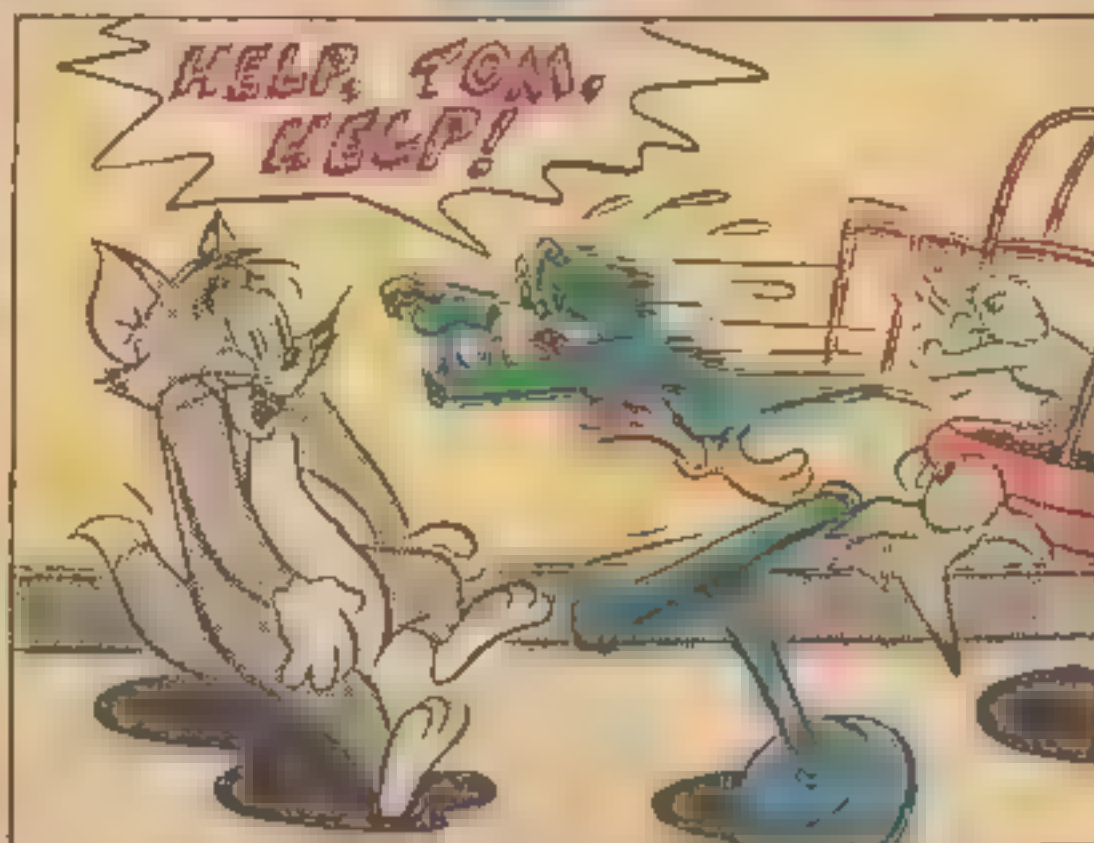
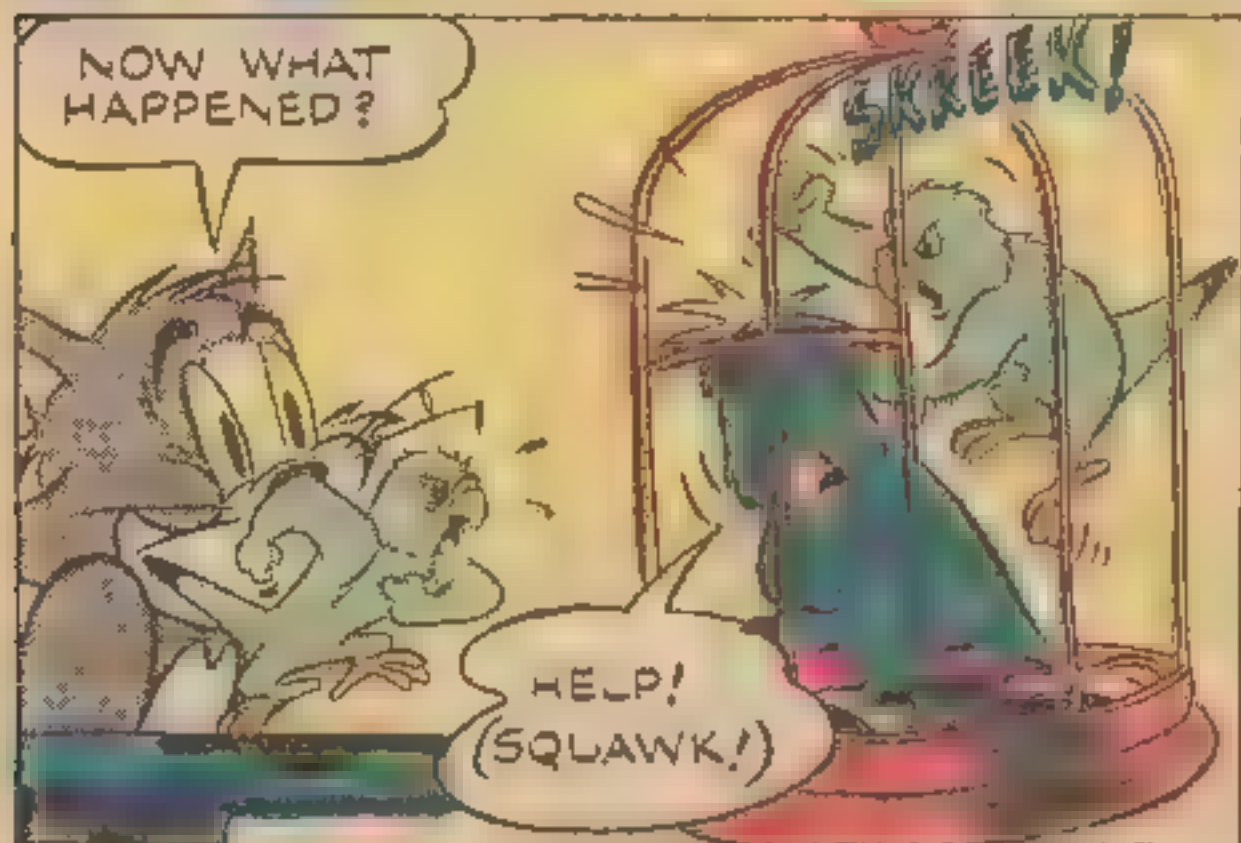
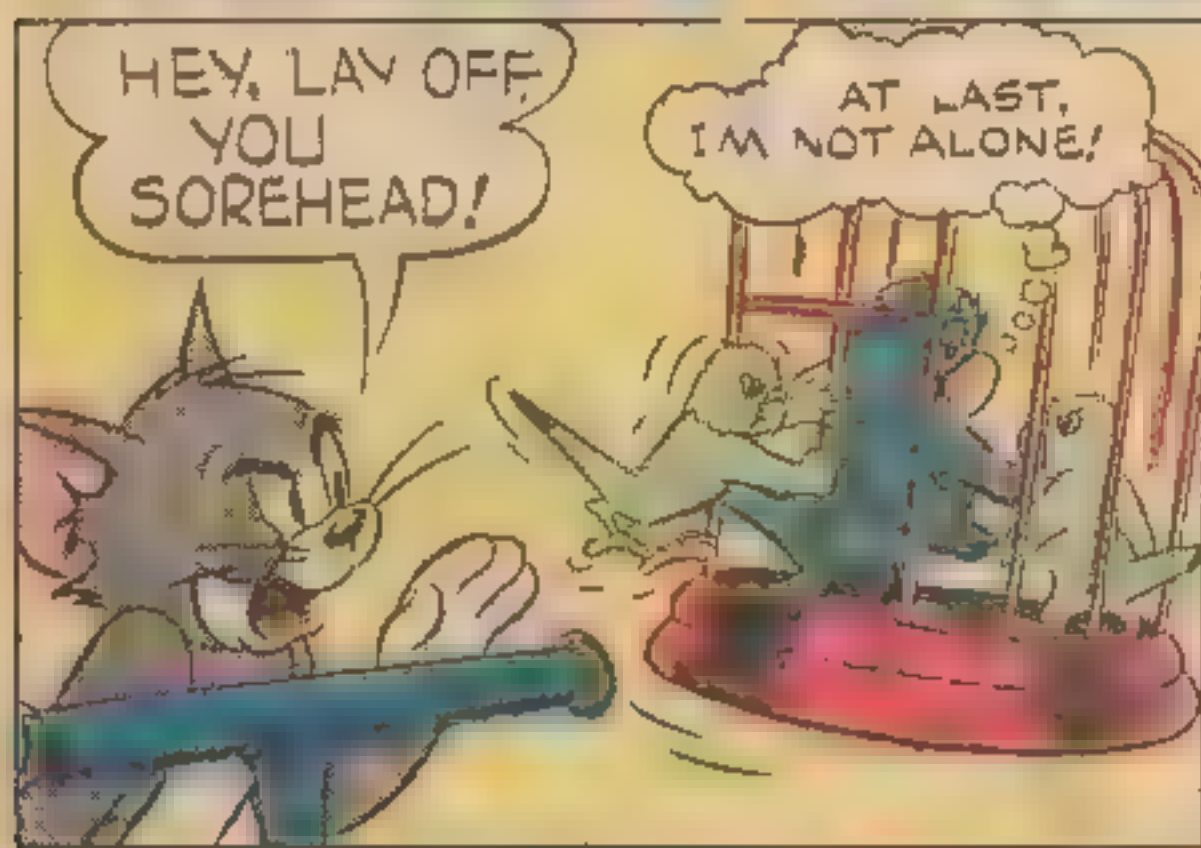
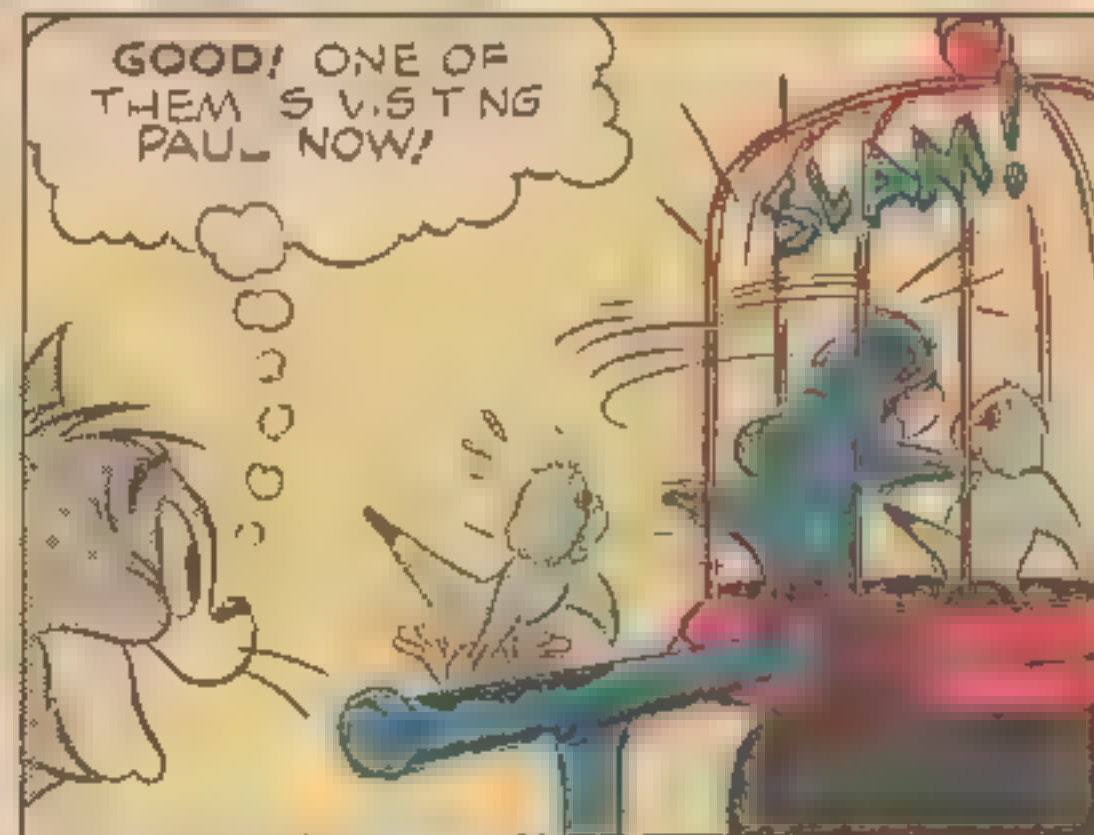
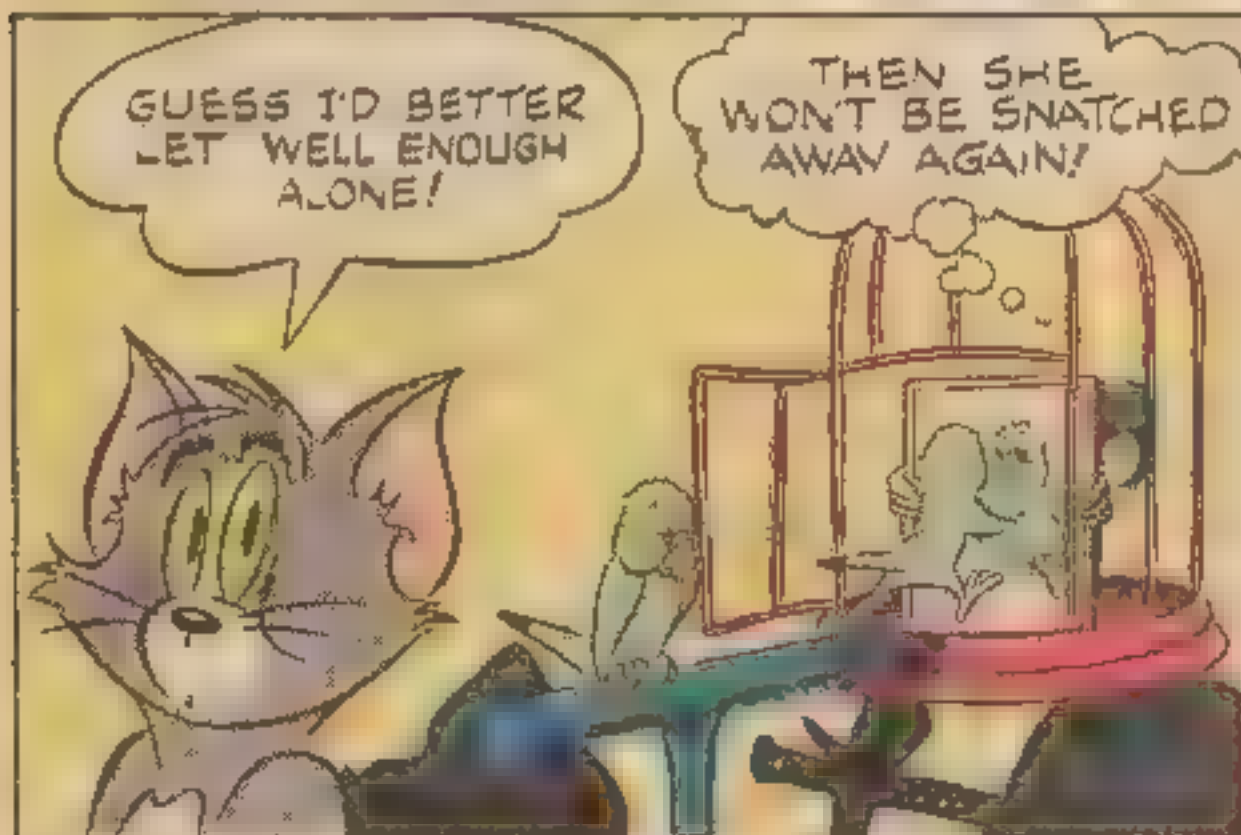
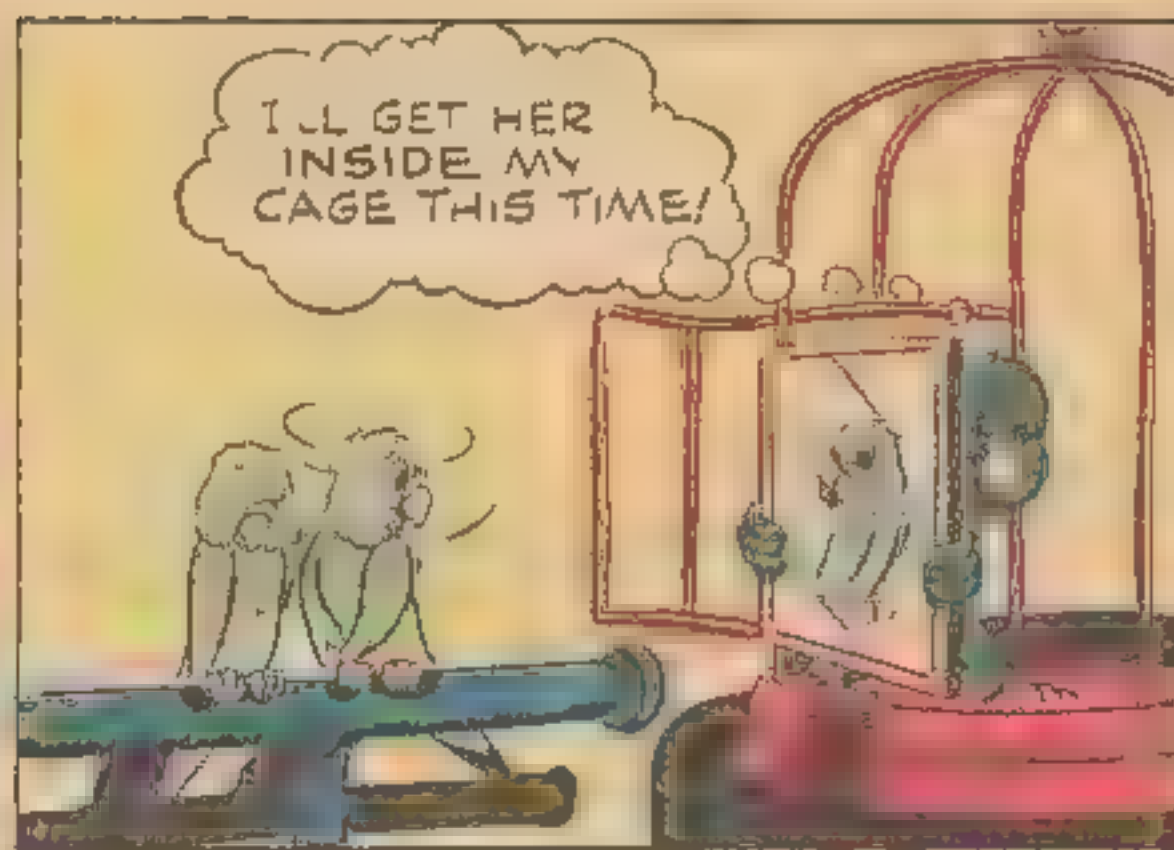
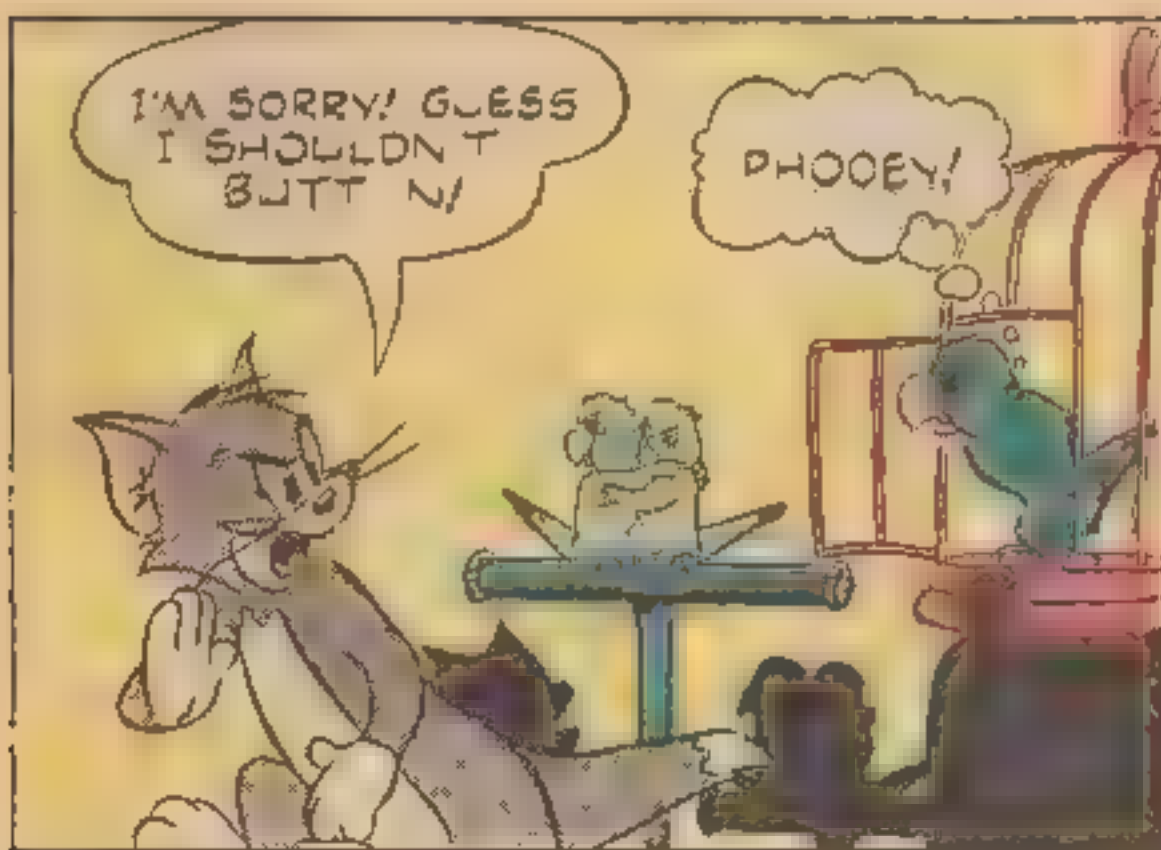


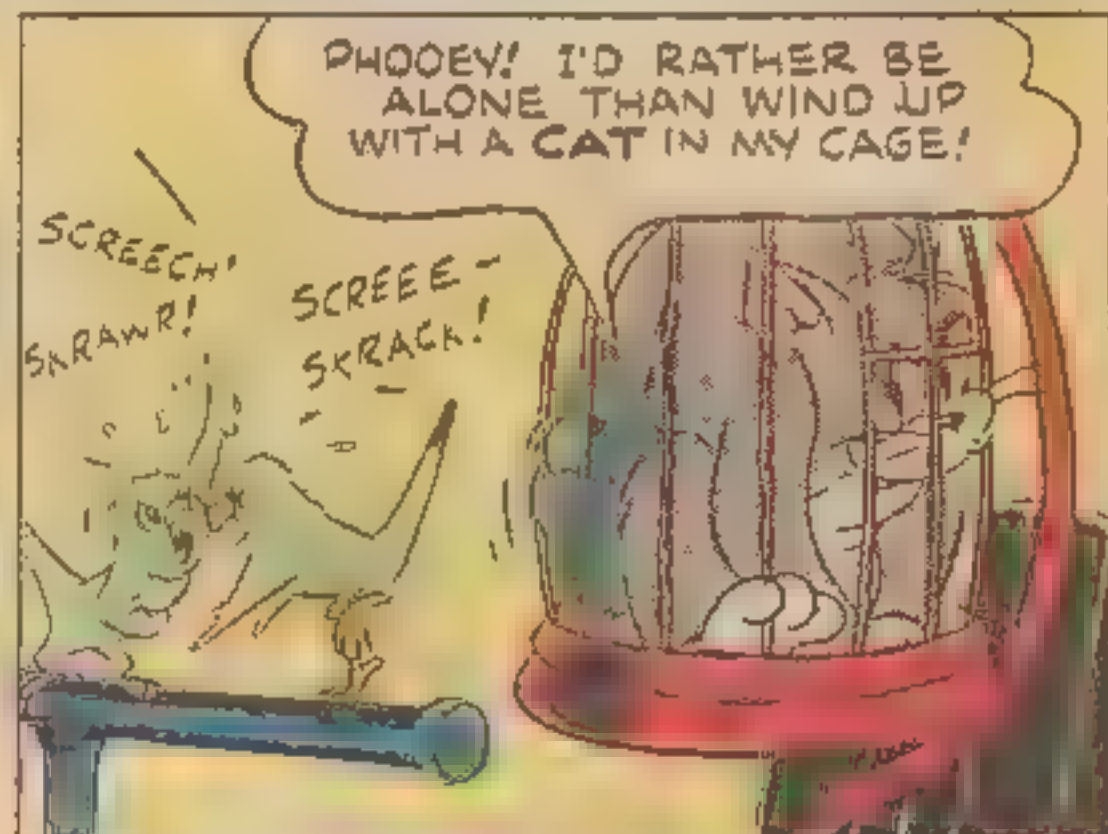
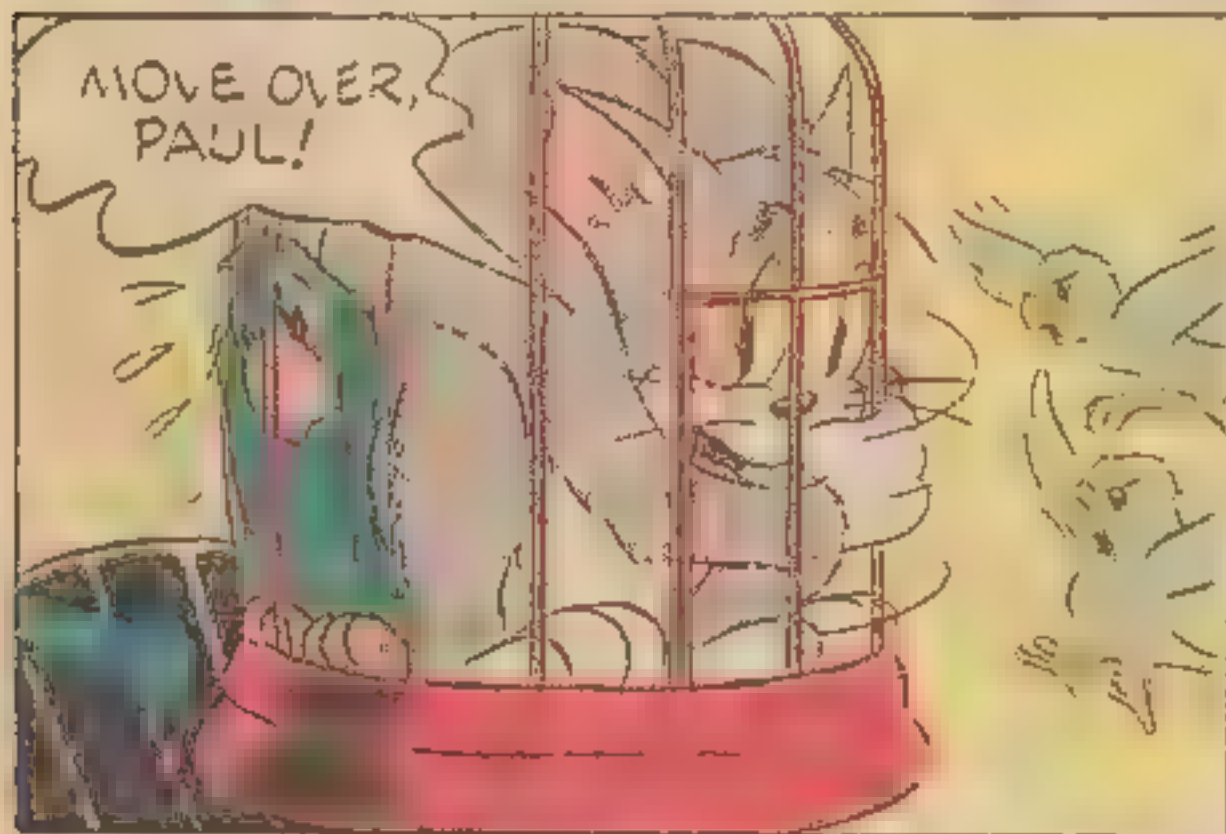
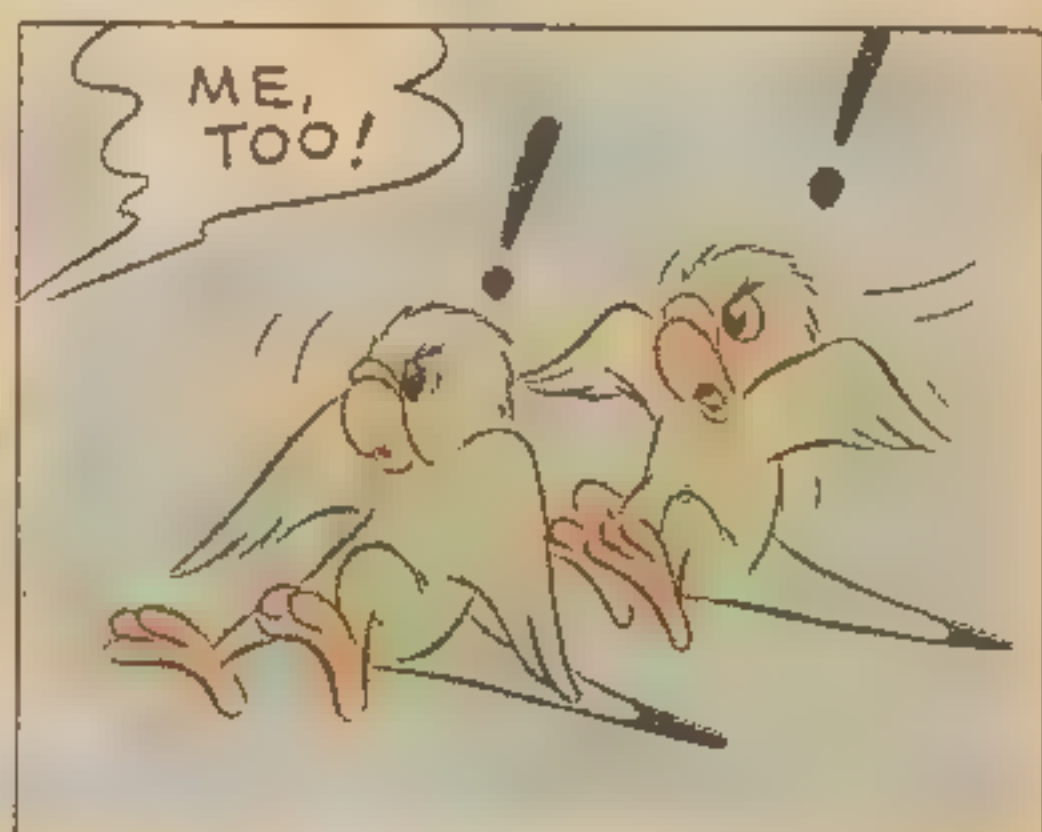
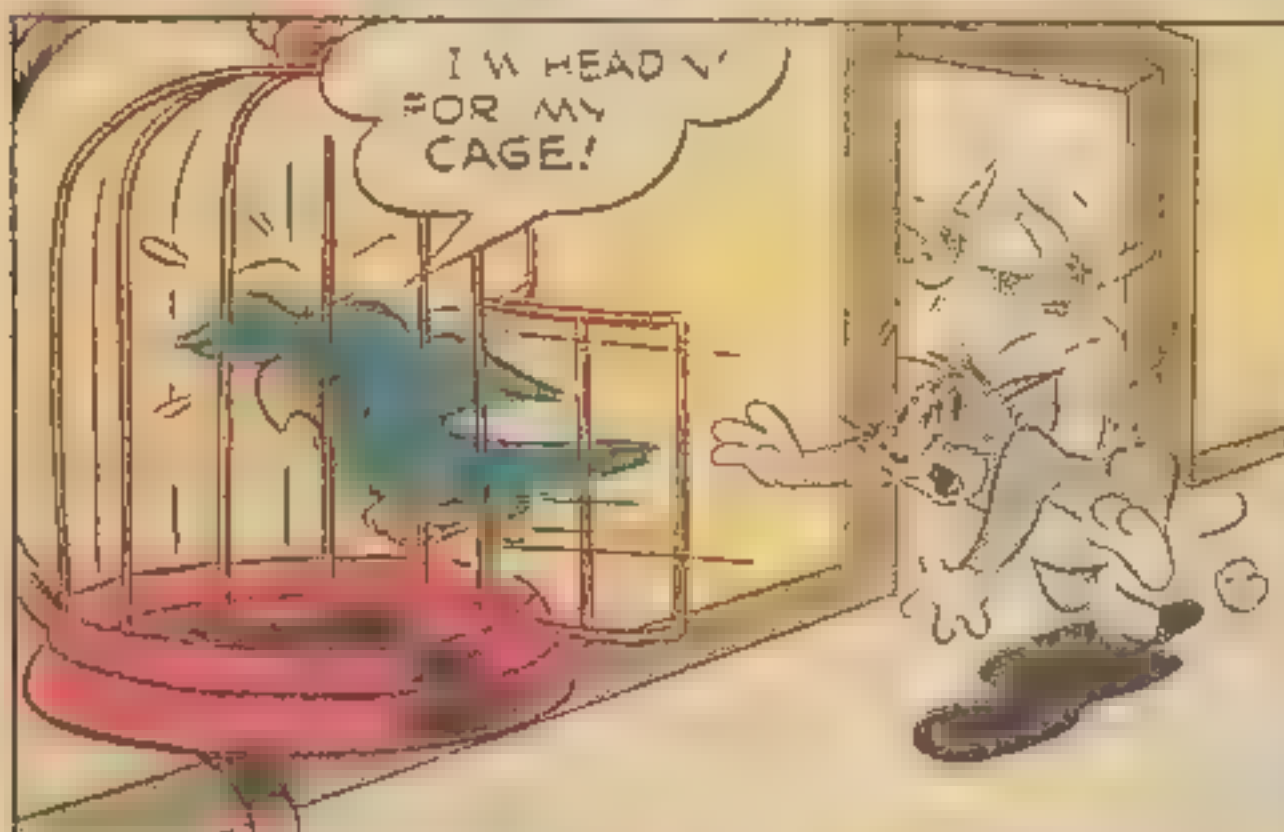
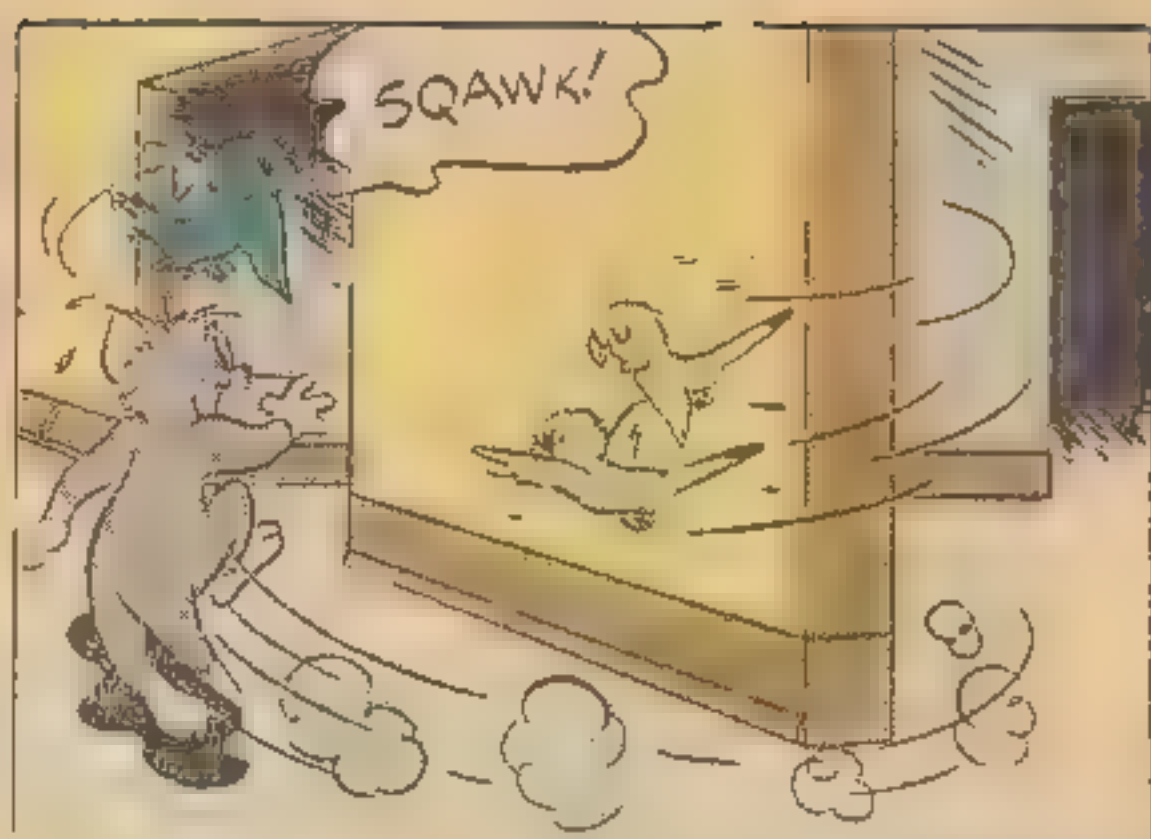
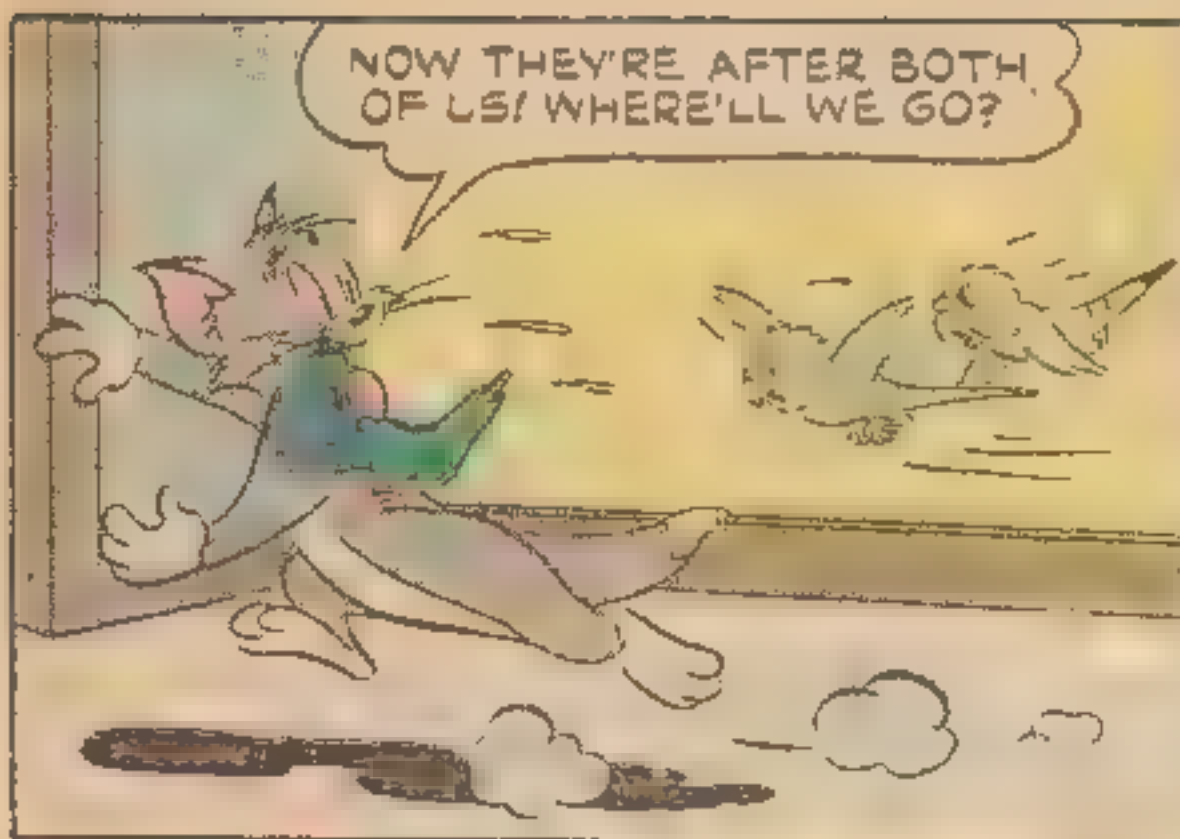












M.G.M. CARTOONS *present*

BARNEY BEAR

and
BENNY BURRO

HEY, BARNEY!
COME ALIVE!

JAN
1

Zzzzzzz

HUH?
WH-WHATS
UP?

IT'S JANUARY FIRST
AND YOU HAVEN'T MADE
YOUR NEW YEAR'S
RESOLUTIONS YET!

WHY, BENNY, YOU KNOW
I DON'T HAVE ANY BAD
HABITS!

HOW ABOUT
SLEEPING EVERY DAY?
IS THAT GOOD?

OH...HEH...HEH...THAT!
I GUESS YOU'RE
RIGHT!

YOU DON'T WANT
PEOPLE TO THINK
YOU'RE LAZY,
DO YOU?

HOW'S THAT BENNY?

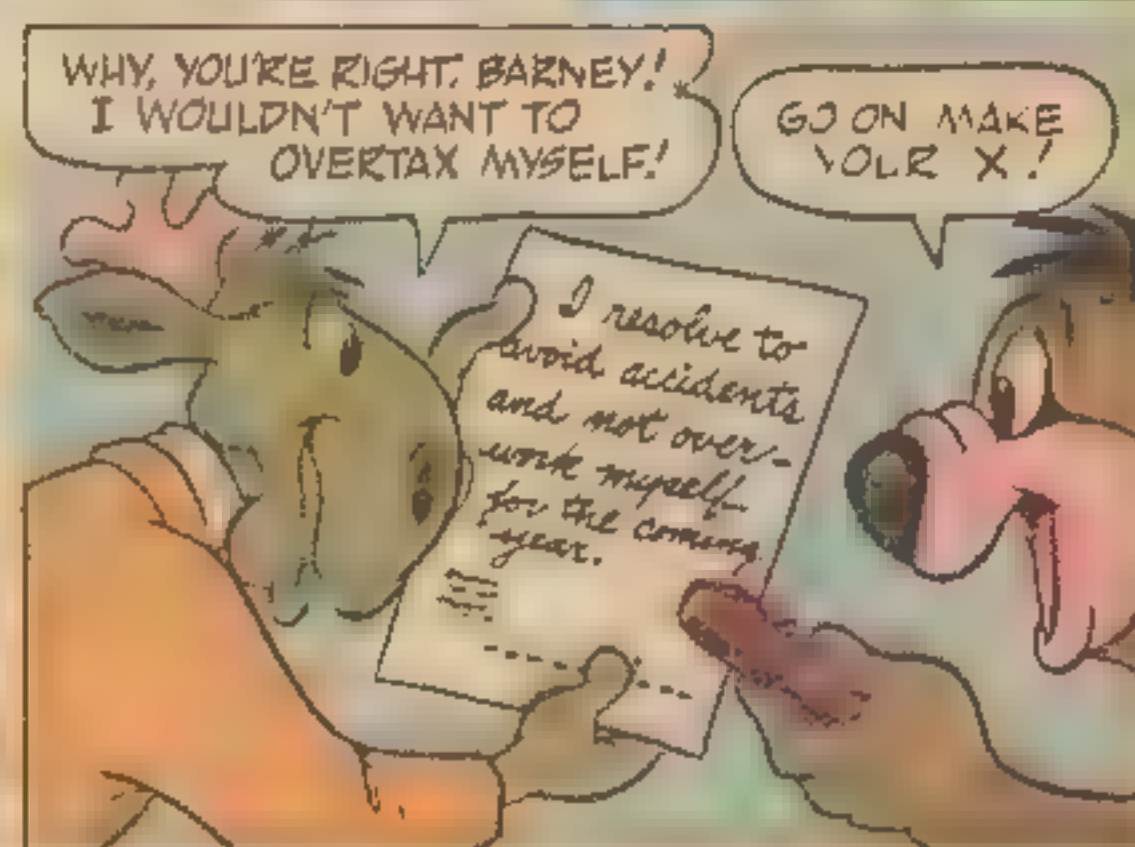
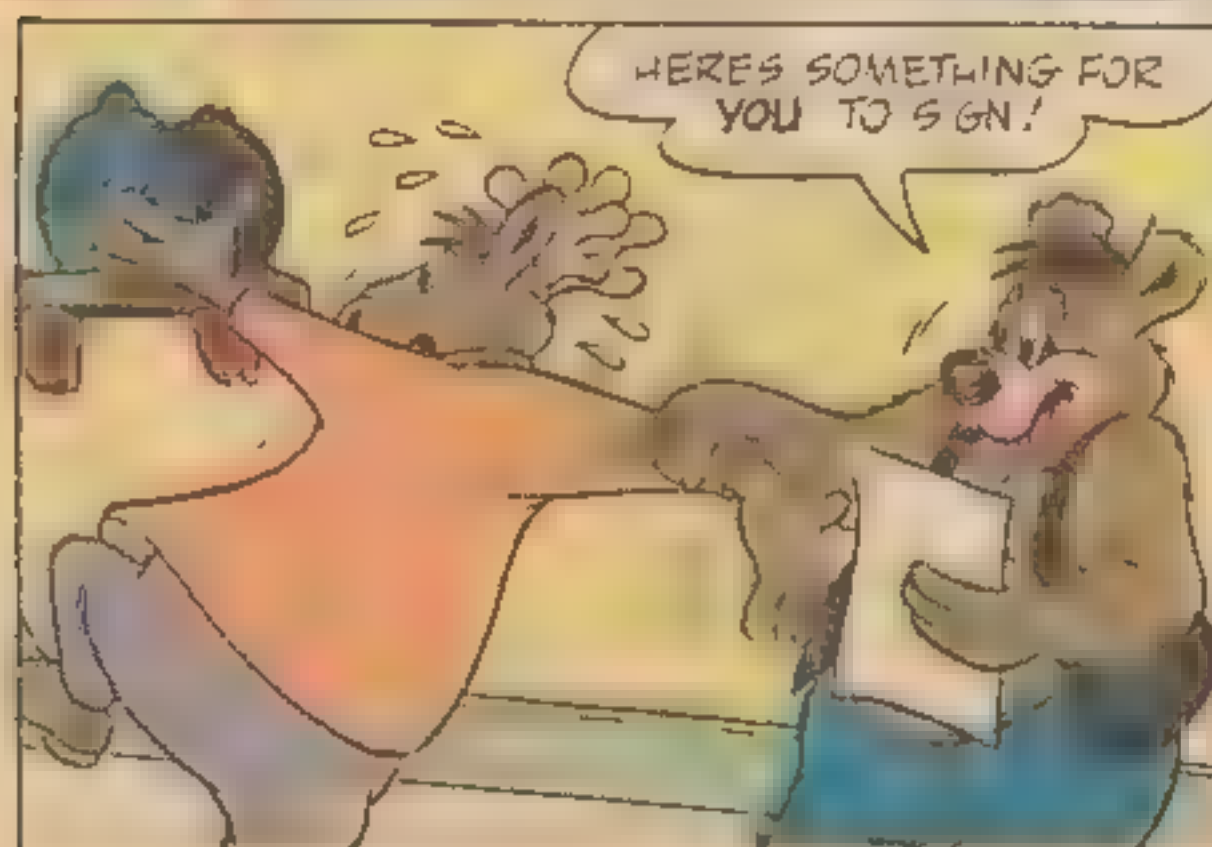
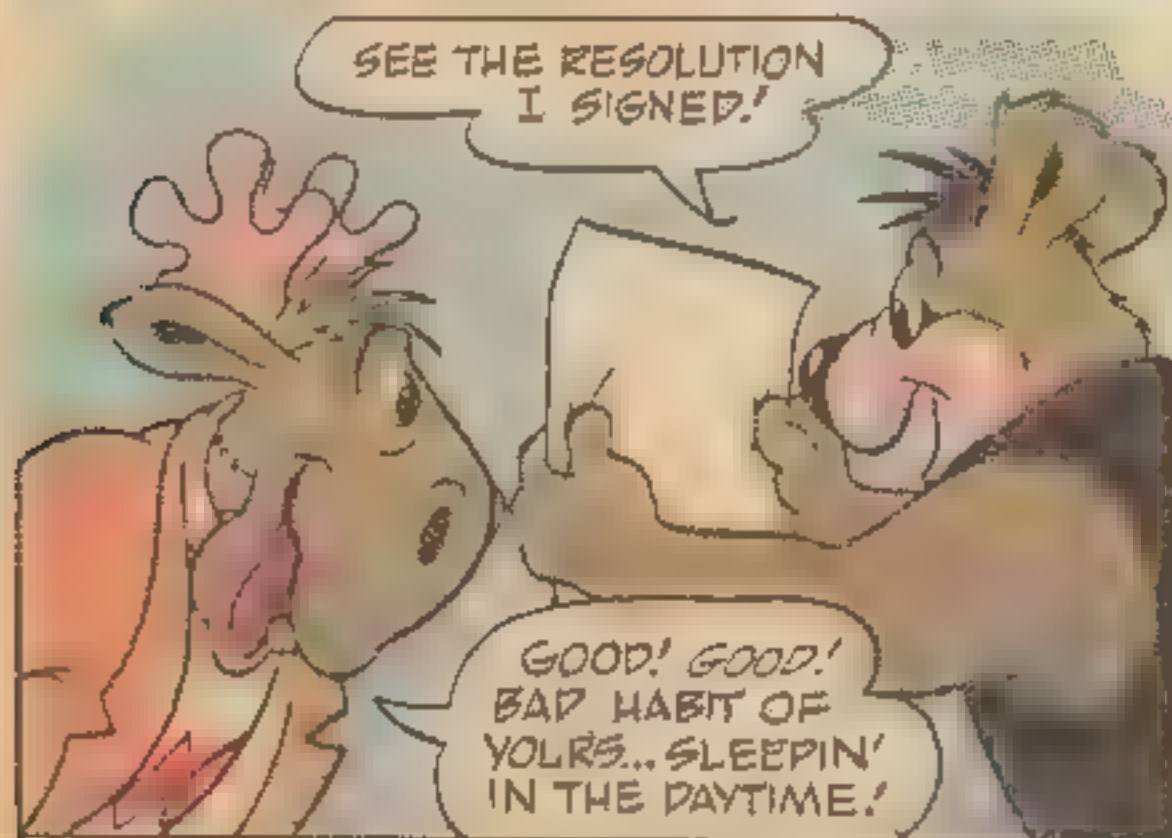
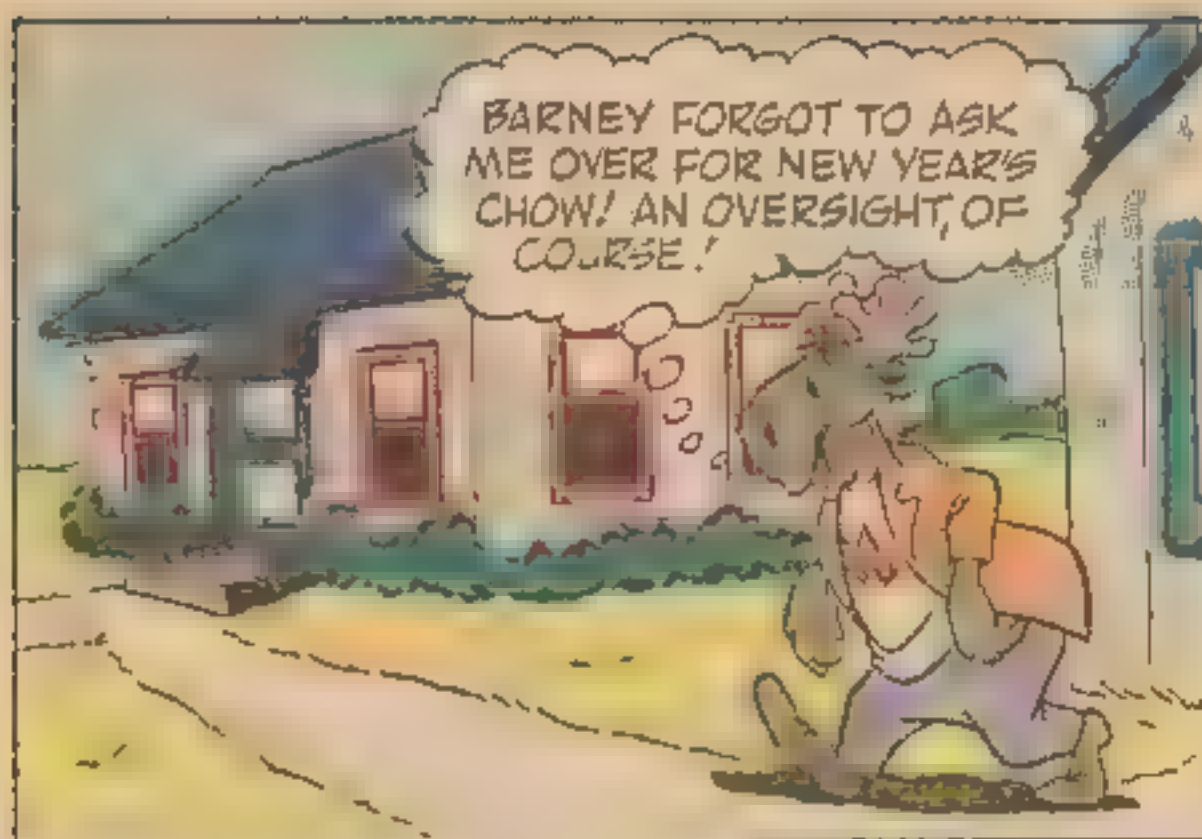
GOOD! YOU
MAY AMOUNT
TO SOMETHING
YET!

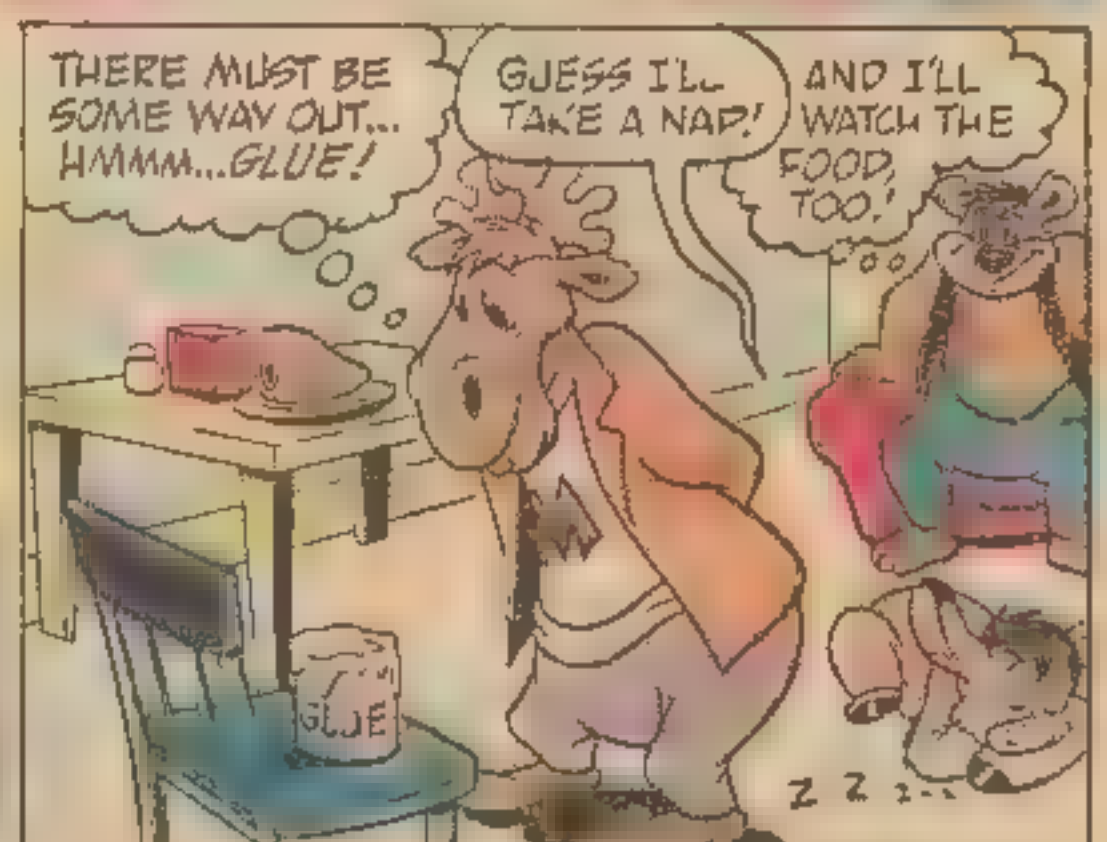
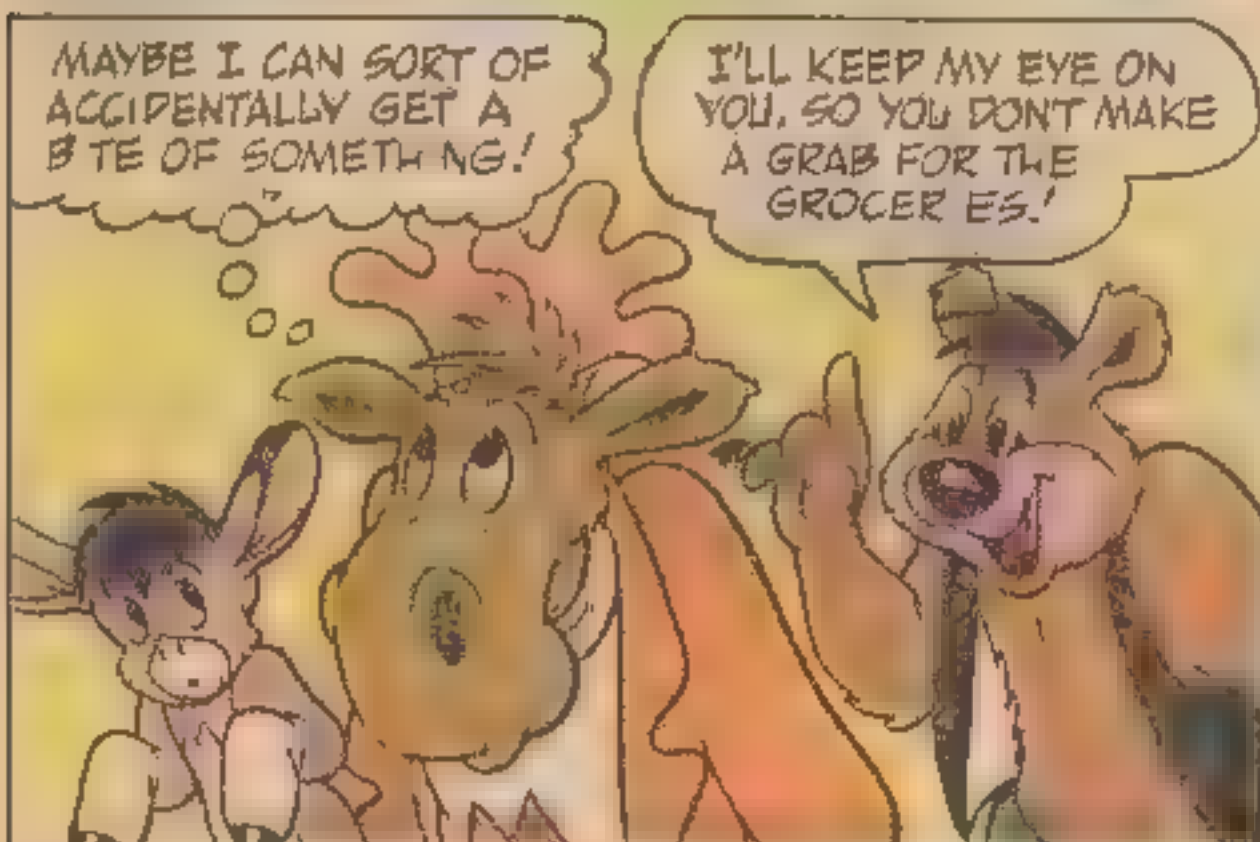
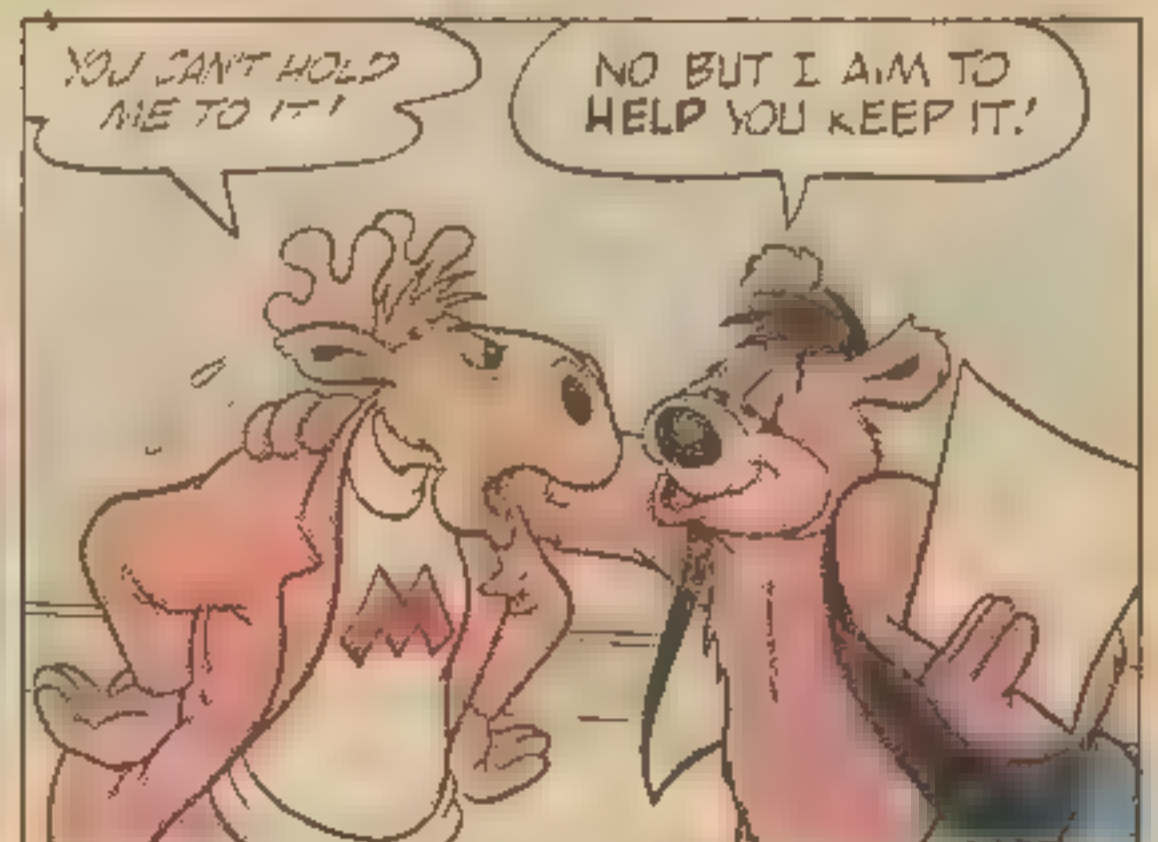
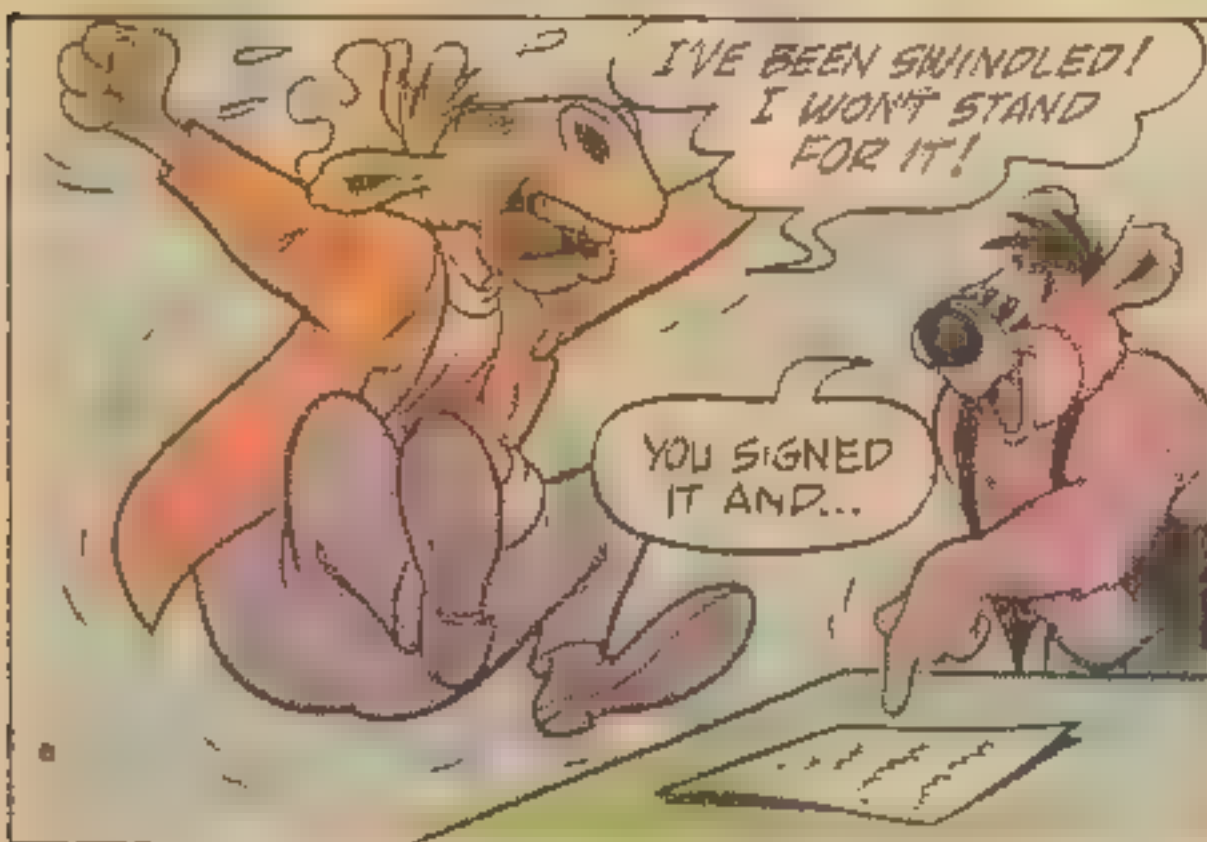
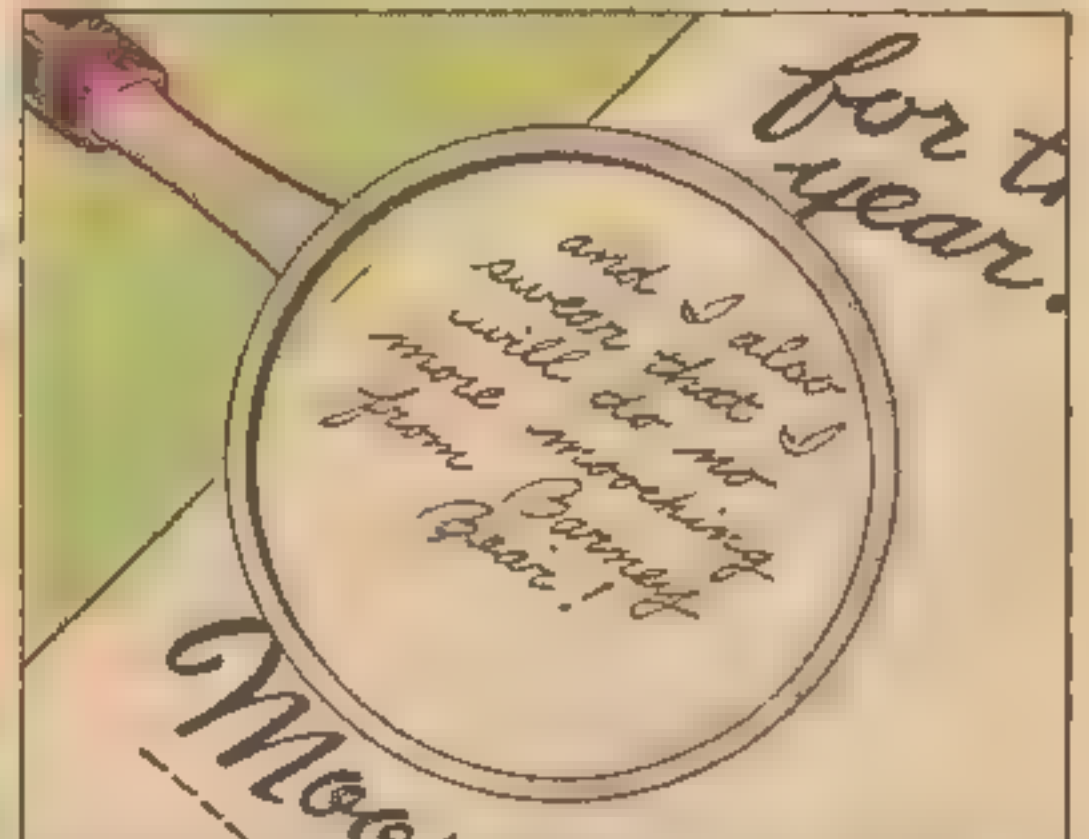
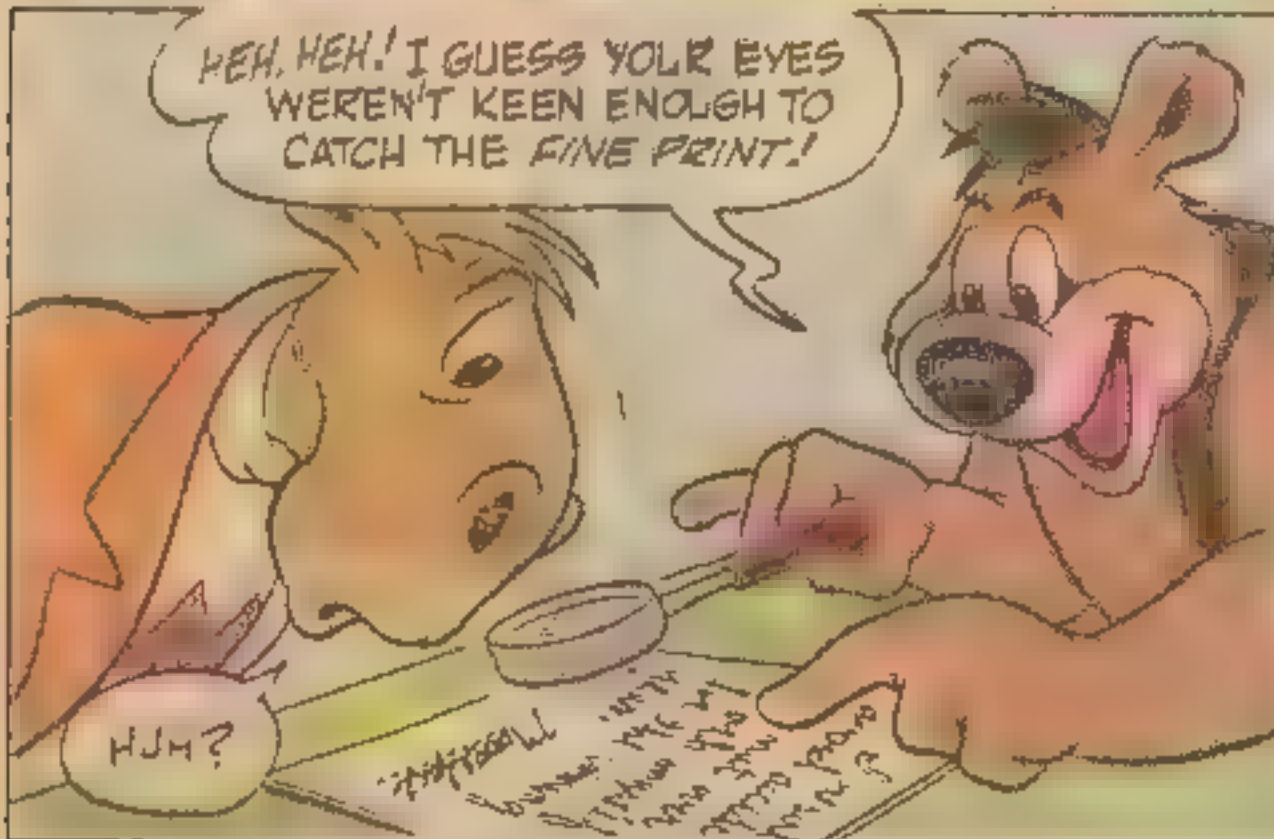
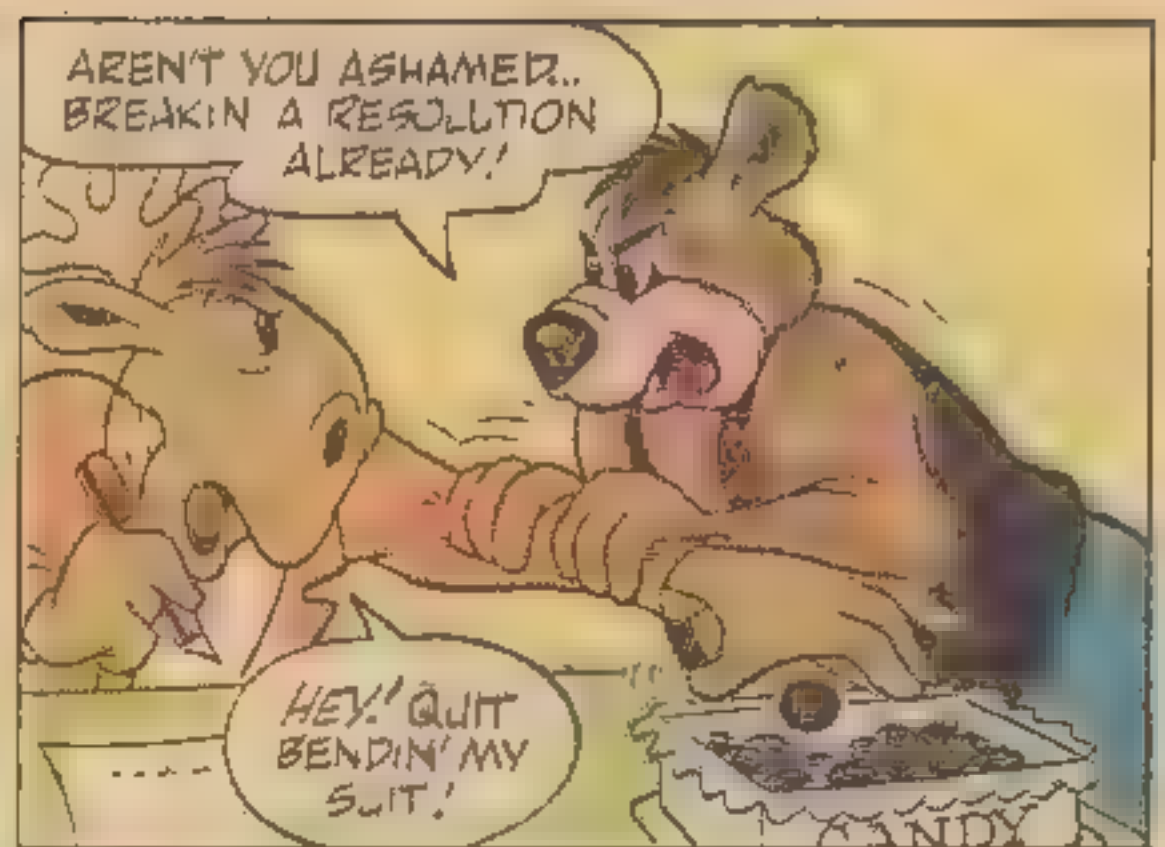
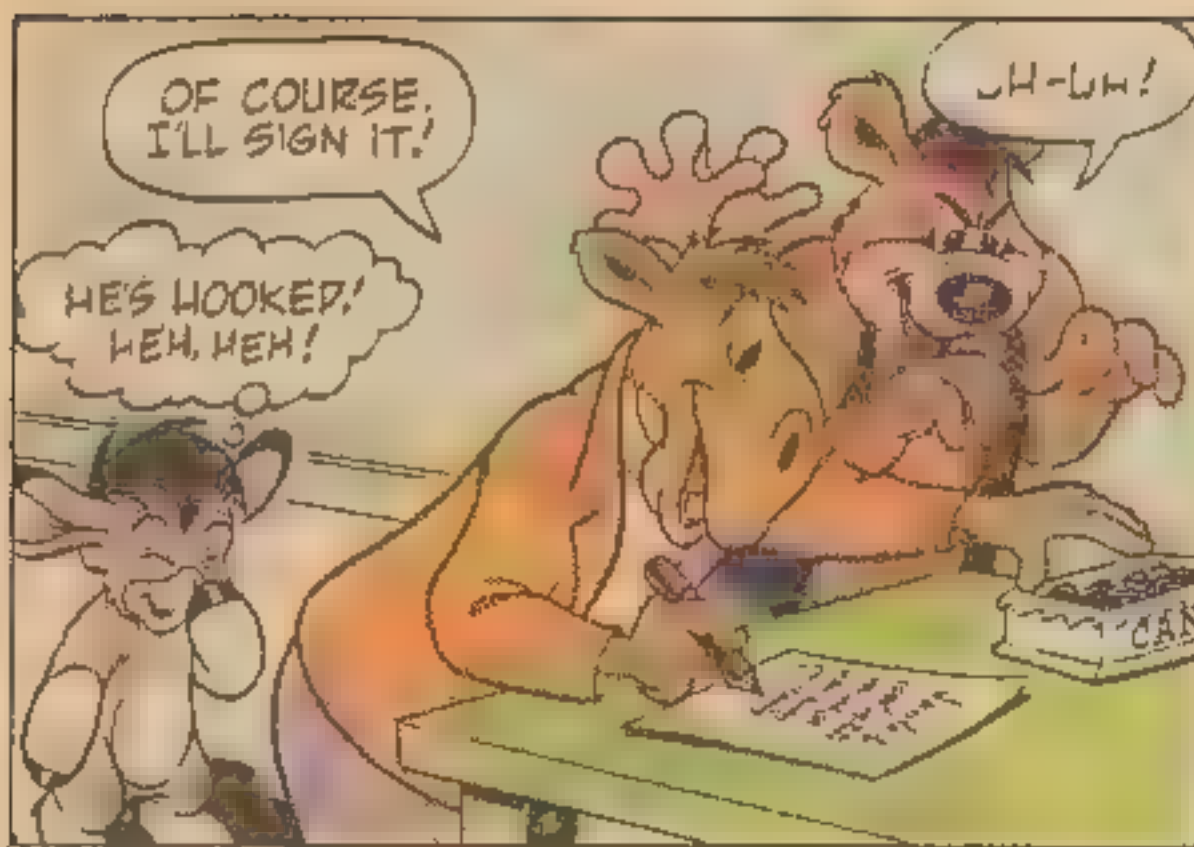
*I hereby resolve
to stop sleepin'
in the daytime
so help me
Hannah
Barney
Bear*

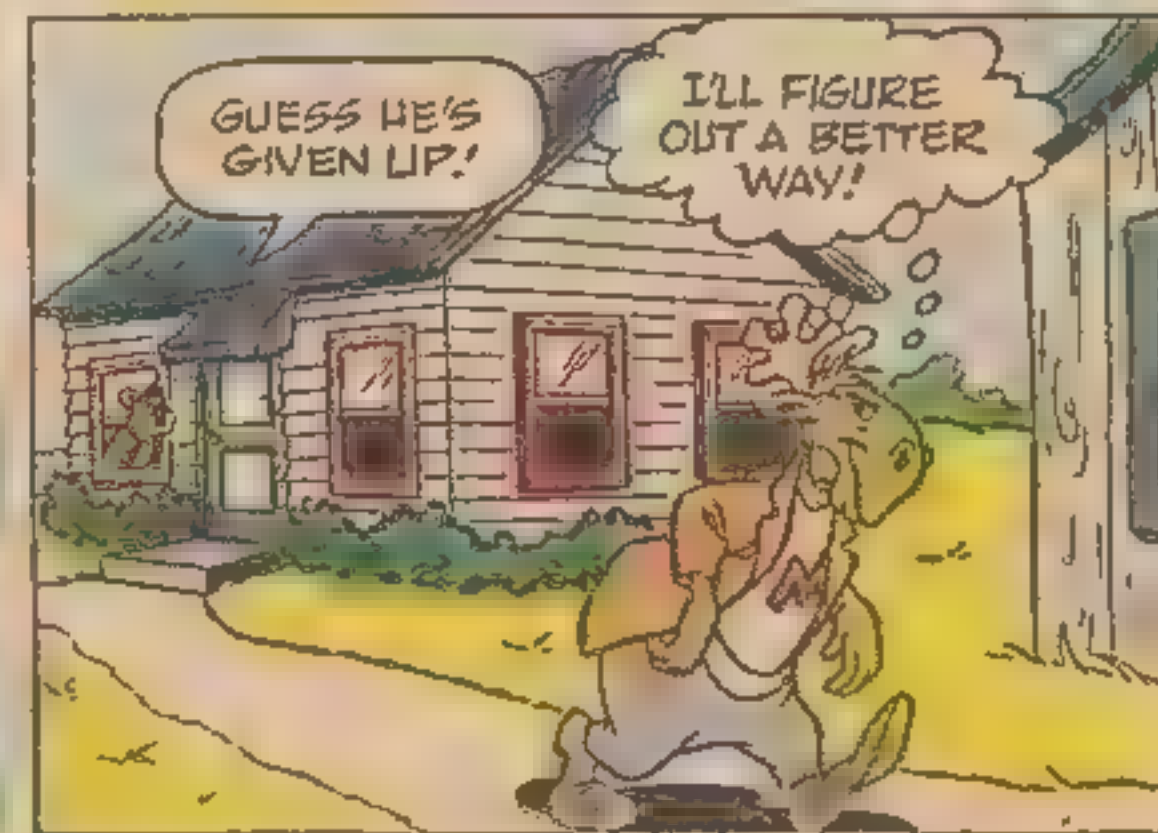
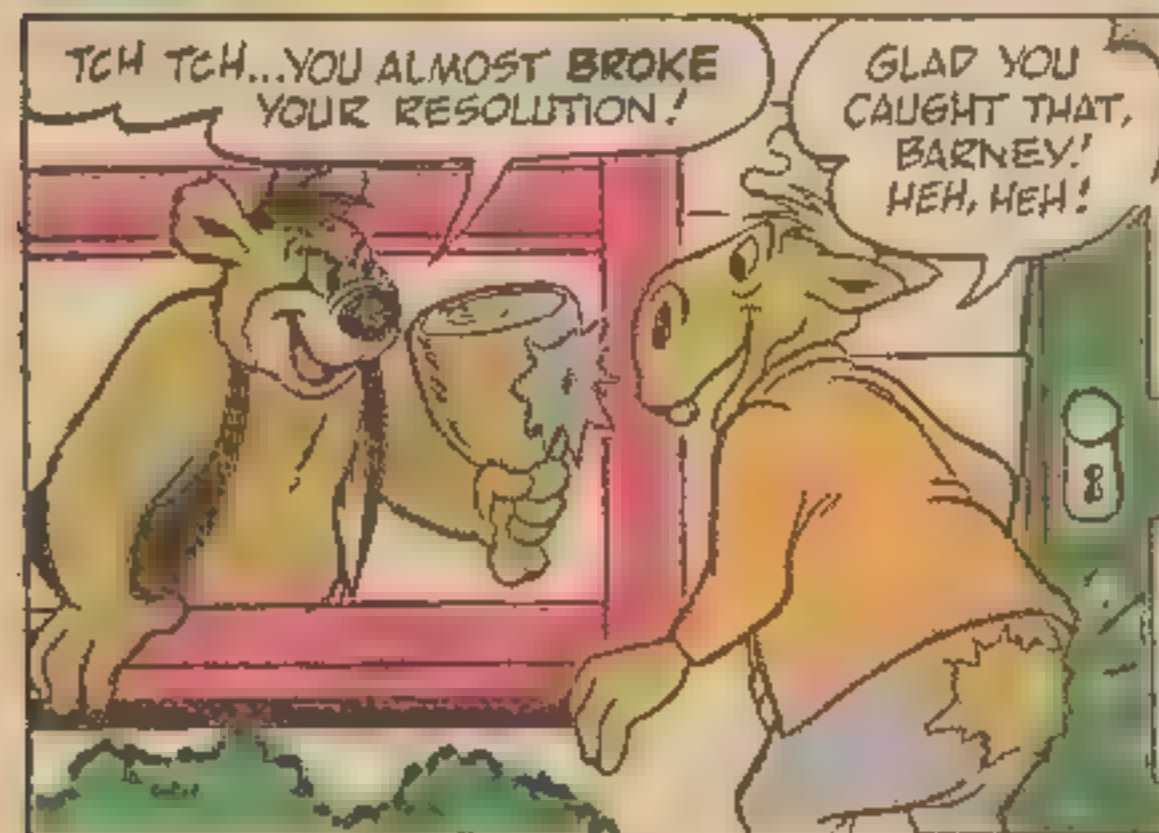
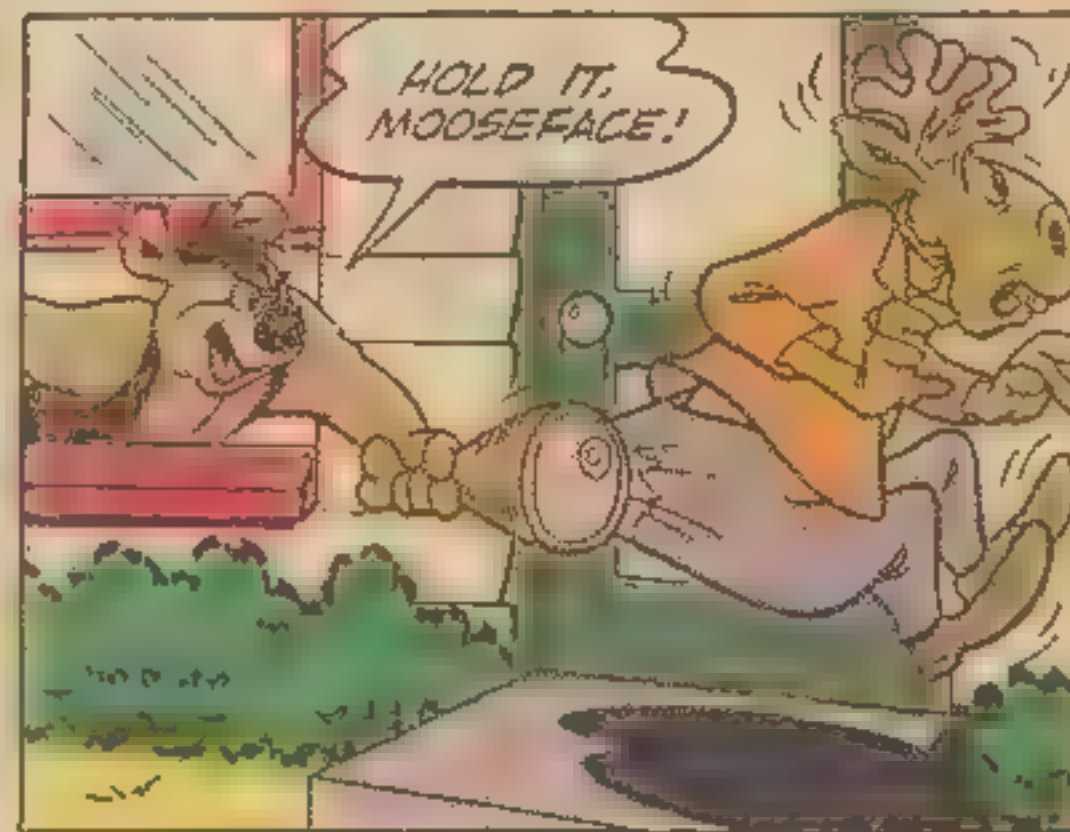
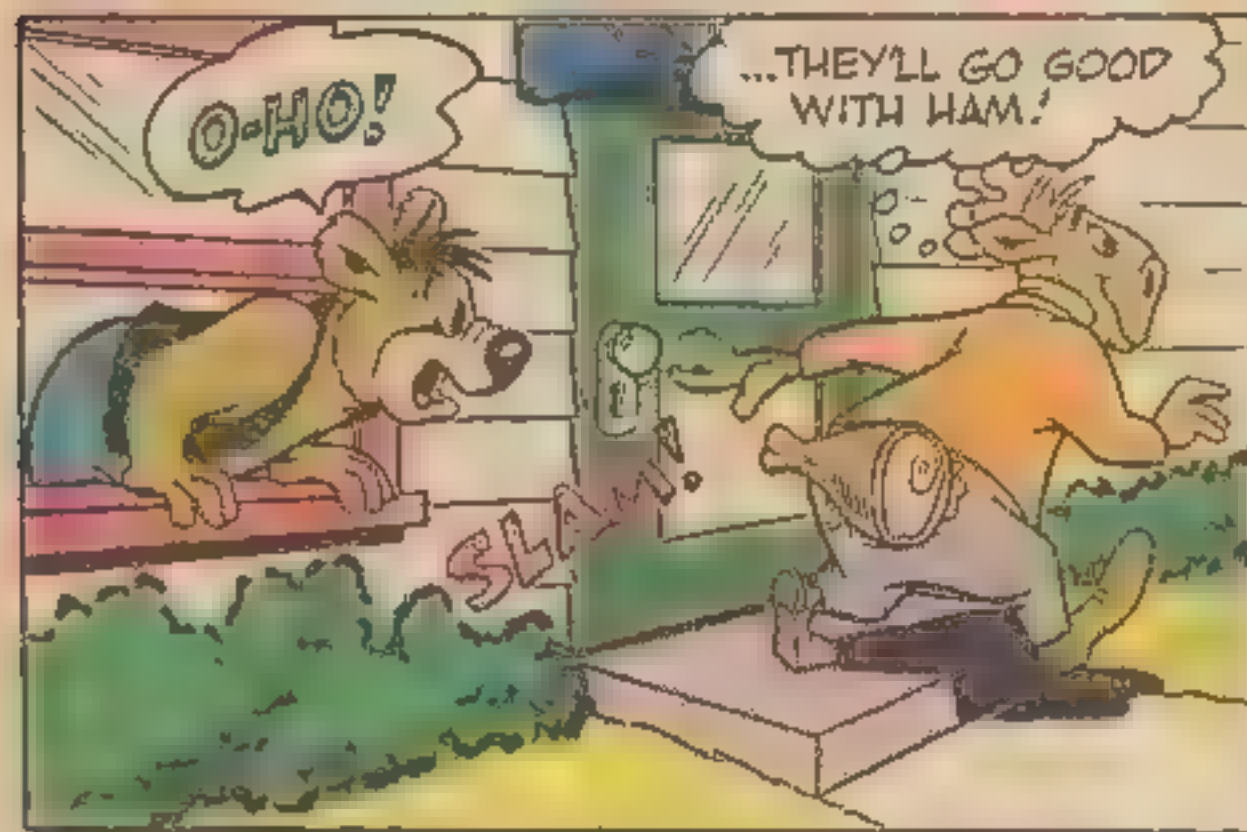
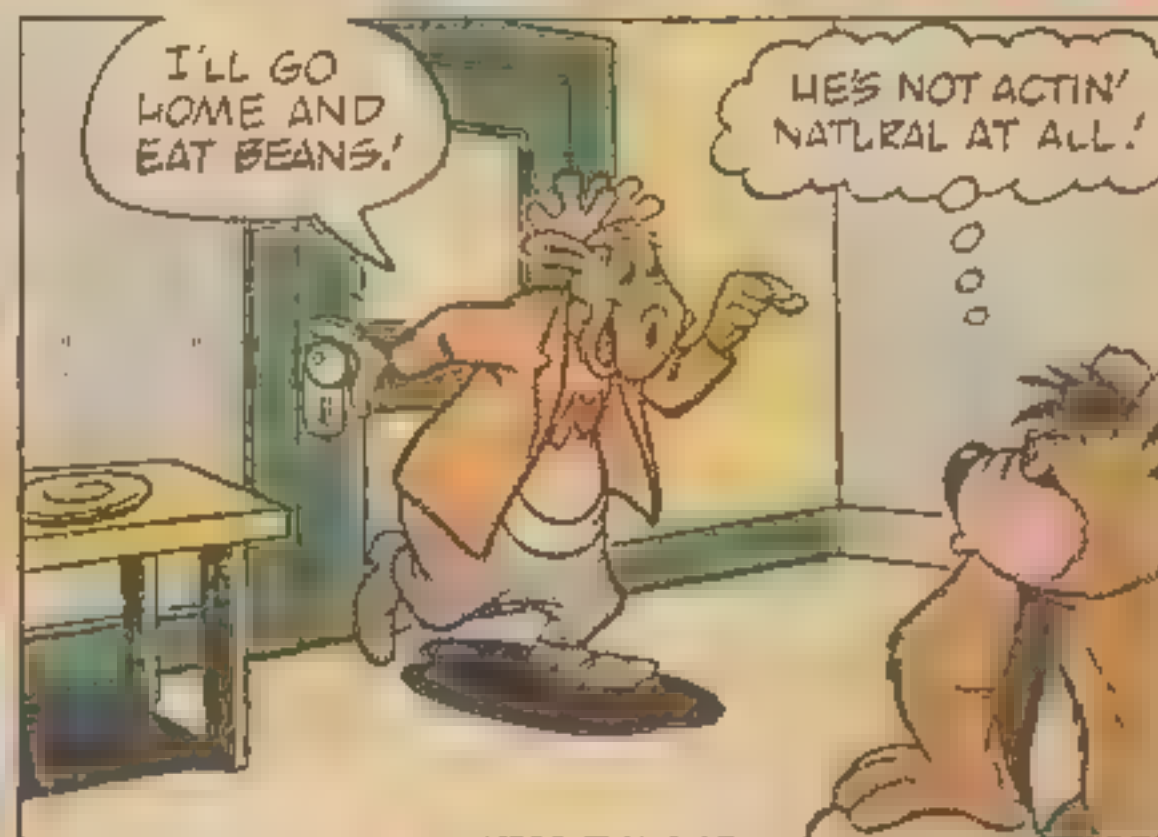
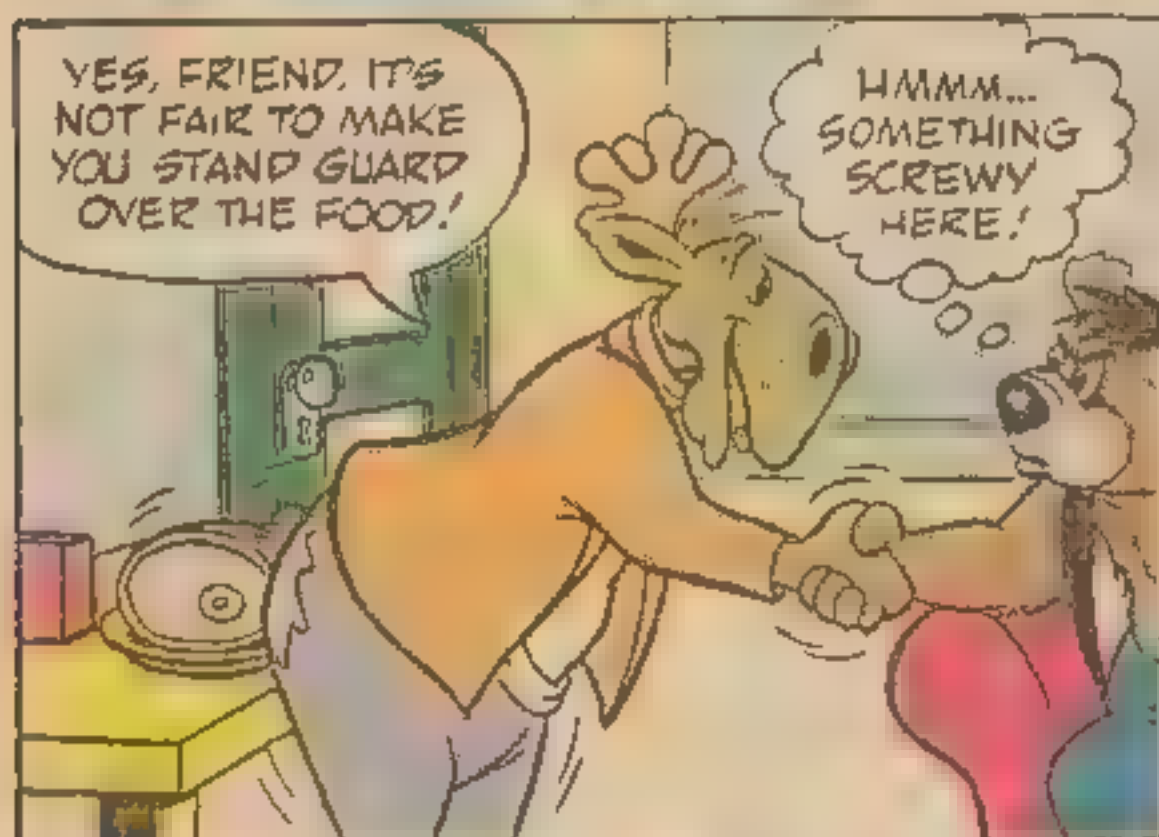
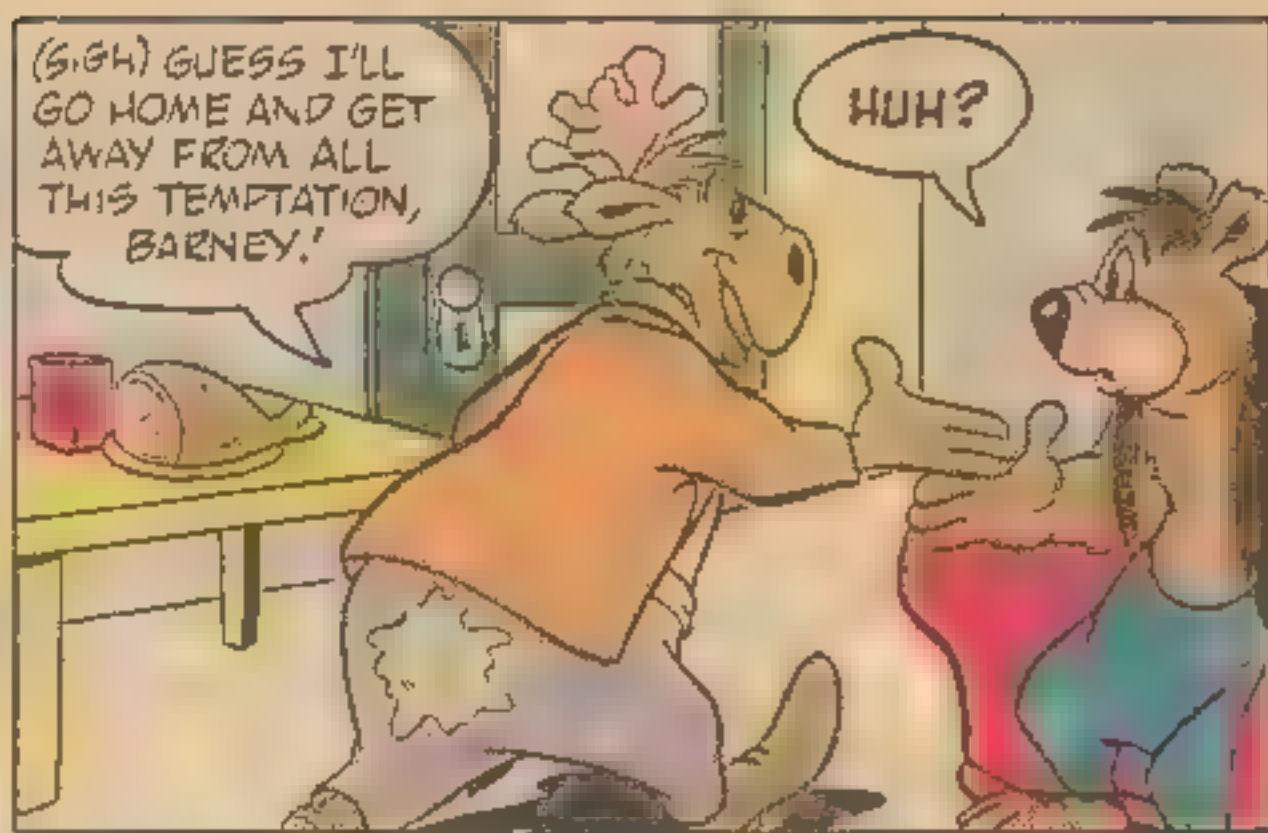
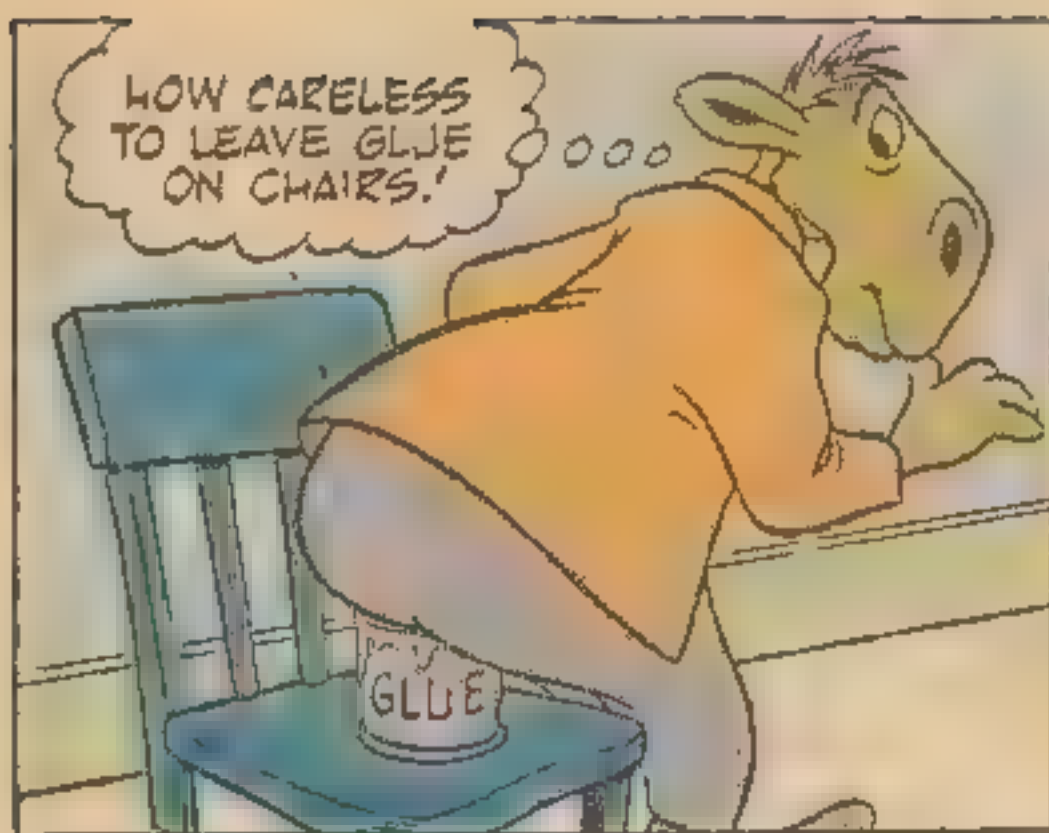
NOW IF WE COULD
JUST GET MOOSEFACE
TO TAKE A "NO-MOOCHIN"
PLEDGE!

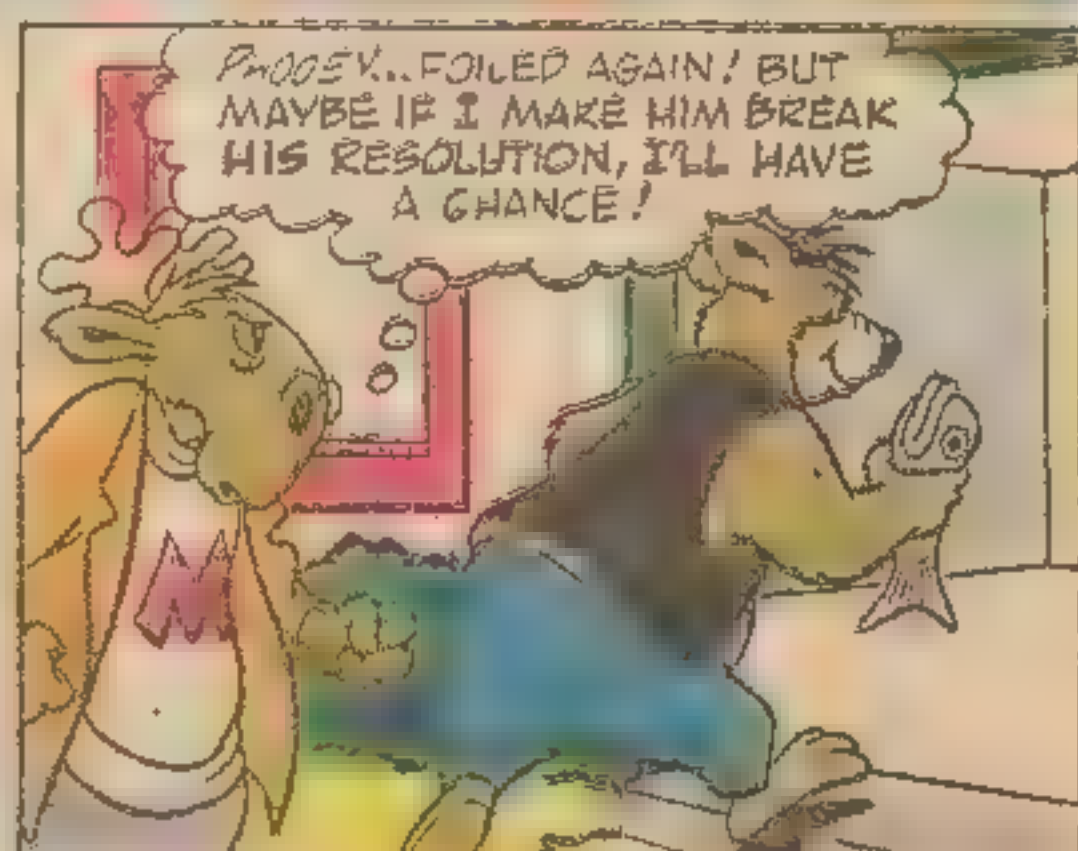
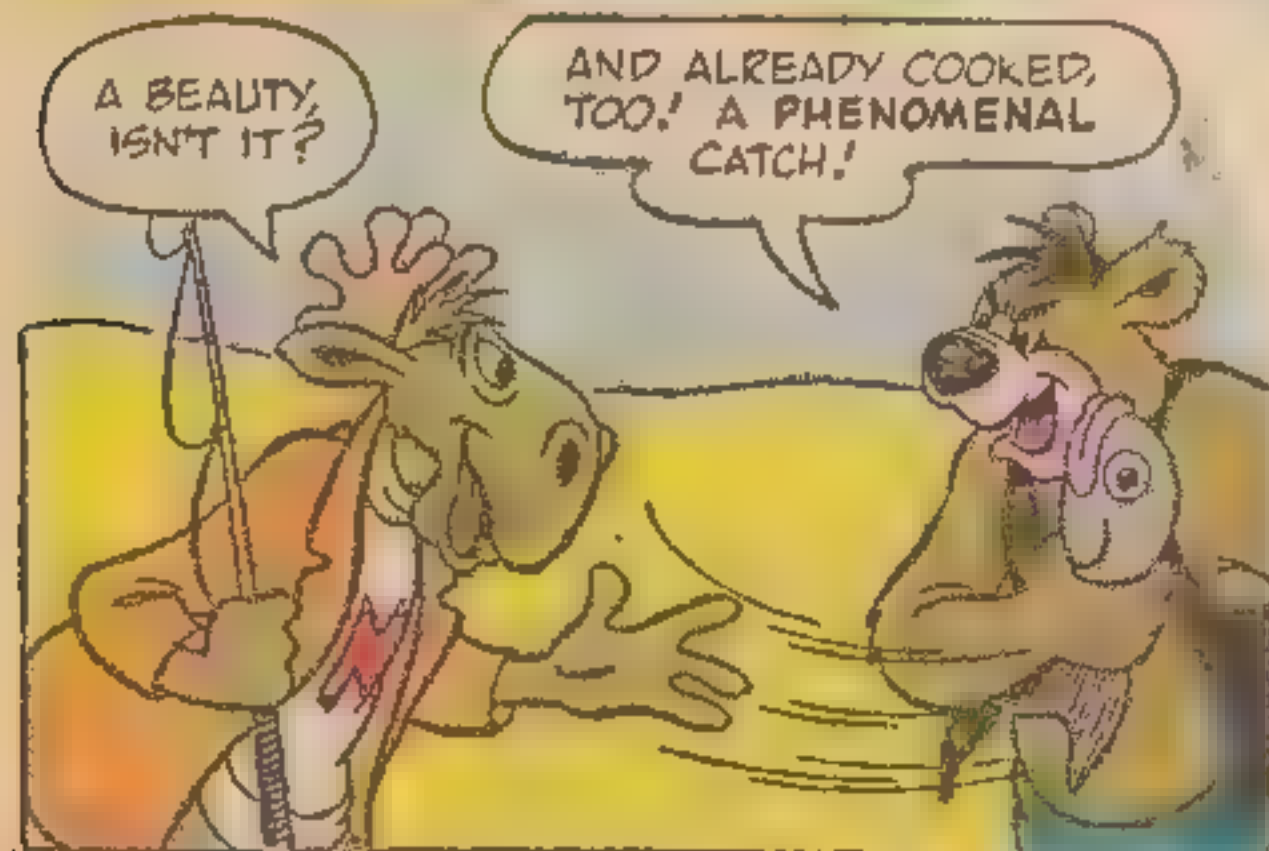
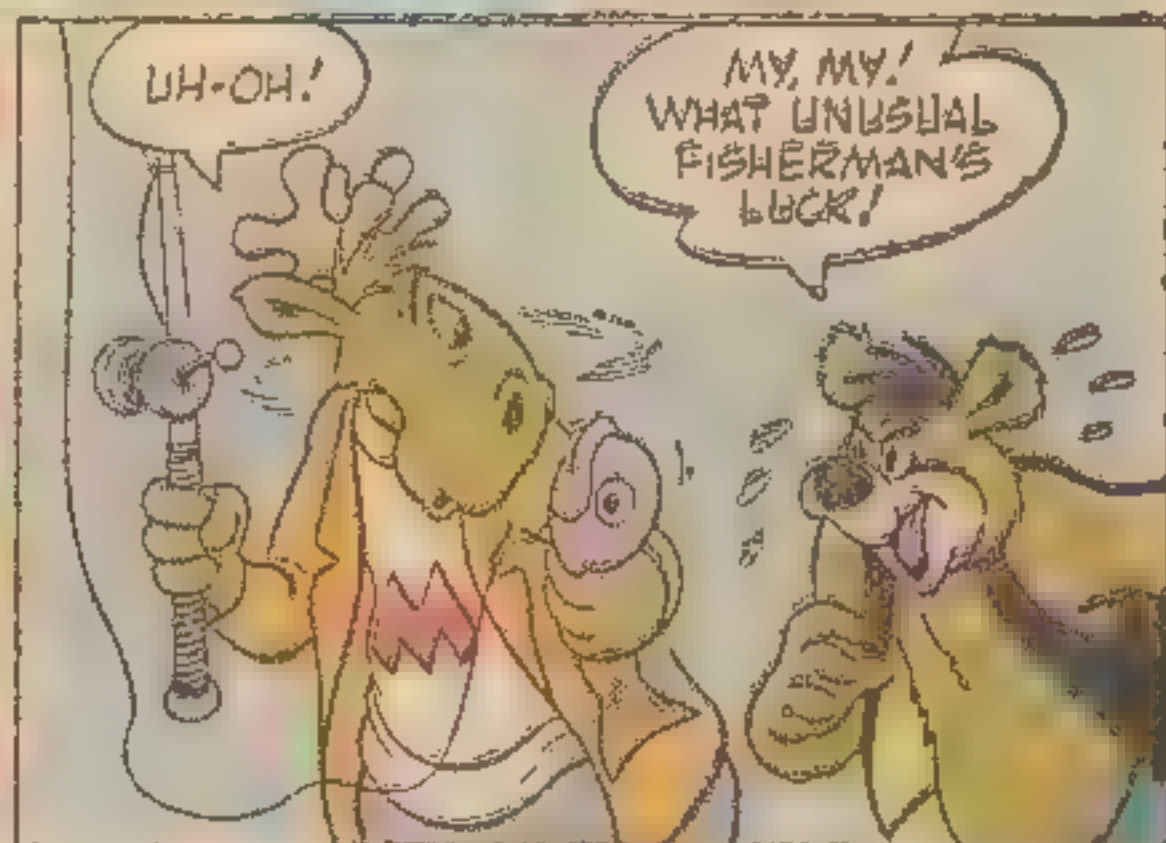
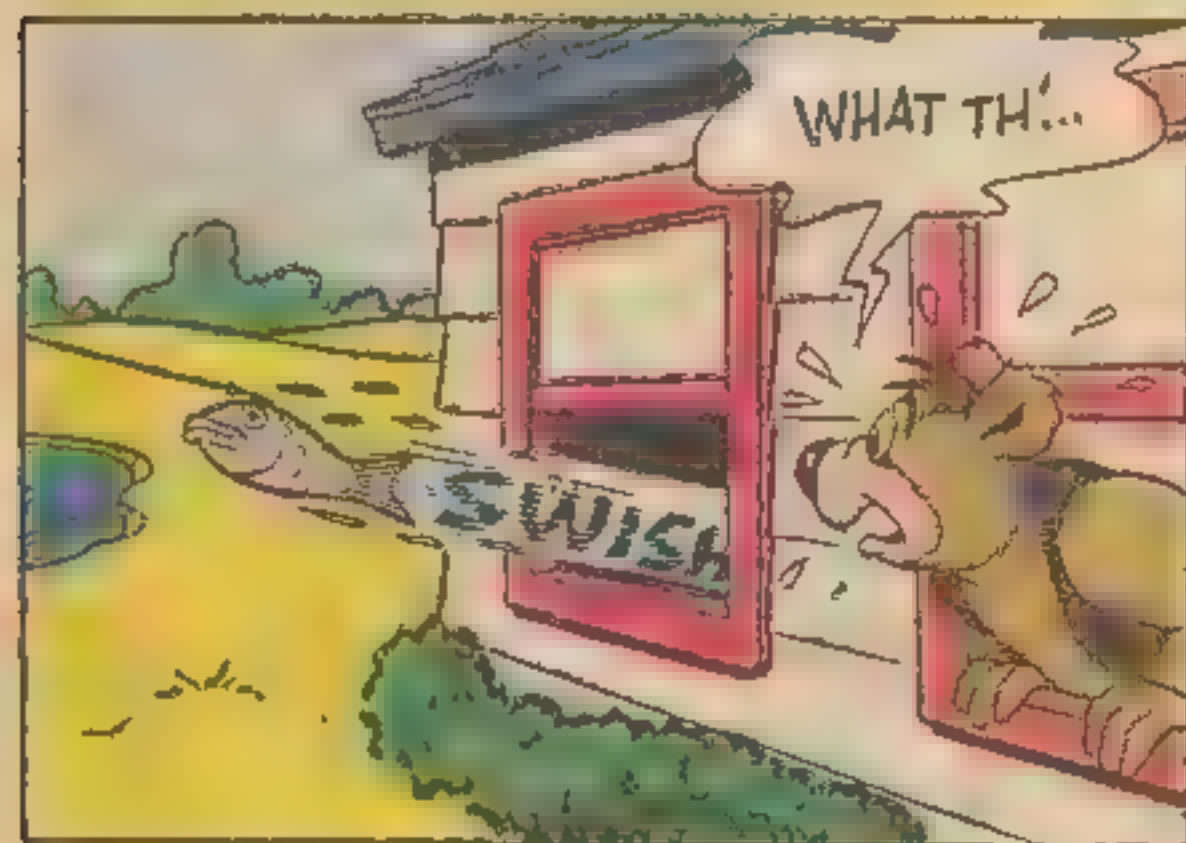
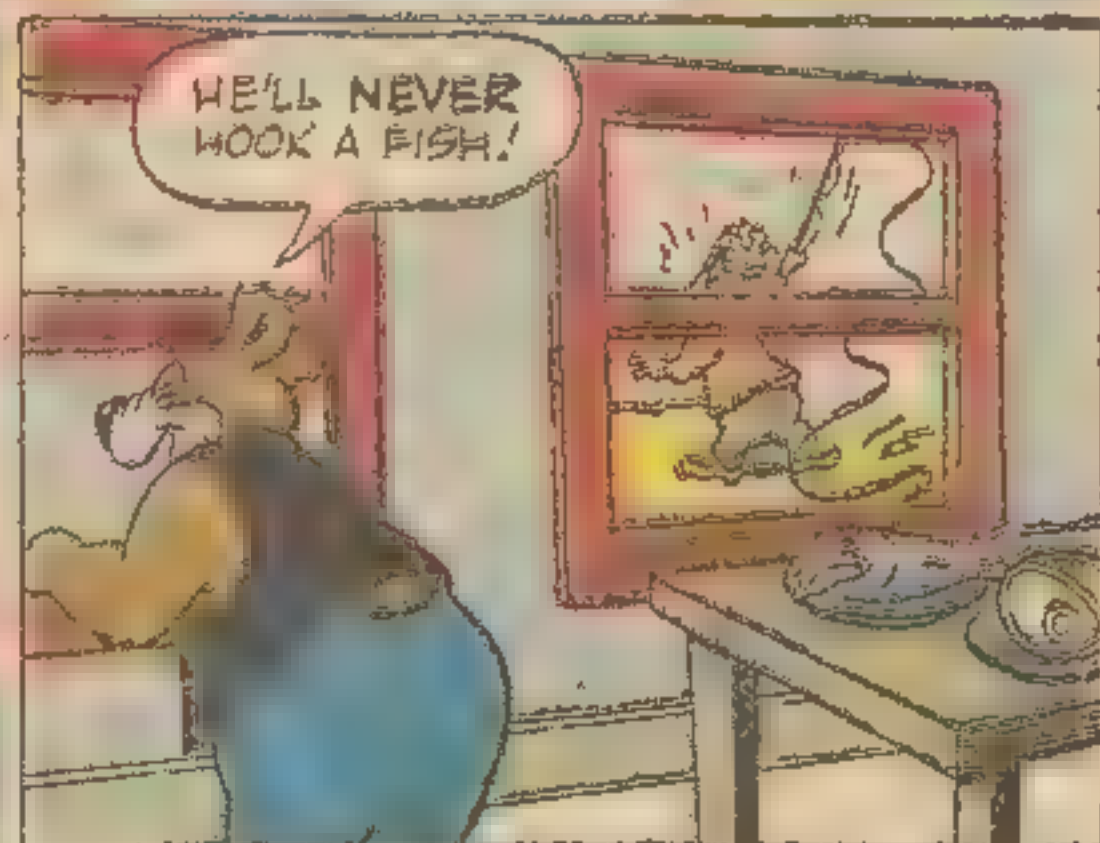
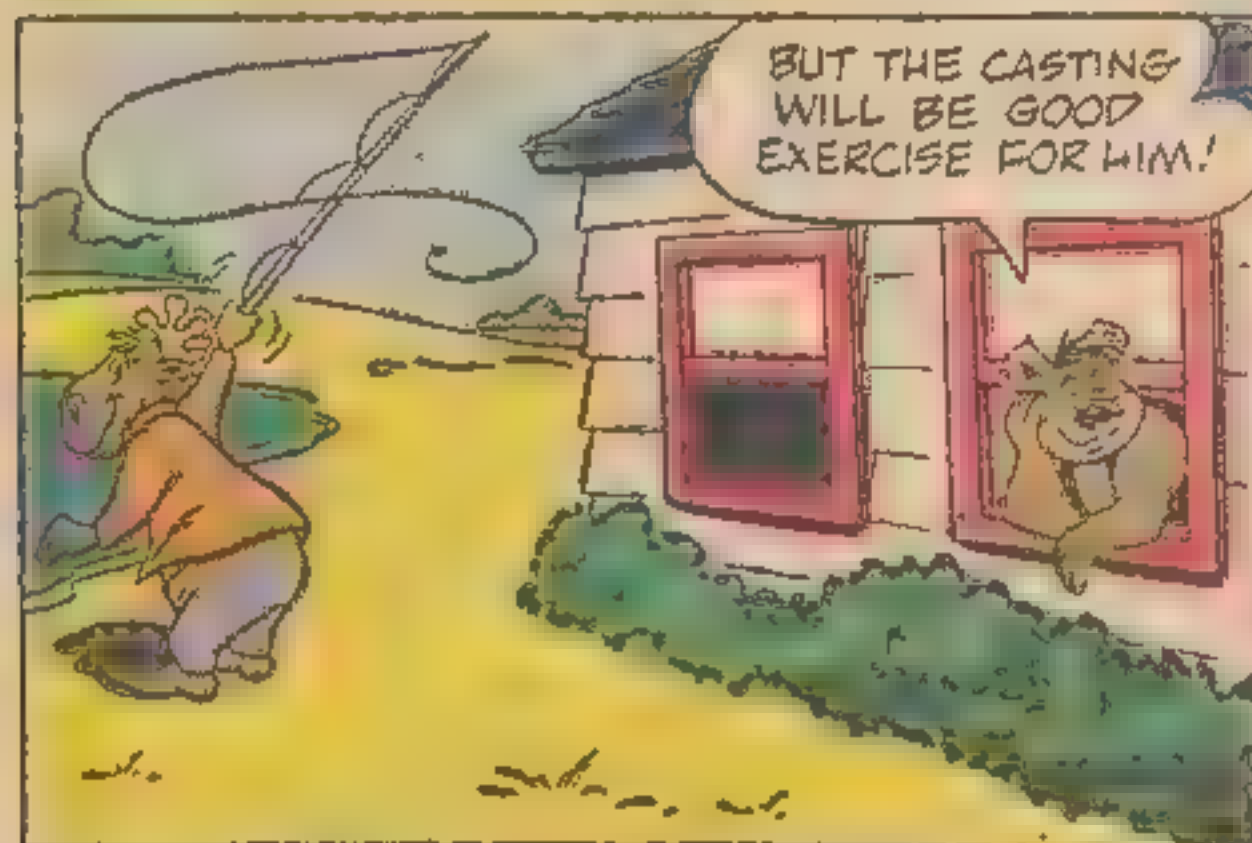
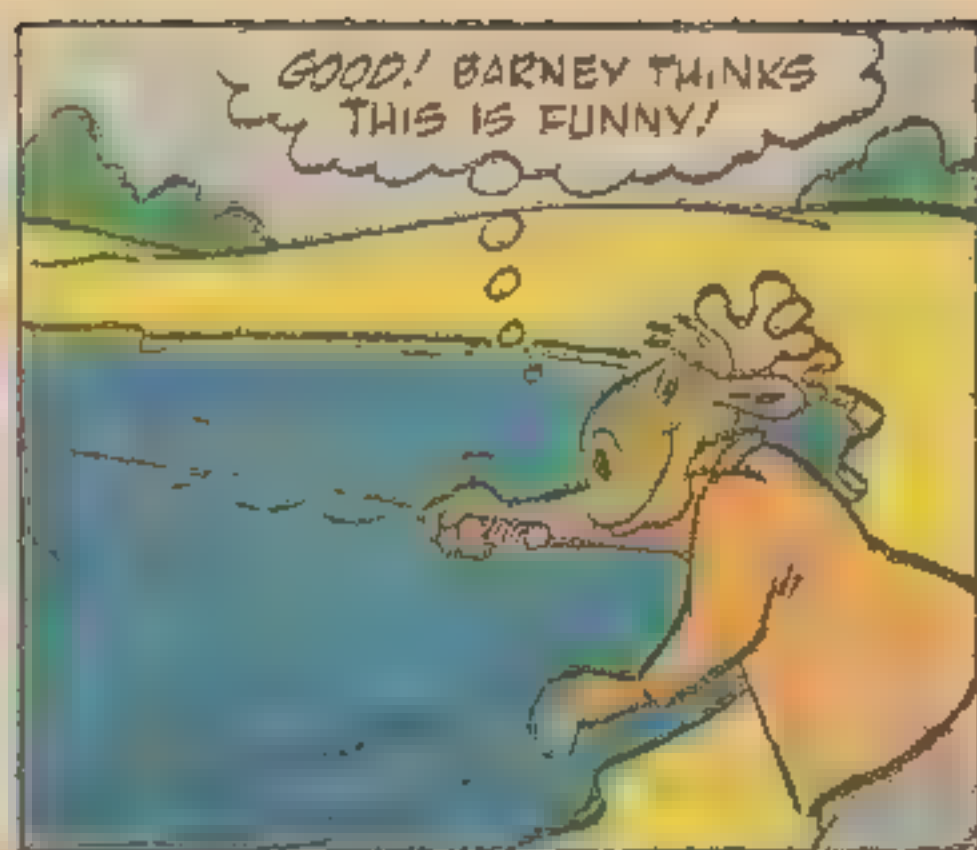
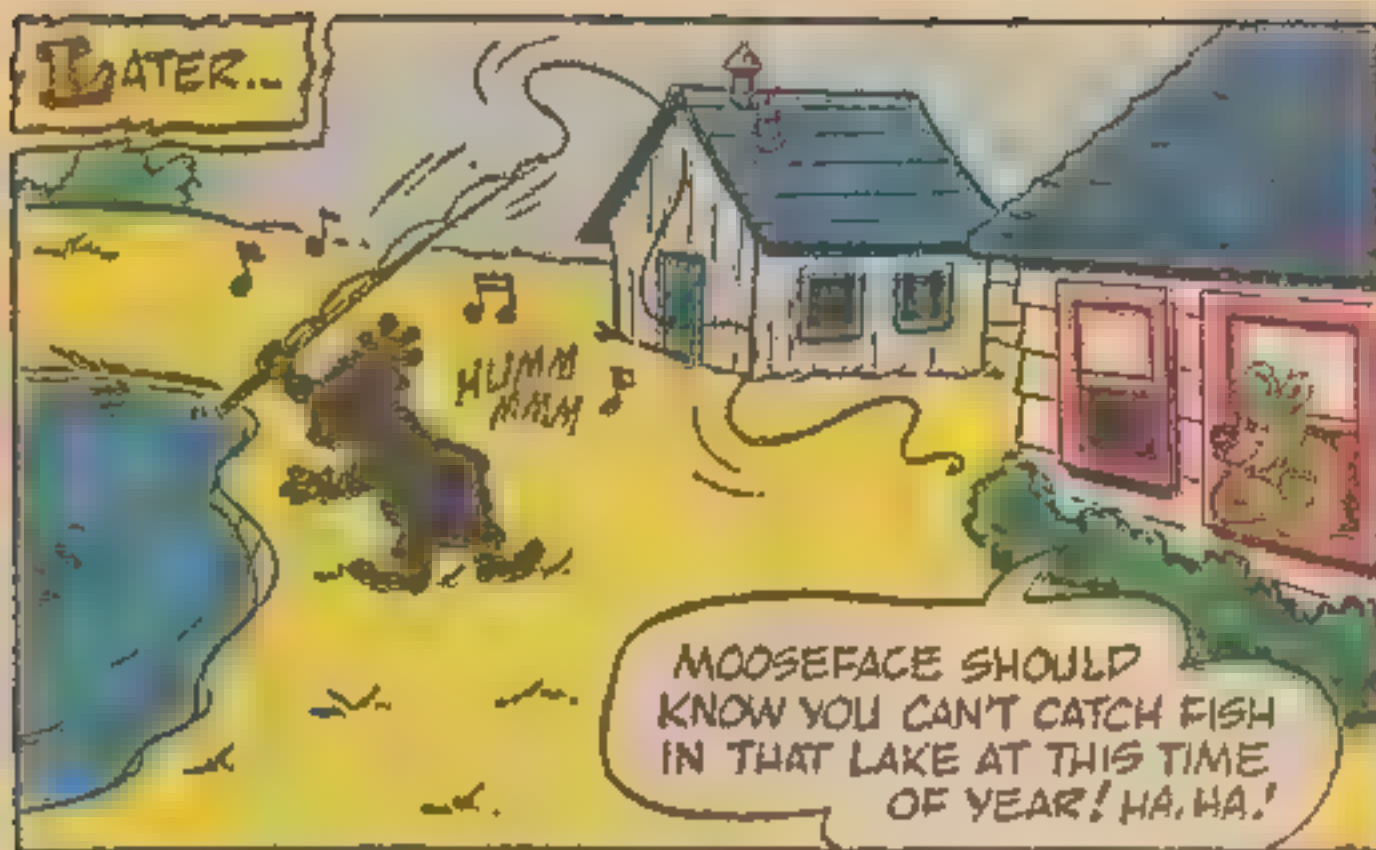
HE'D NEVER
SIGN ANYTHING
LIKE THAT!

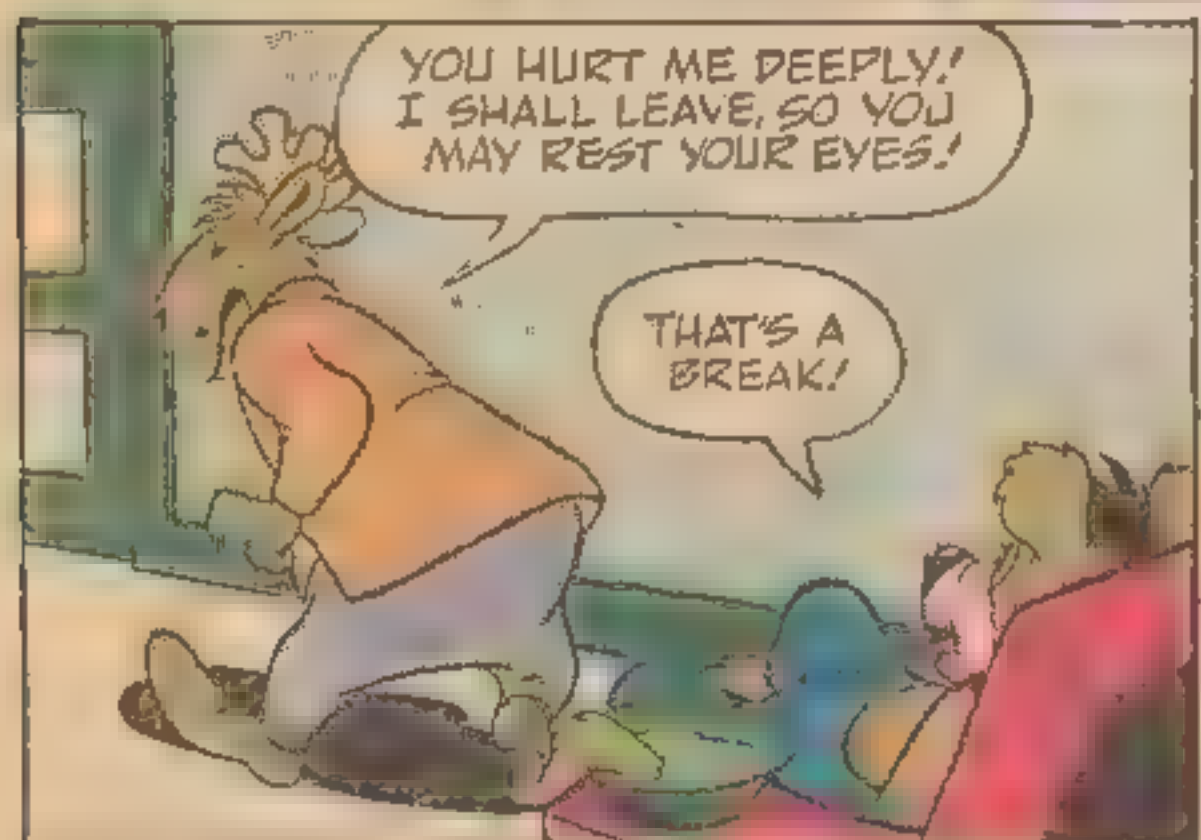
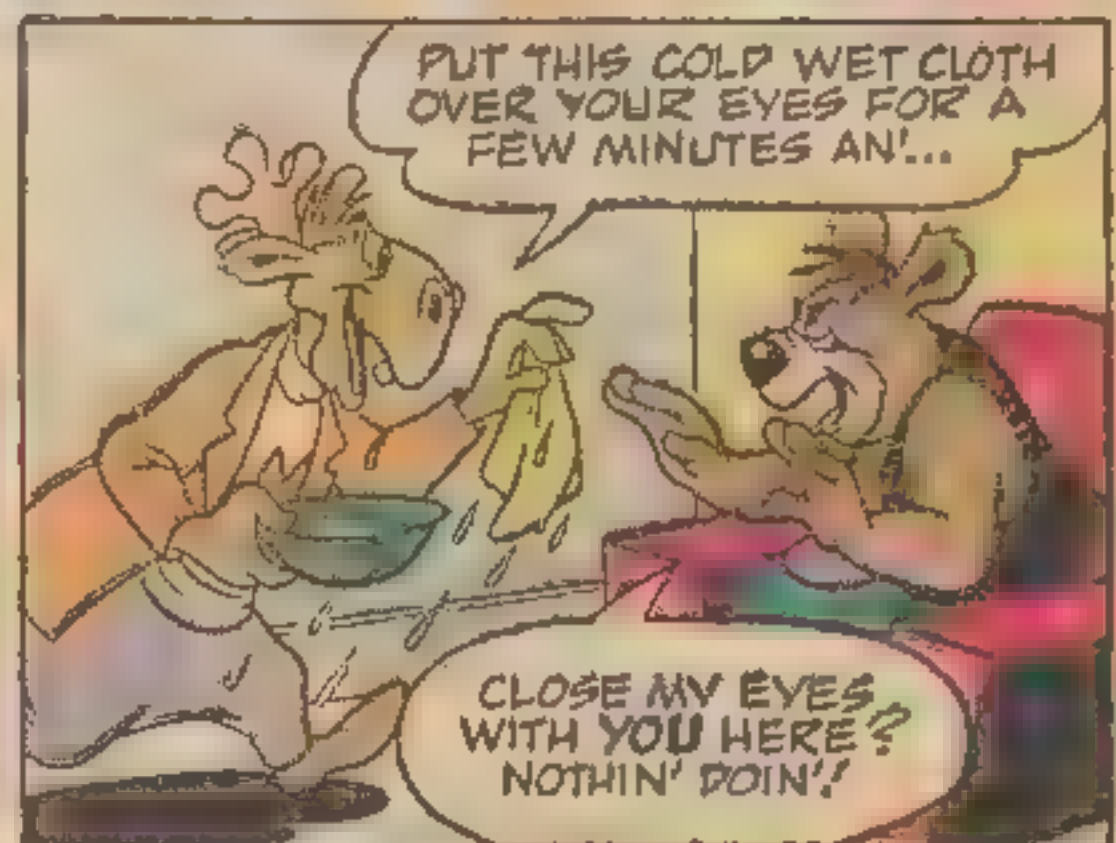
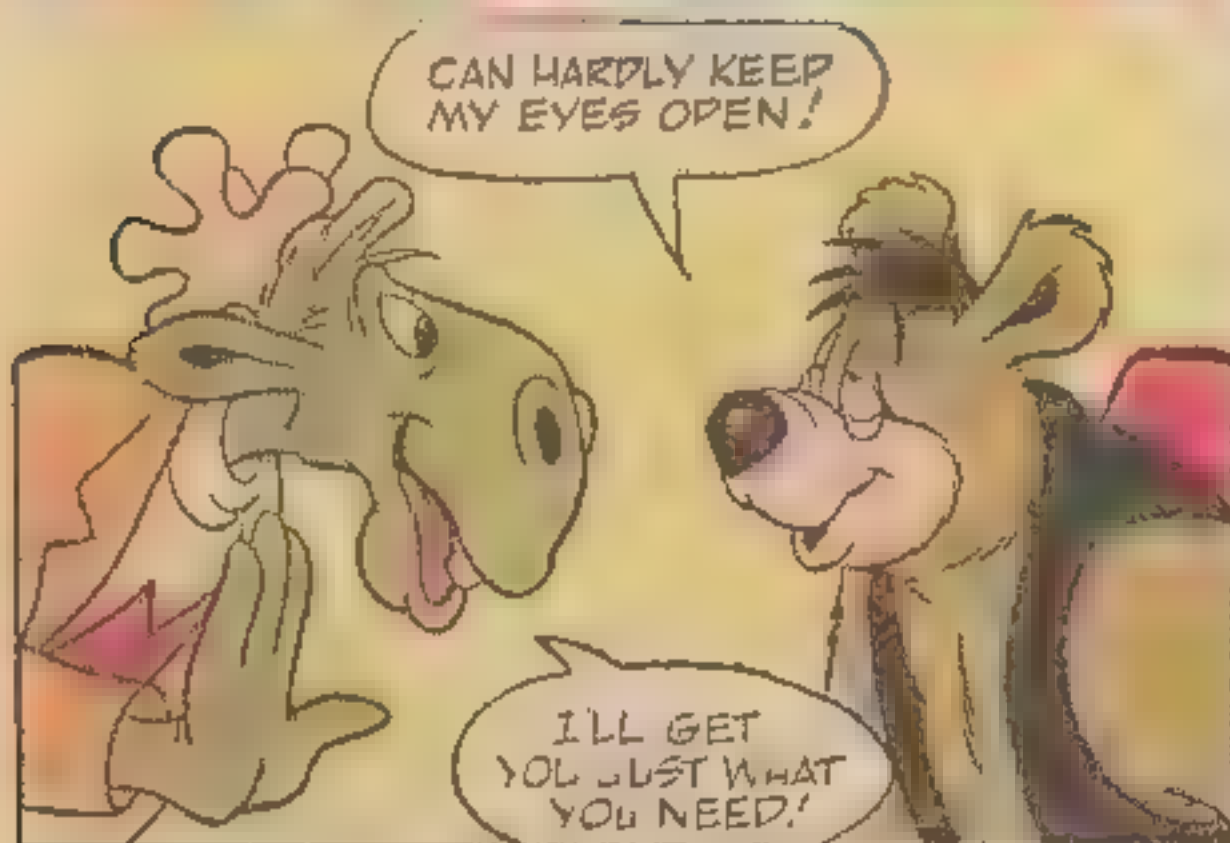
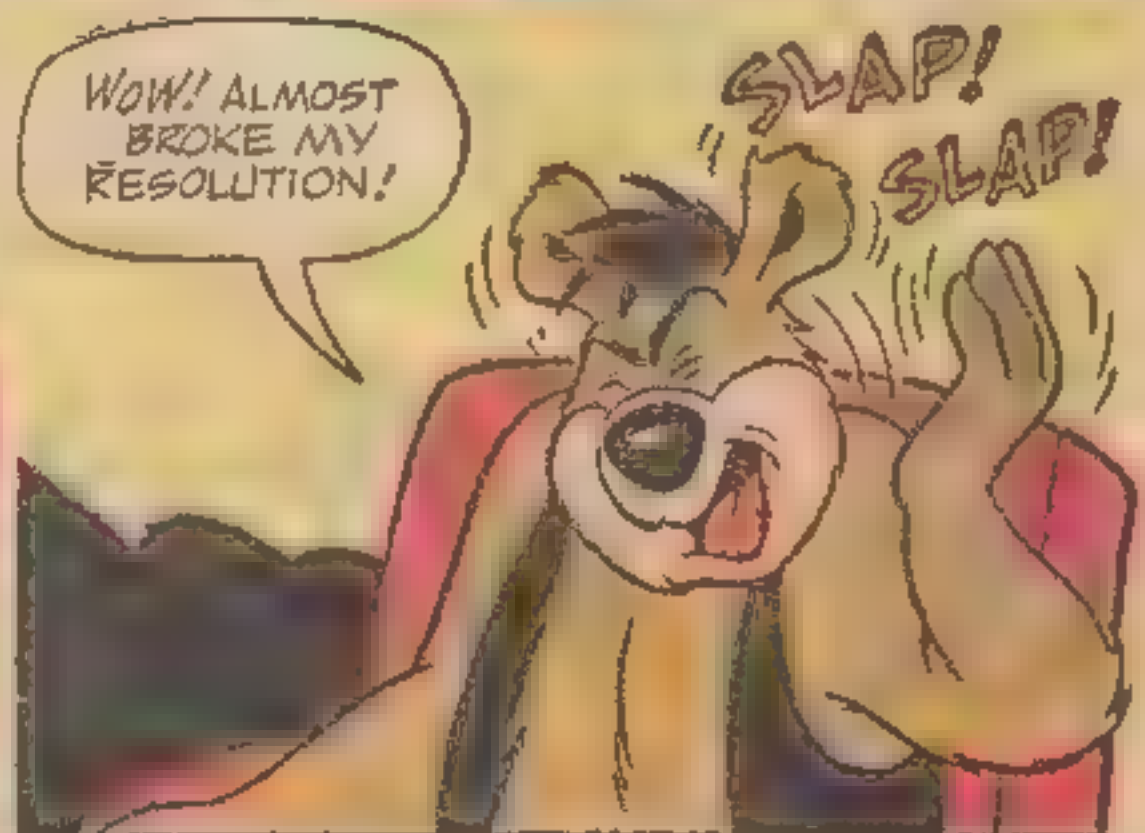
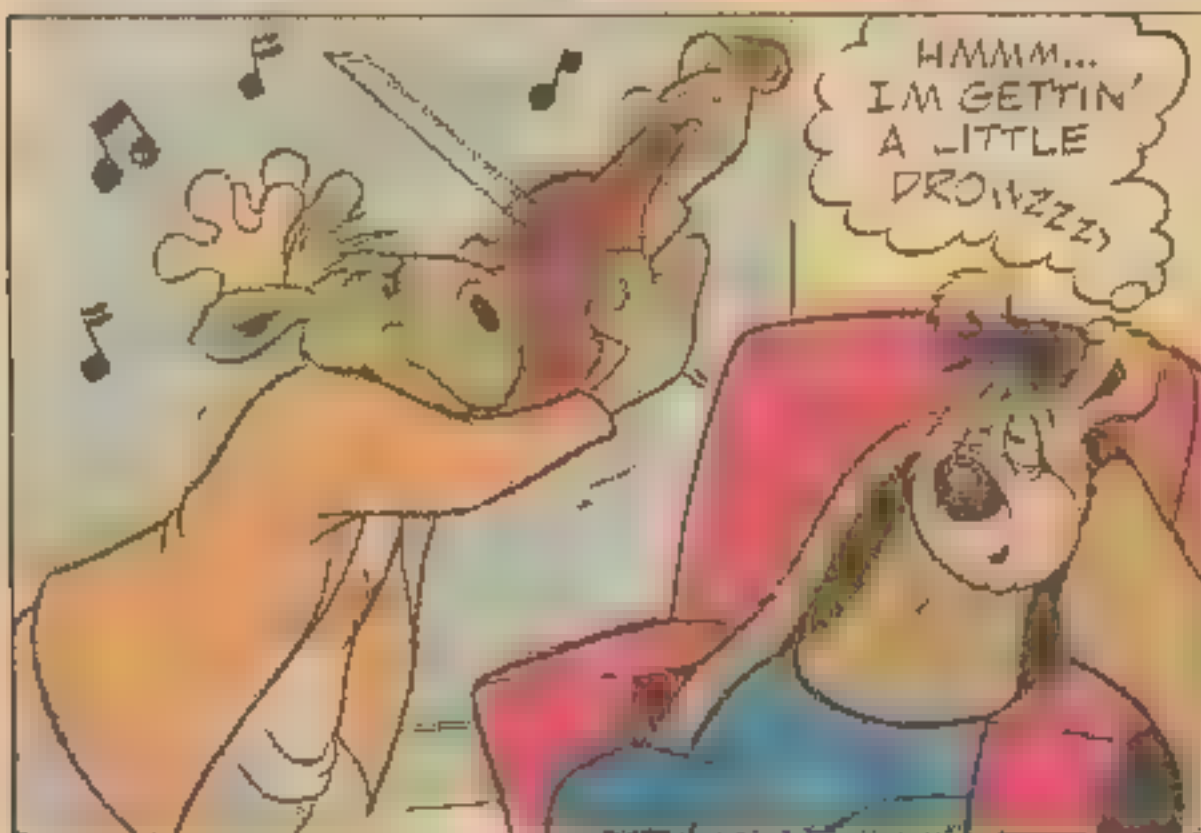
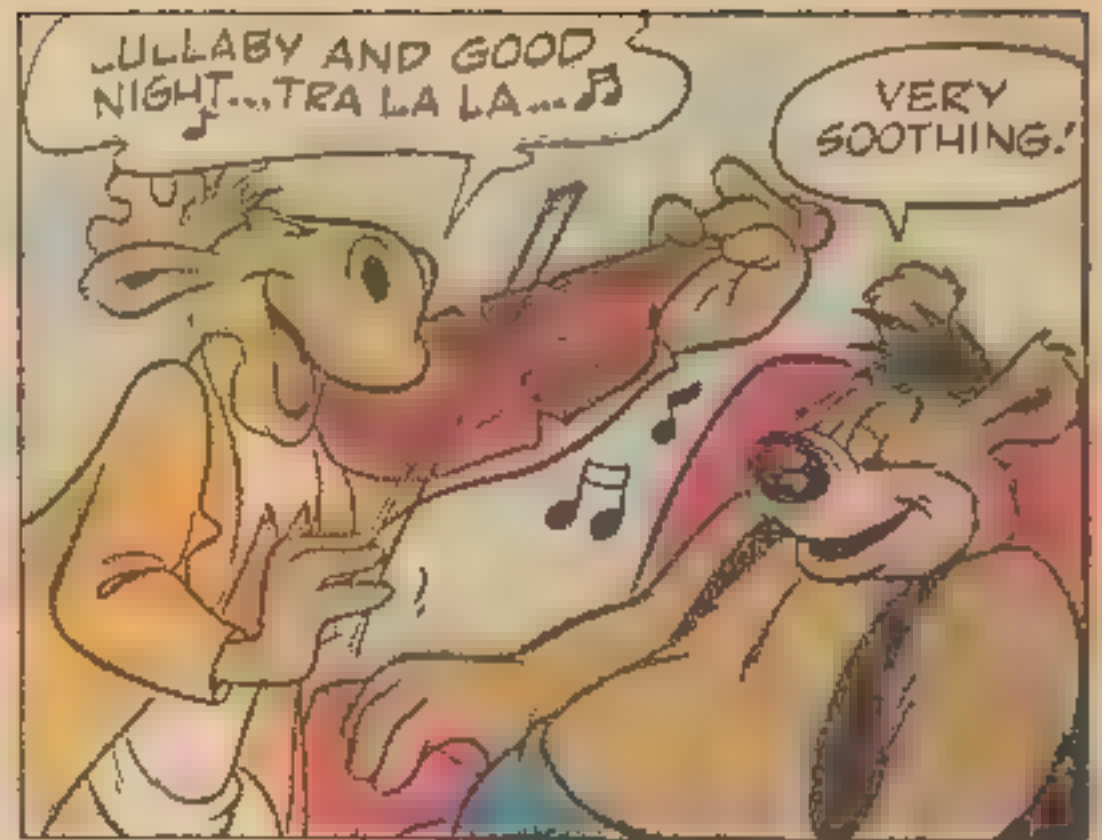
I KNOW HOW TO GET HIS NAME
ON THE DOTTED LINE! LISTEN....

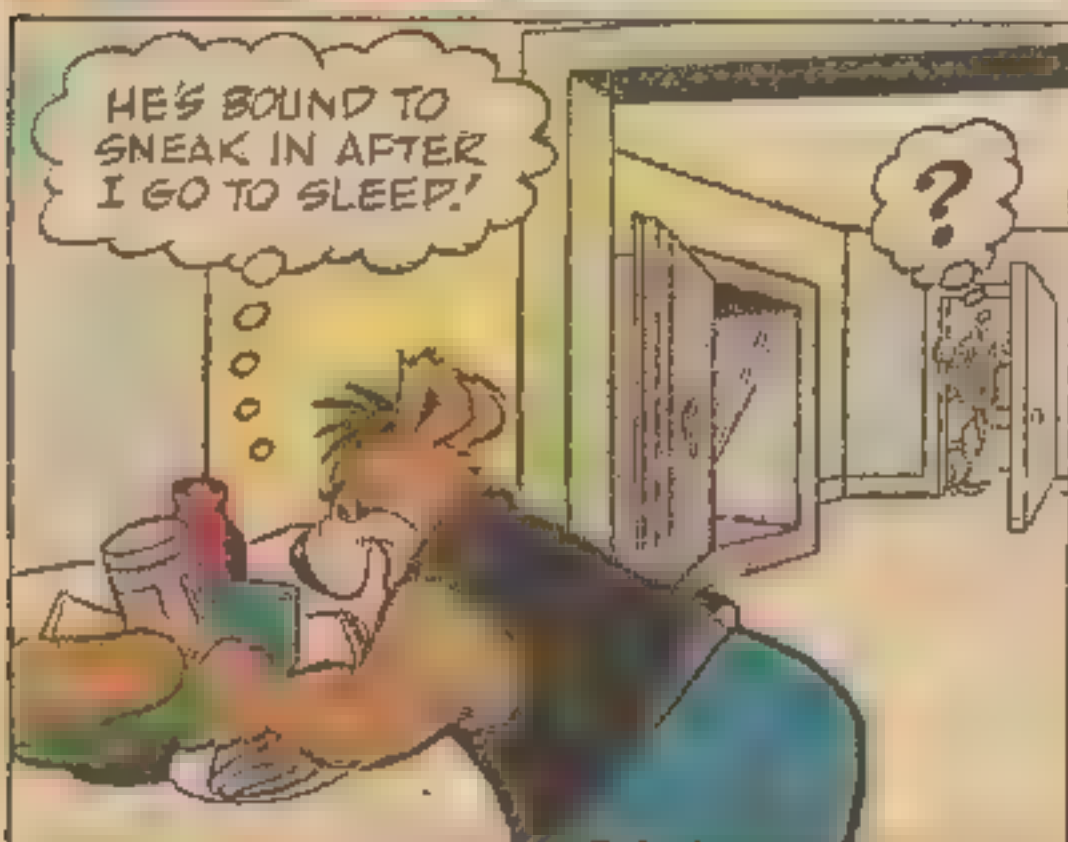
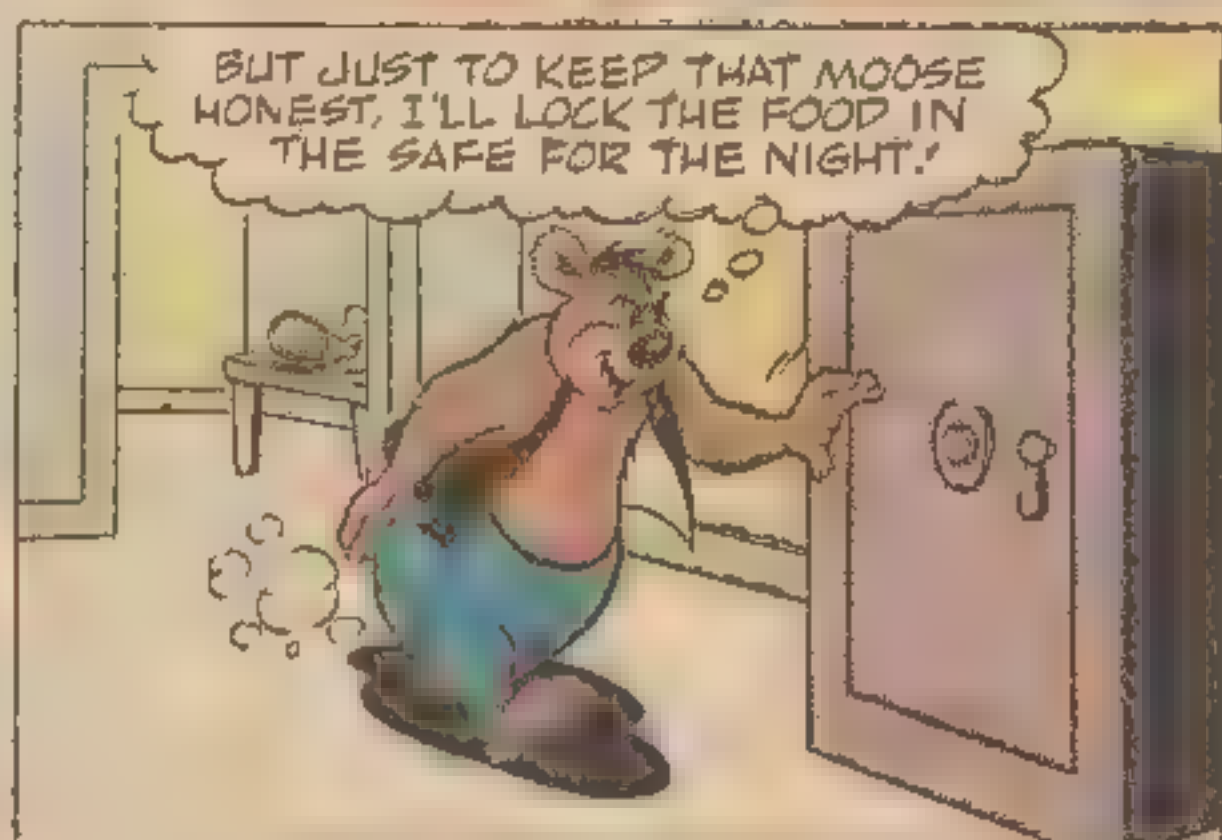
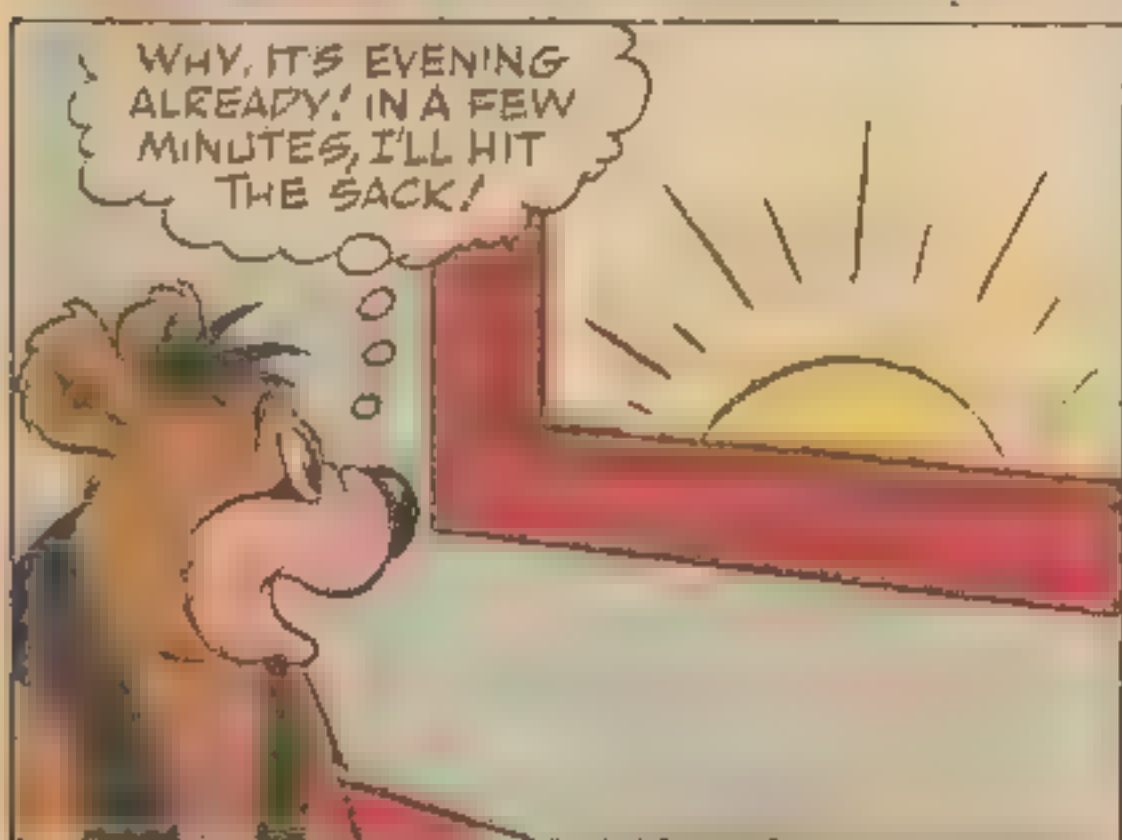
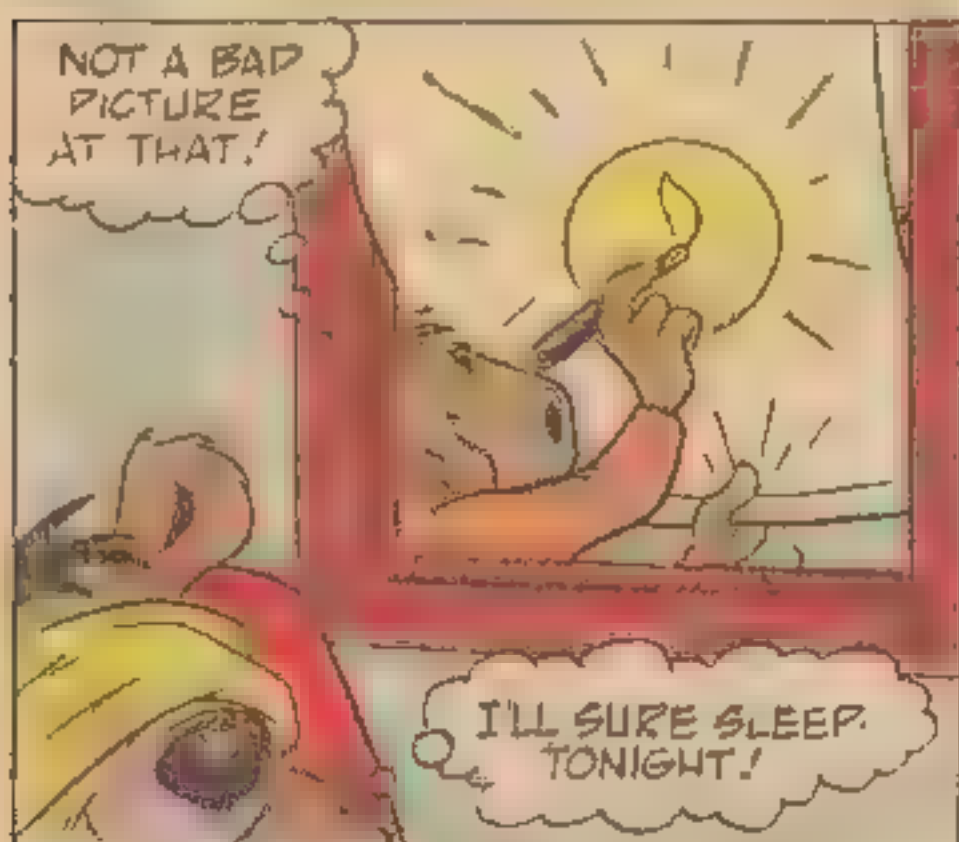
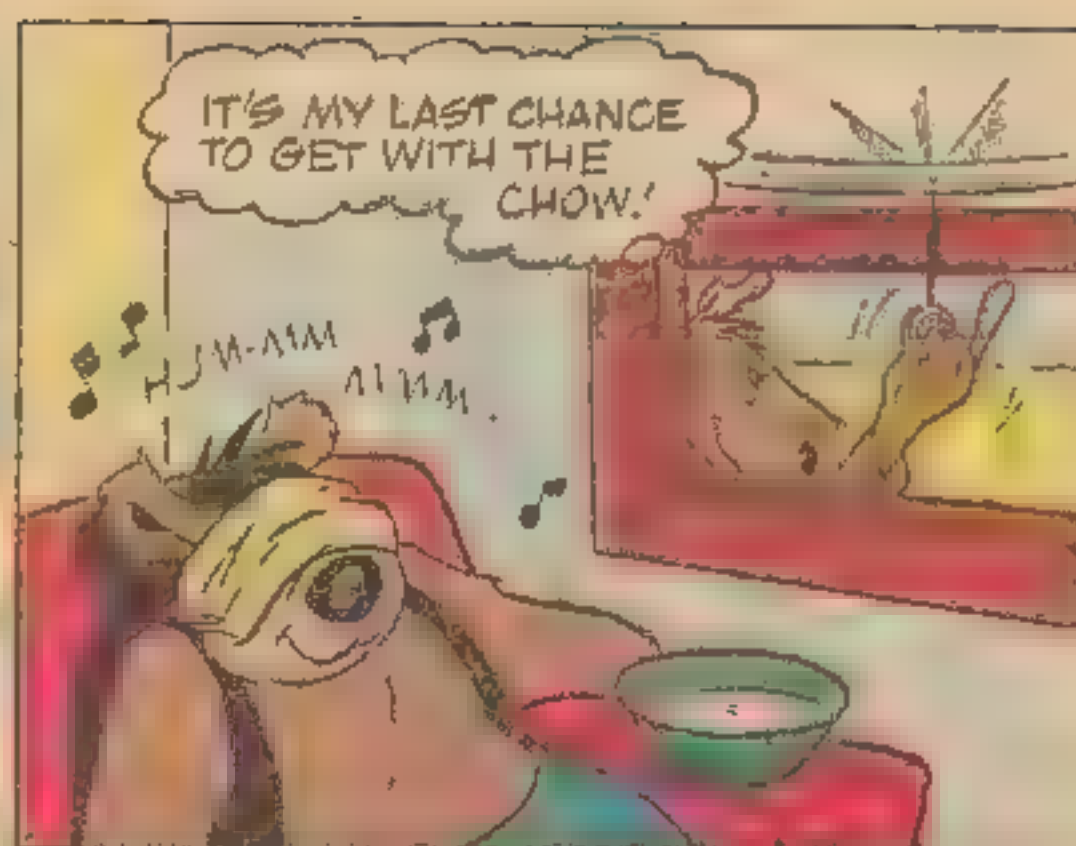
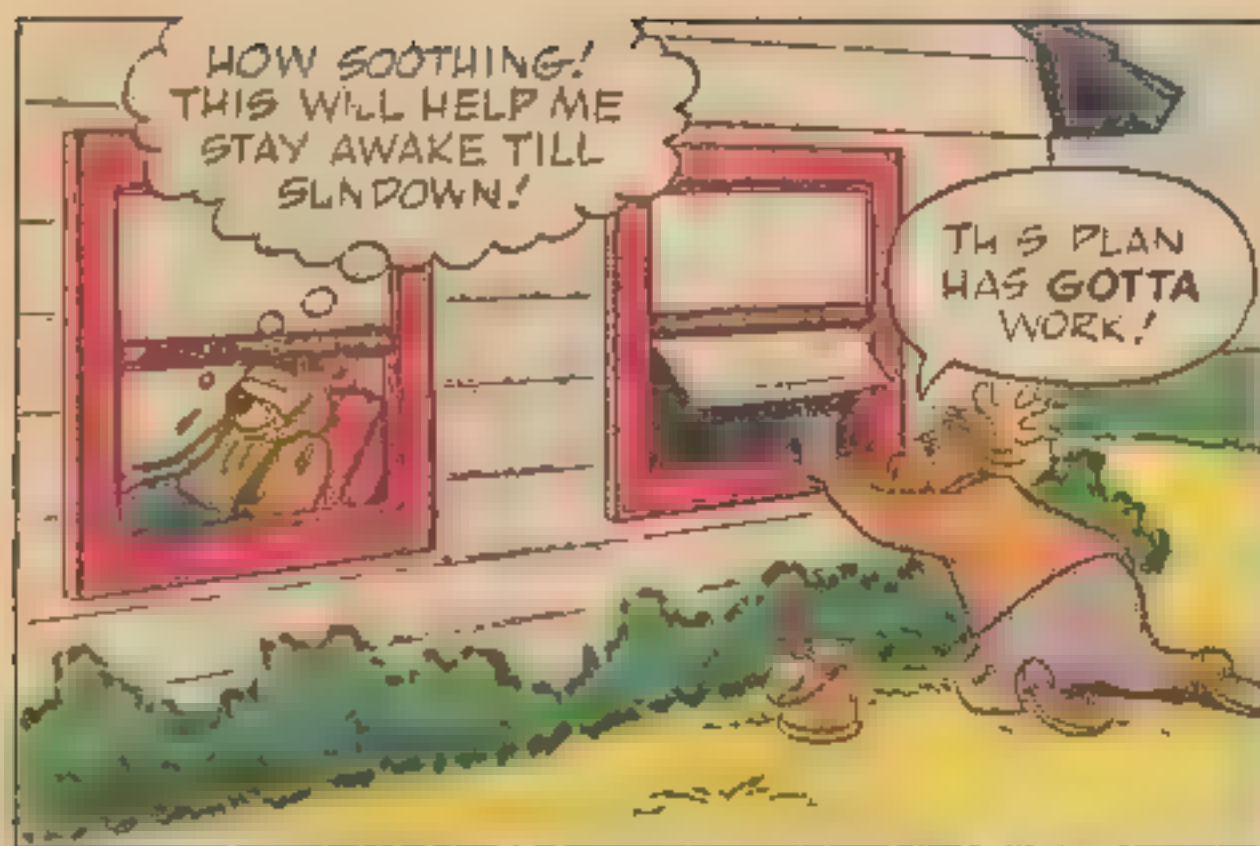


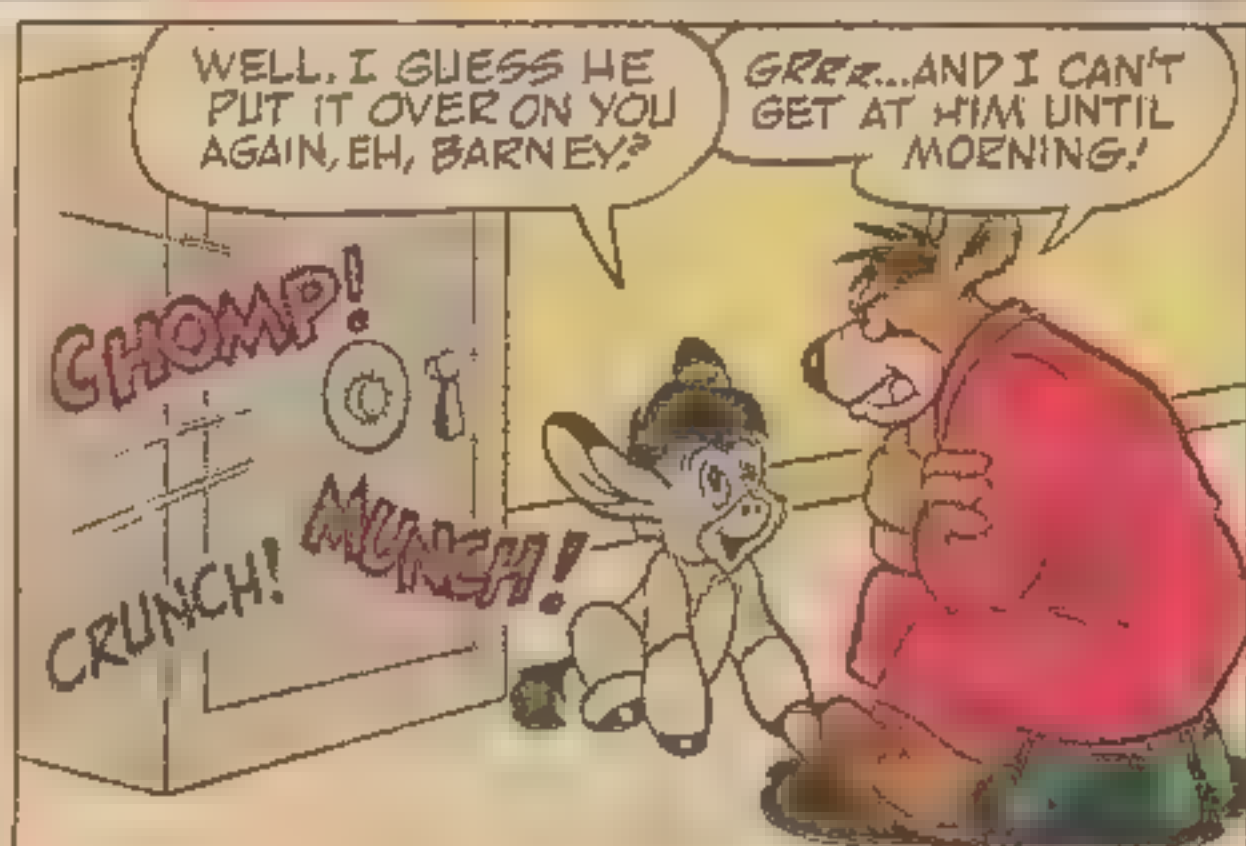
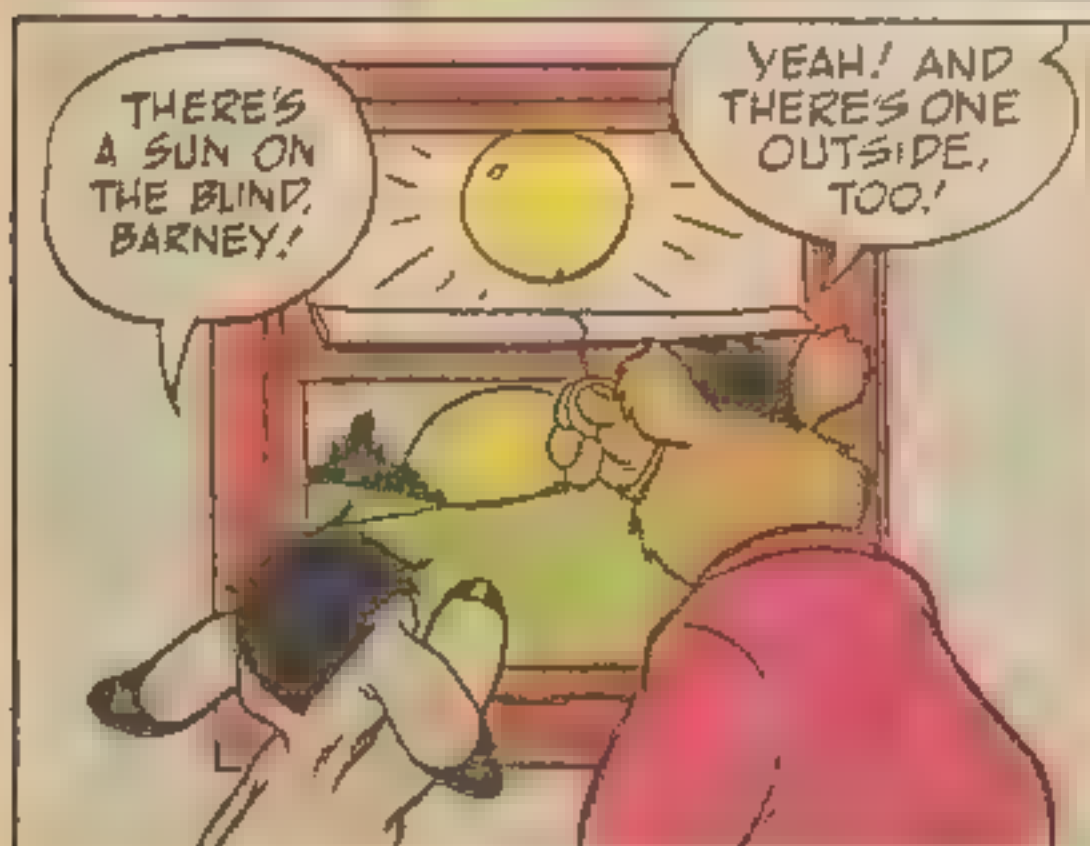
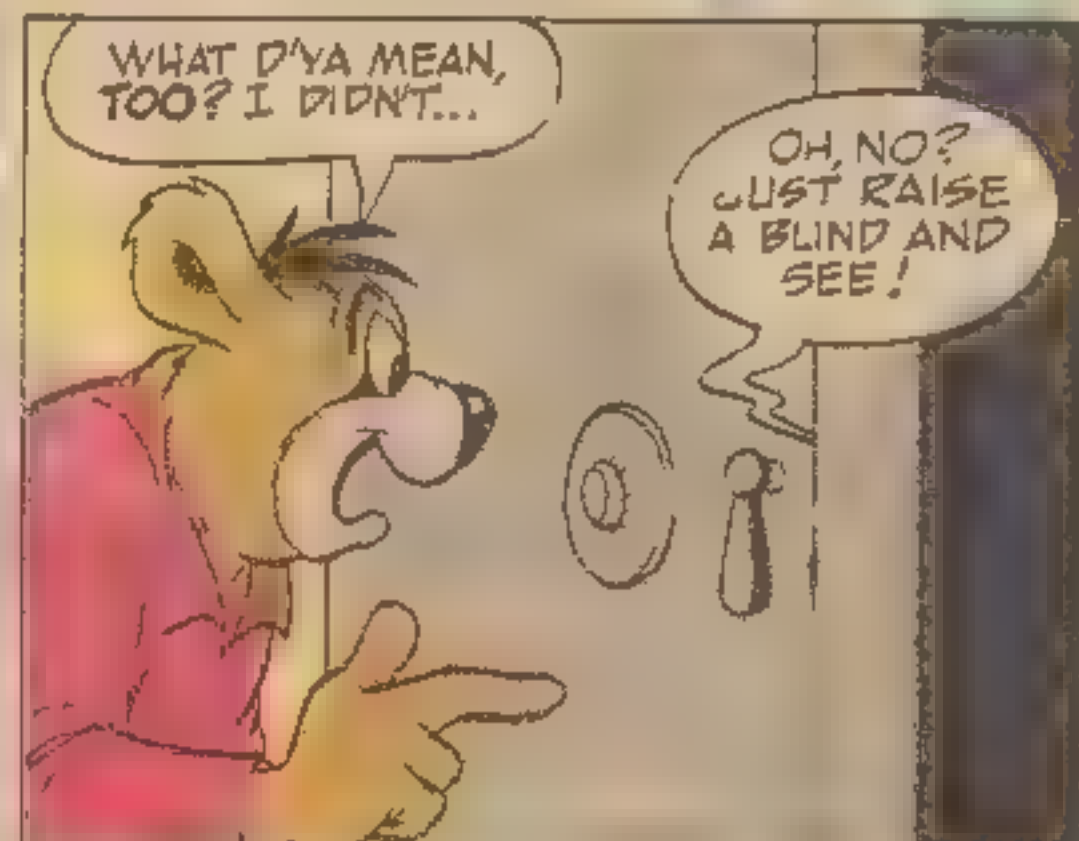
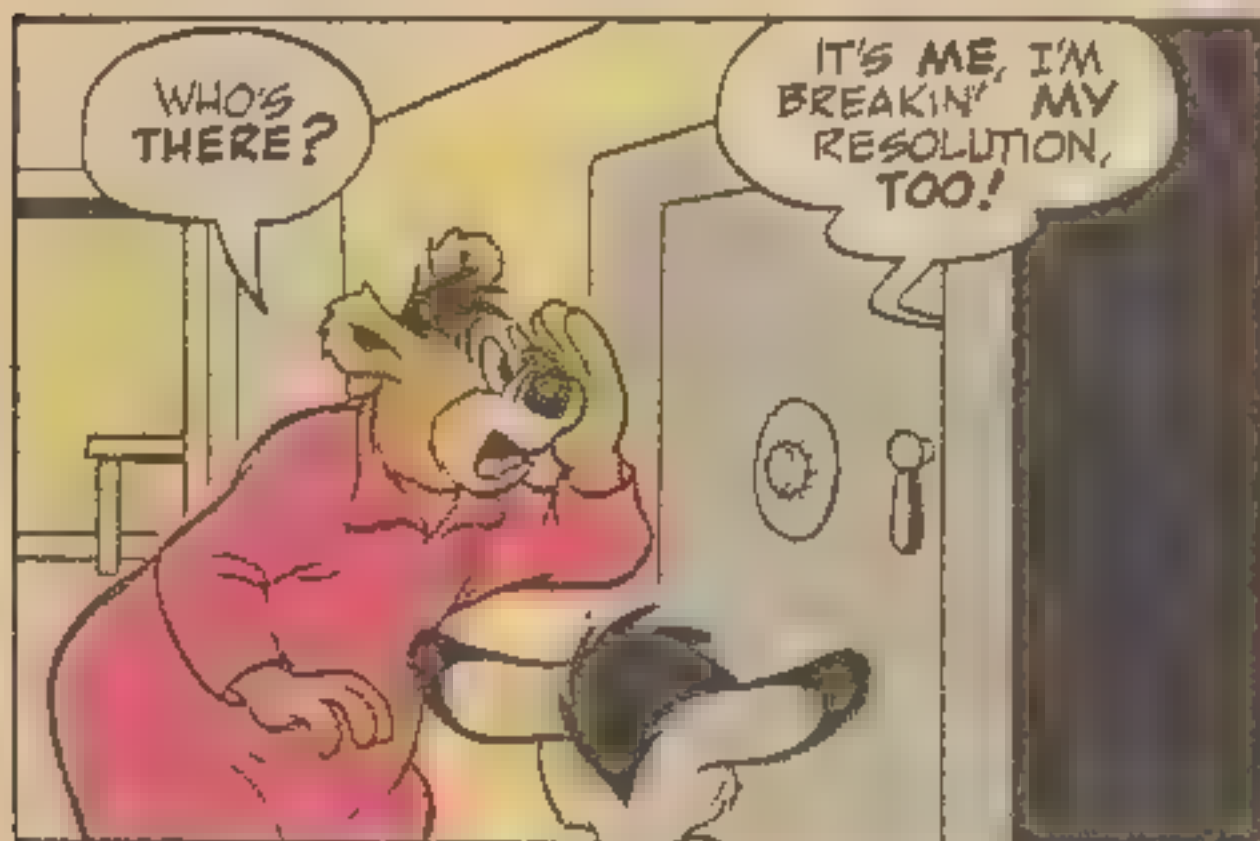
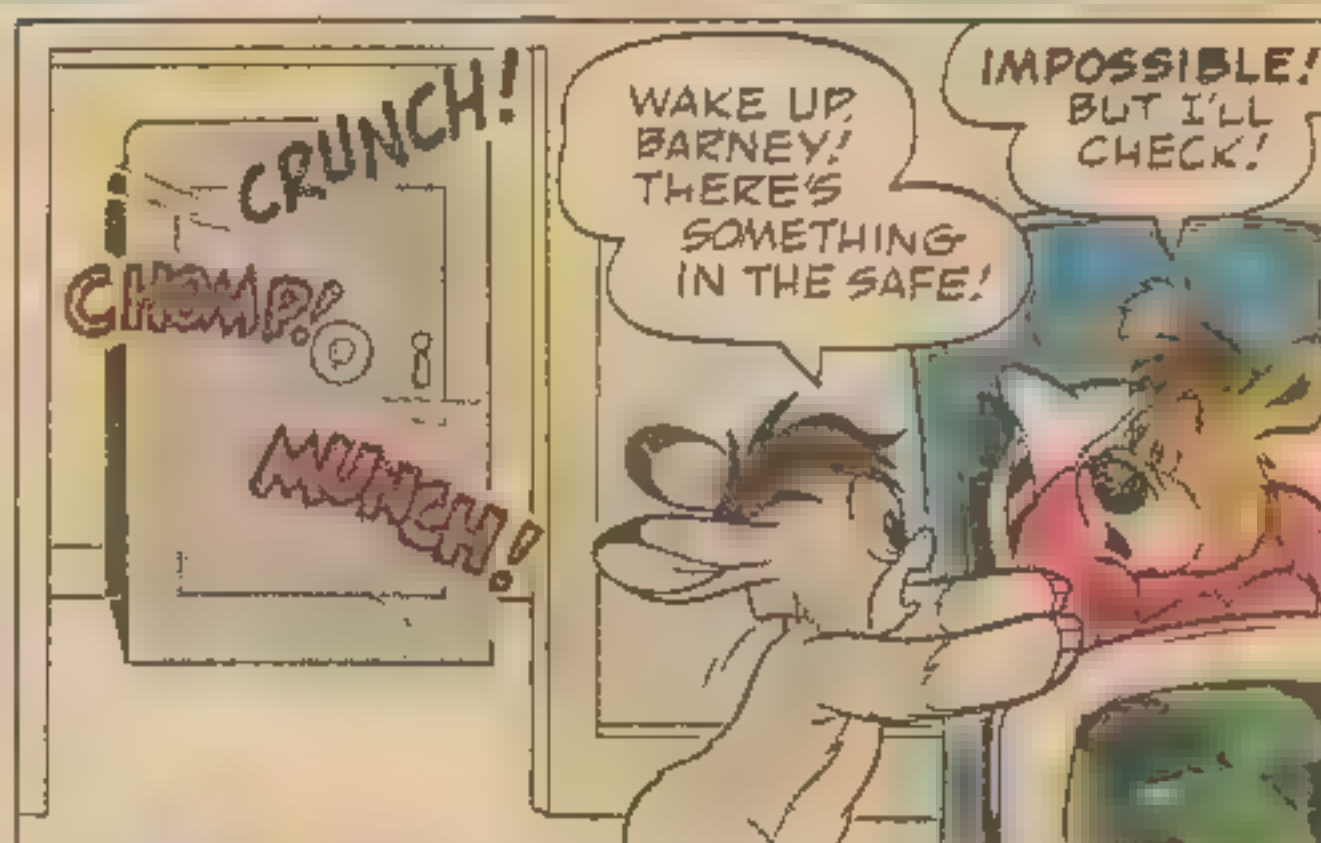
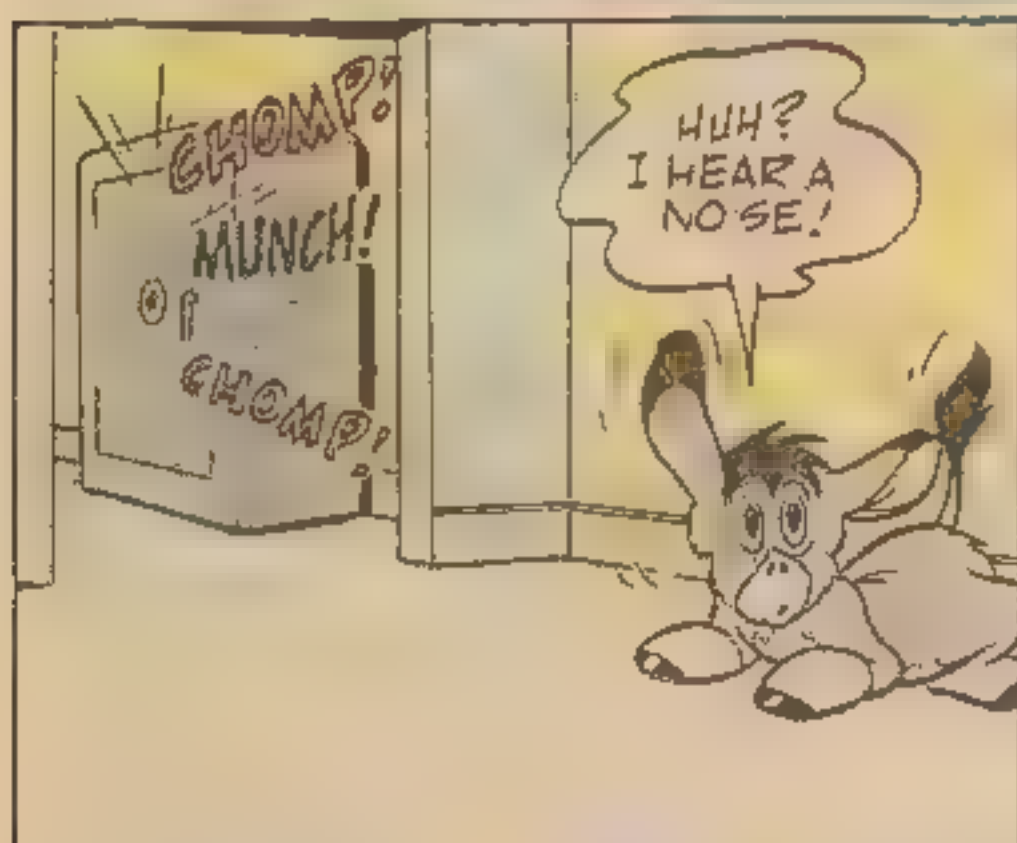
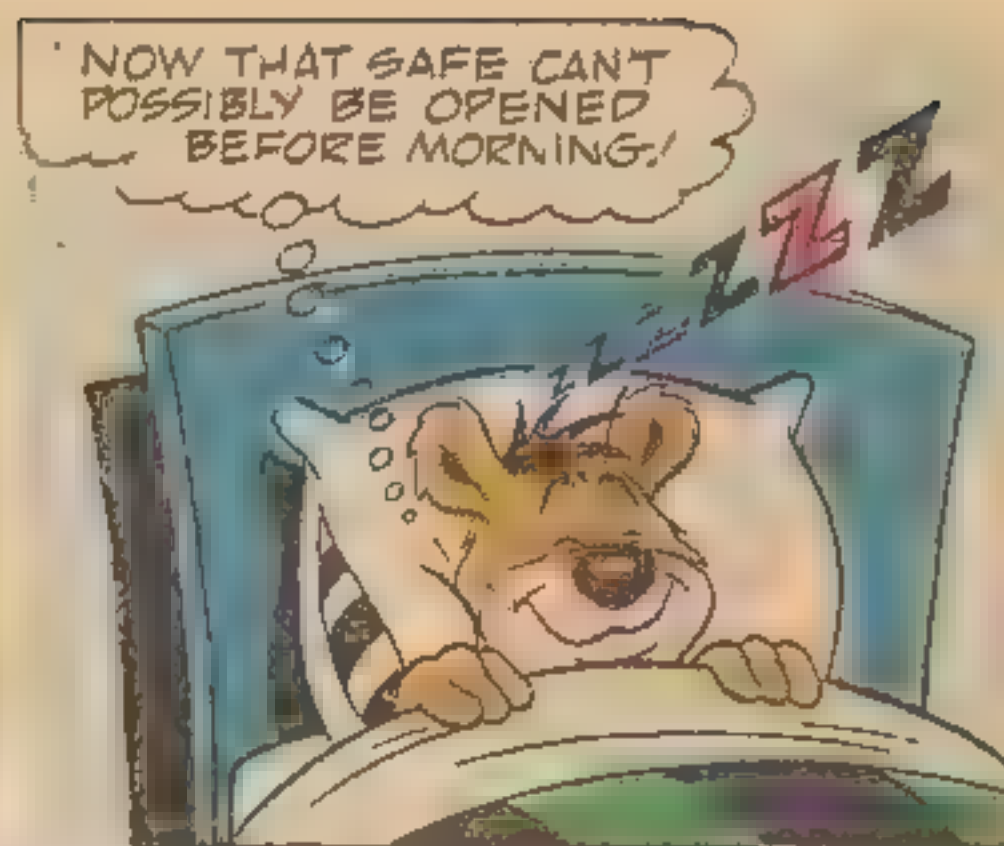


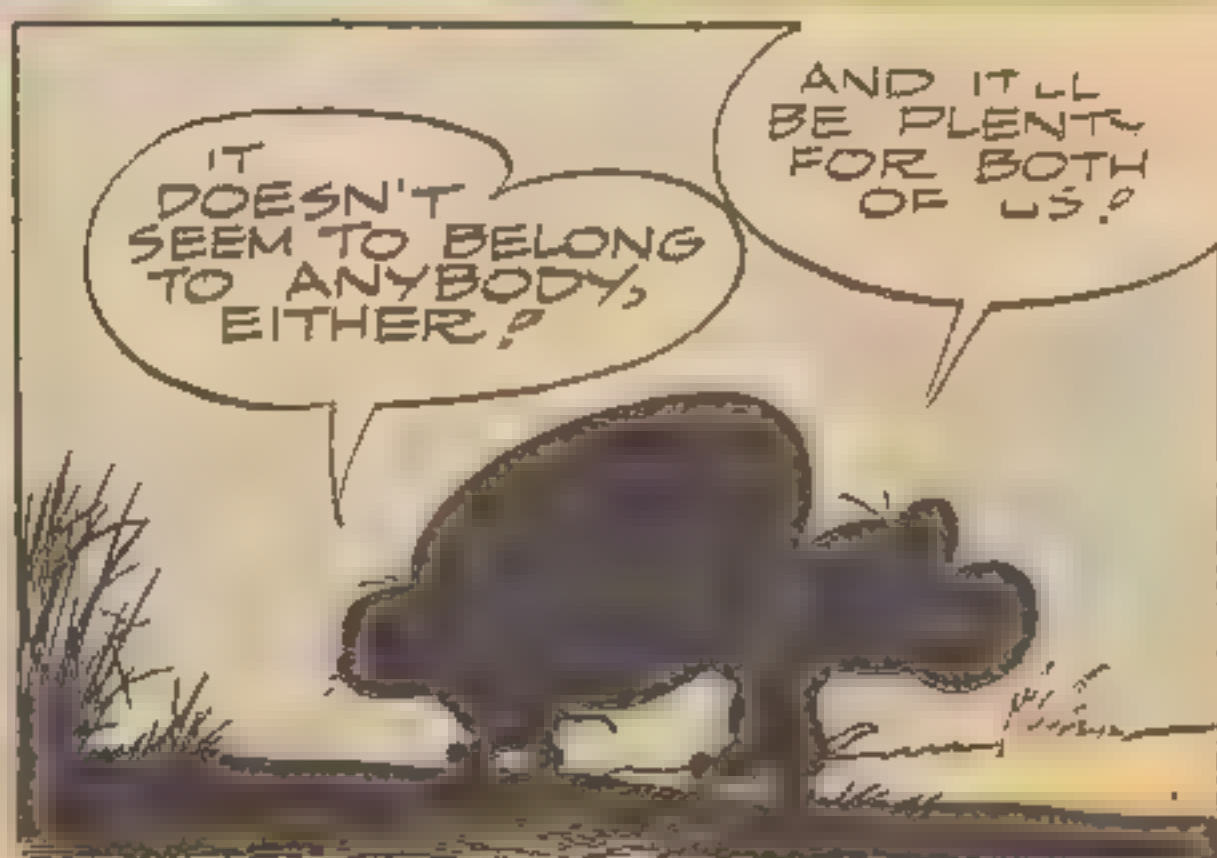
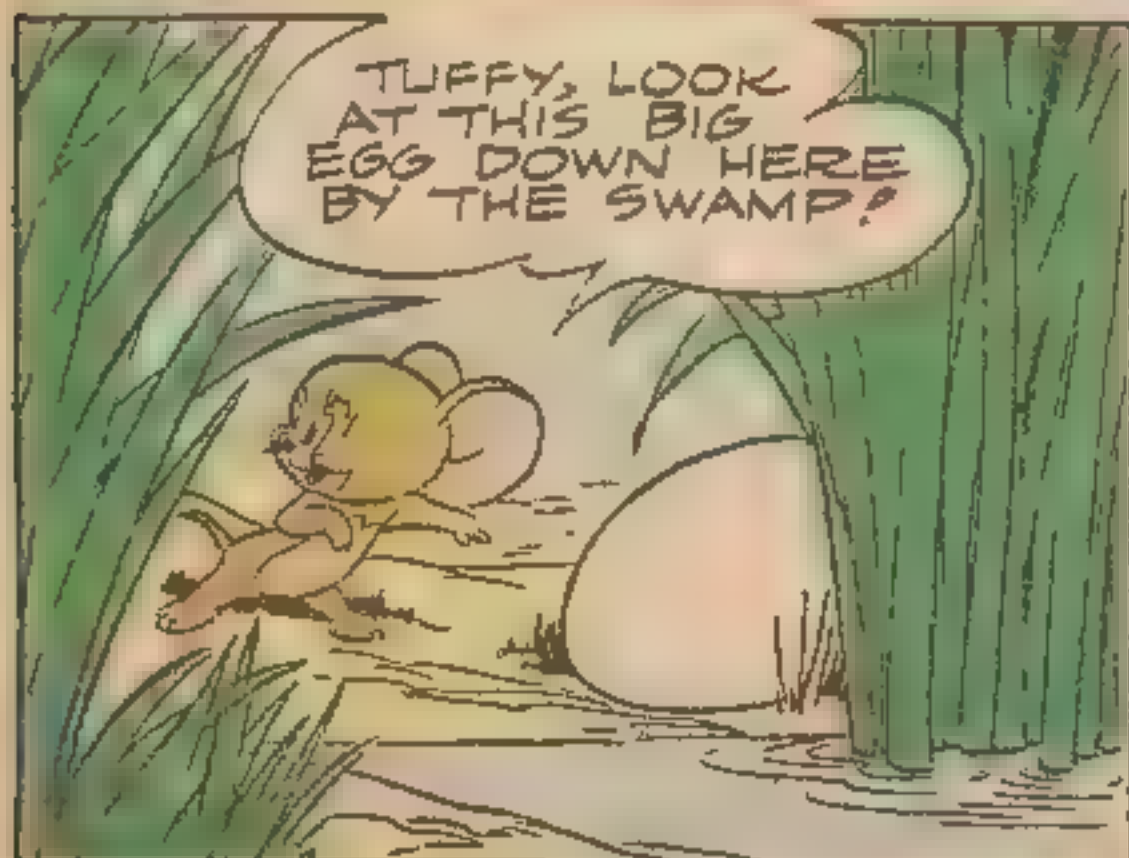
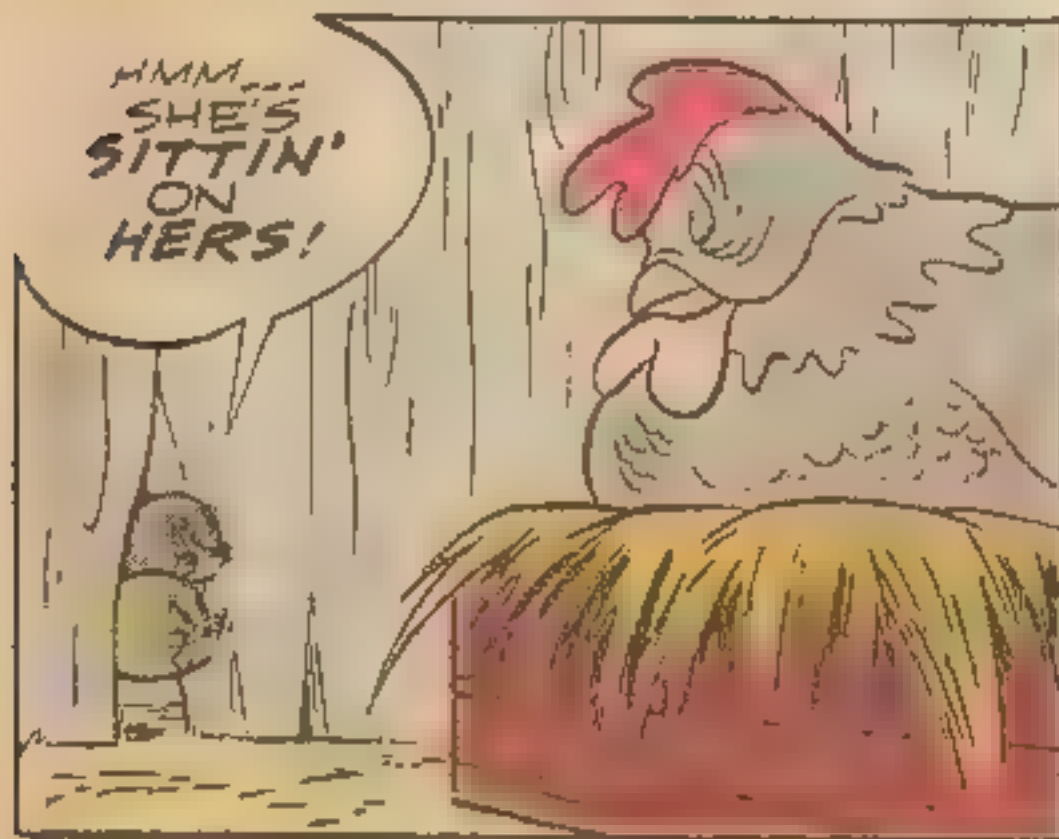
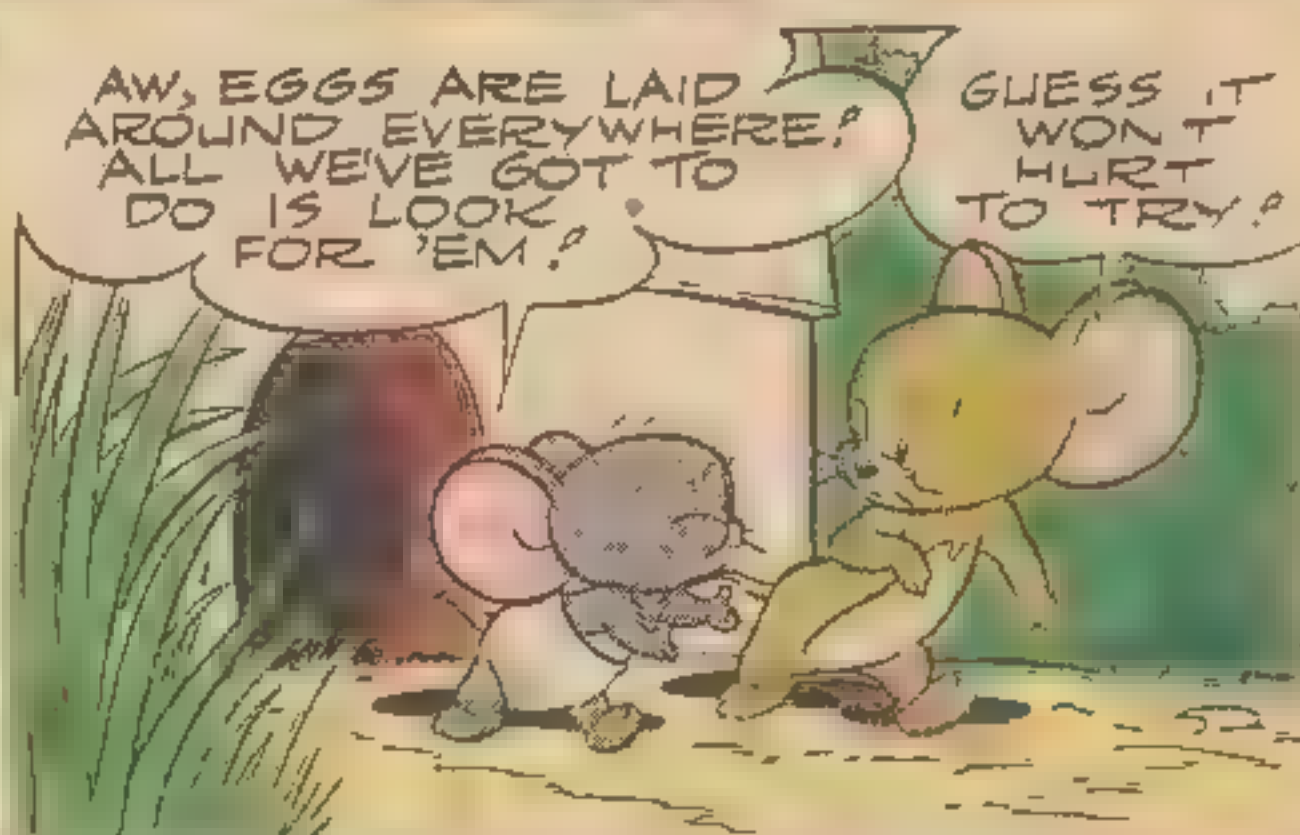
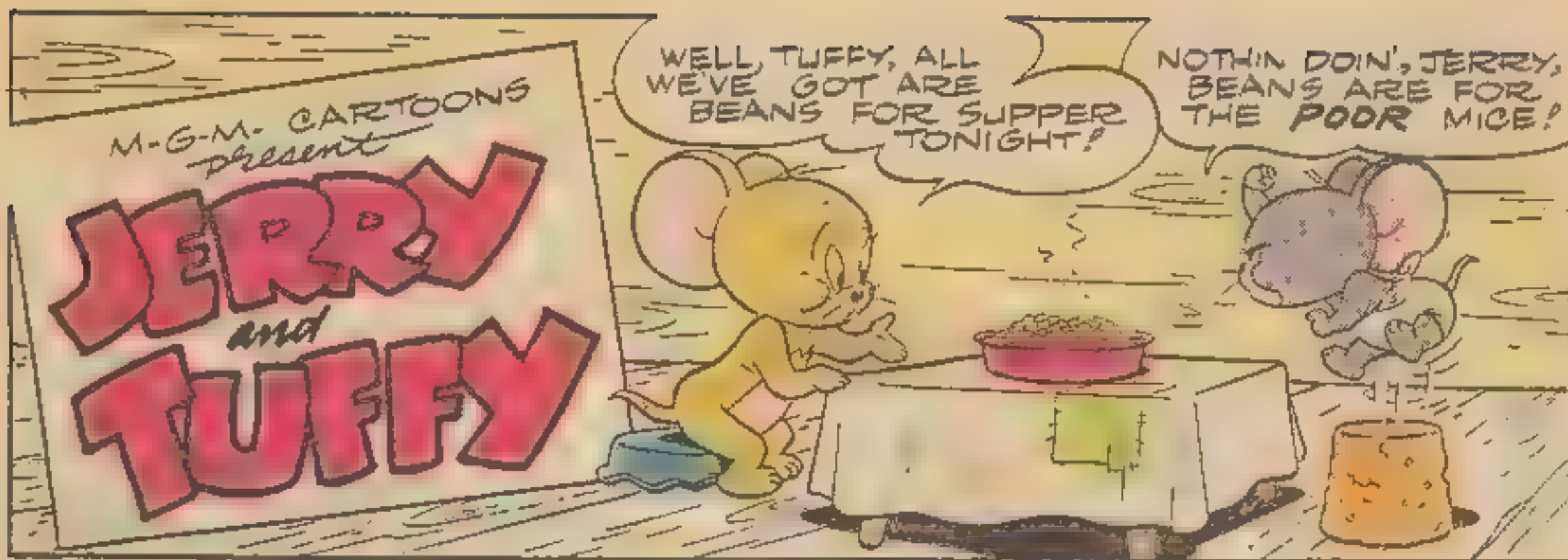


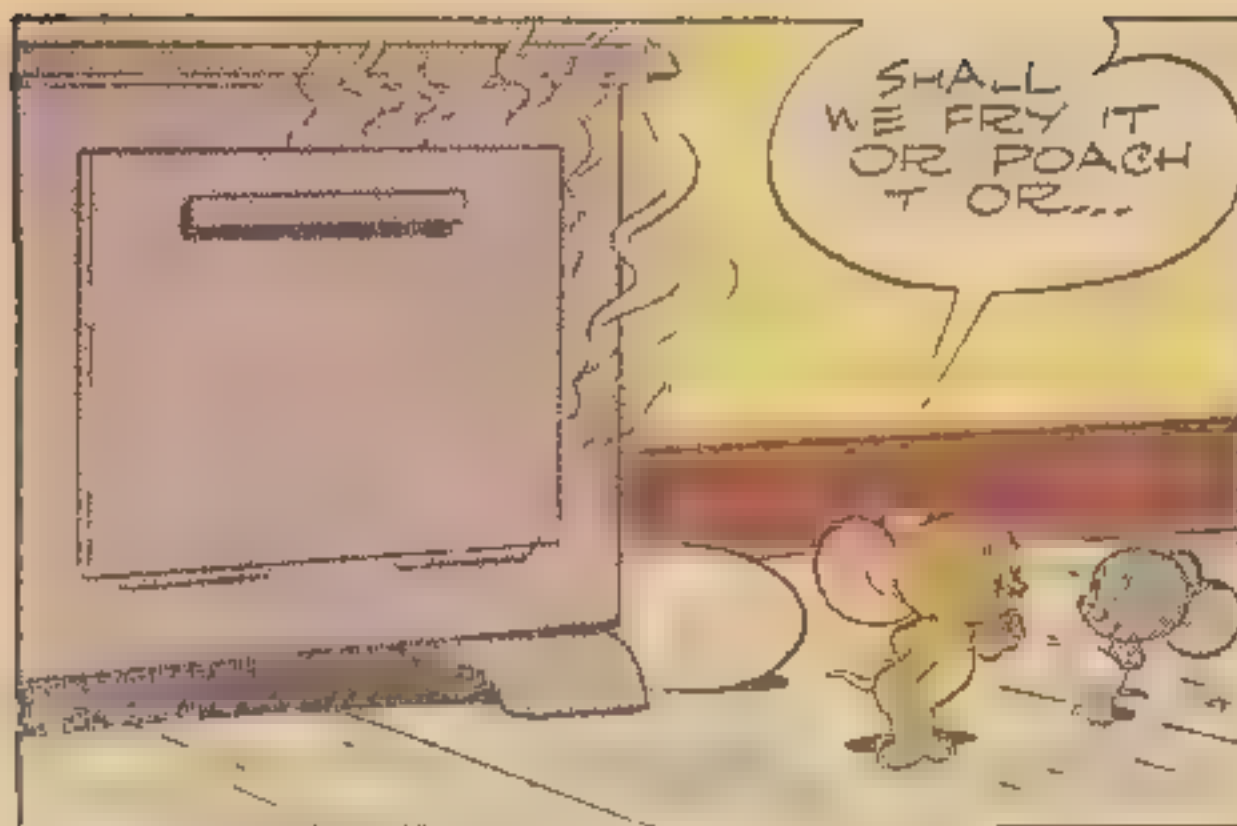




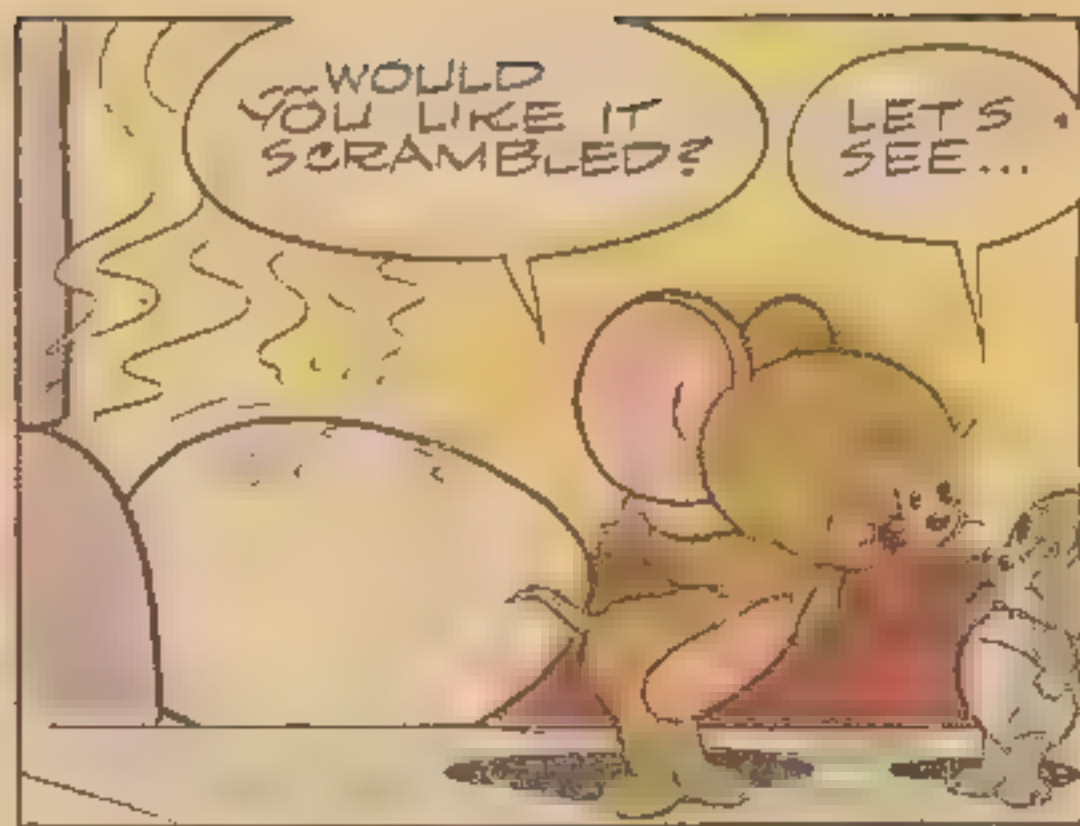






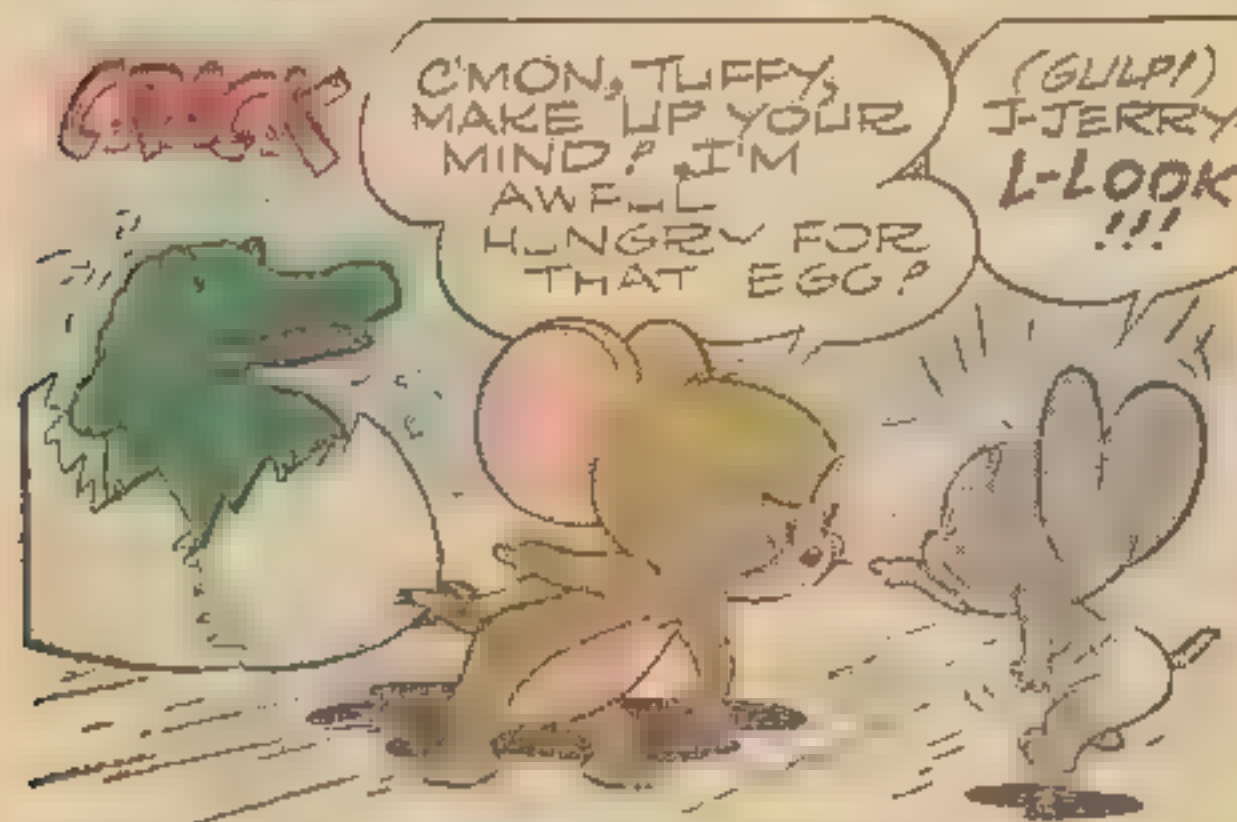


SHALL WE FRY IT OR POACH IT OR...



WOULD YOU LIKE IT SCRAMBLED?

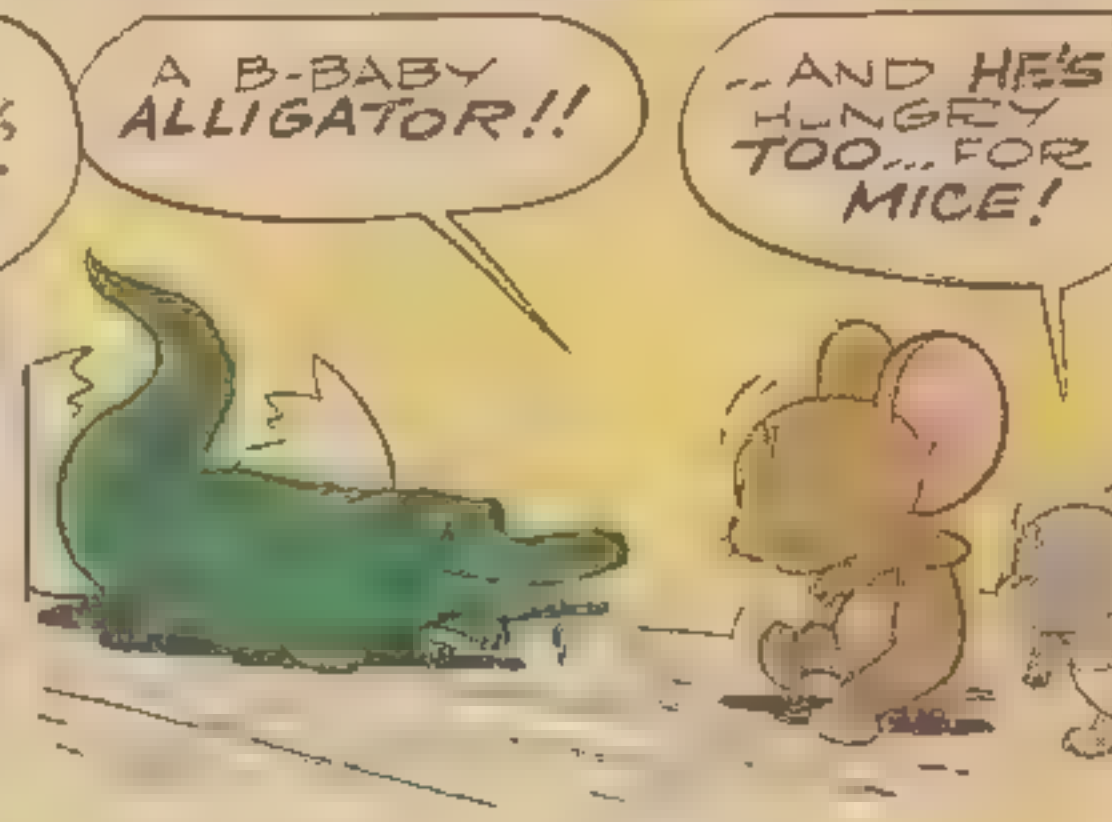
LET'S SEE...



~~GROG~~

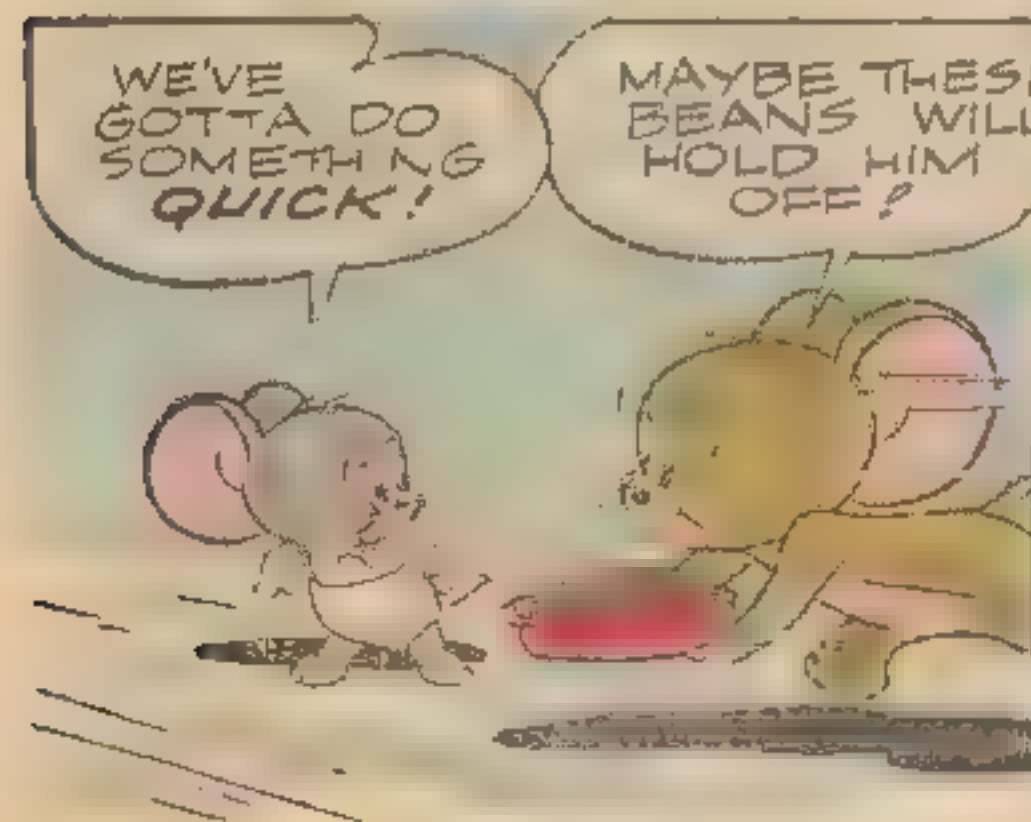
C'MON, TEEFY, MAKE UP YOUR MIND! I'M AWEEL HUNGRY FOR THAT EGG!

(GULP!) J-JERRY, L-LOOK!!!



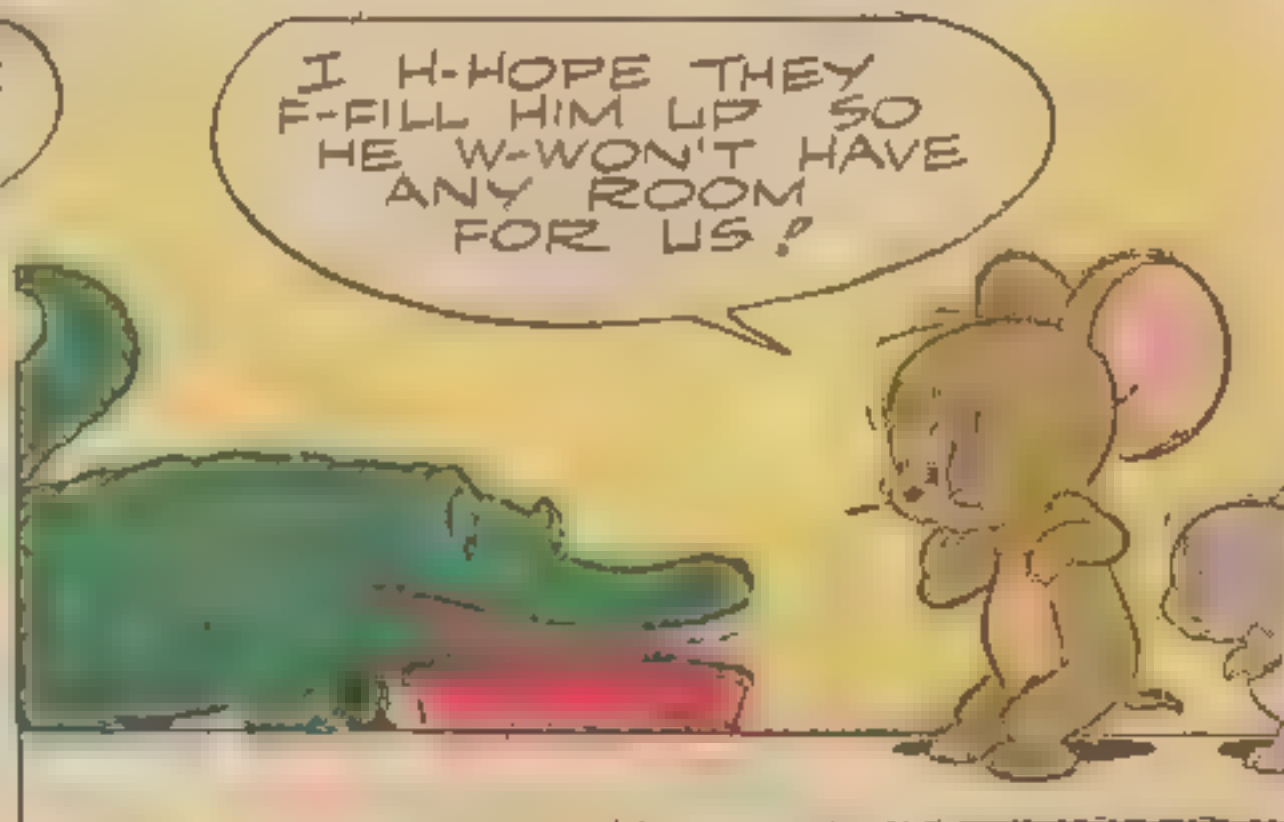
A B-BABY ALLIGATOR!!

--AND HE'S HUNGEY TOO... FOR MICE!

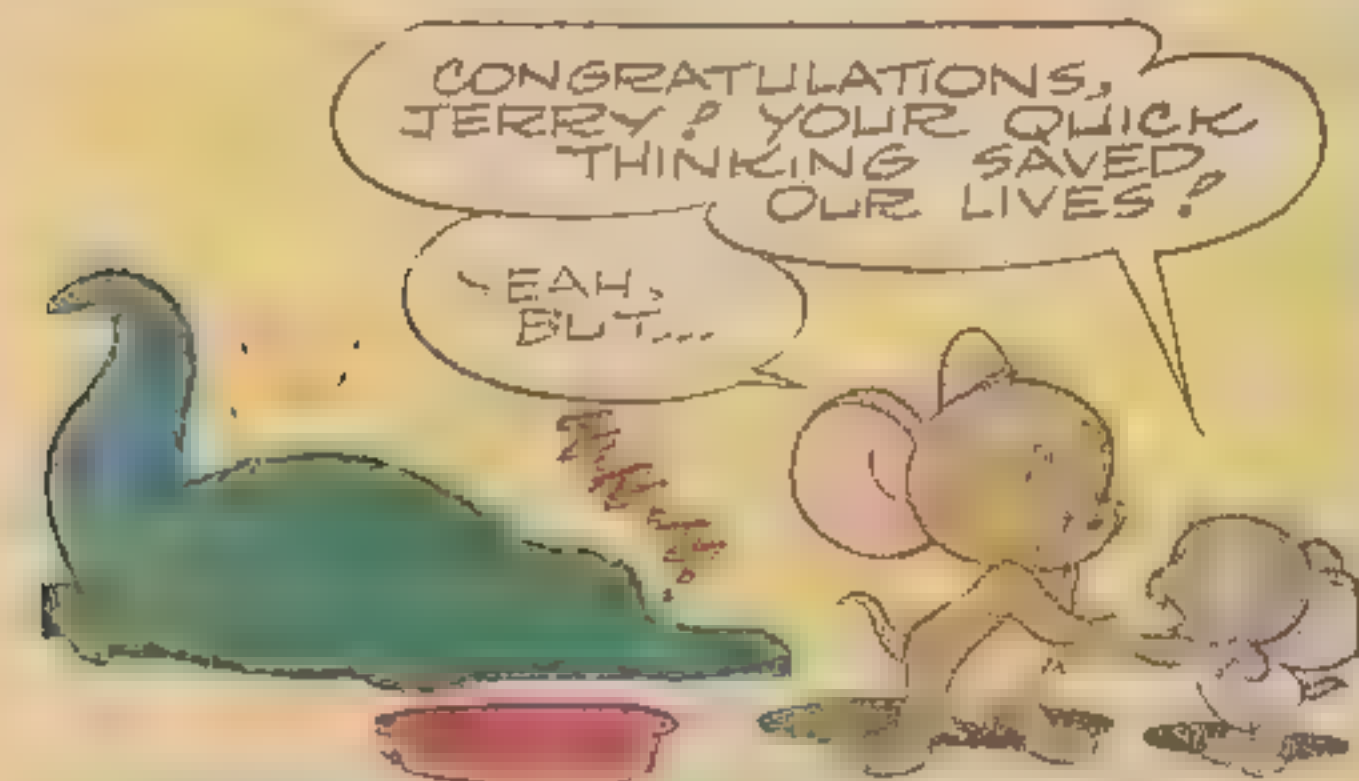


WE'VE GOTTA DO SOMETHING QUICK!

MAYBE THESE BEANS WILL HOLD HIM OFF?

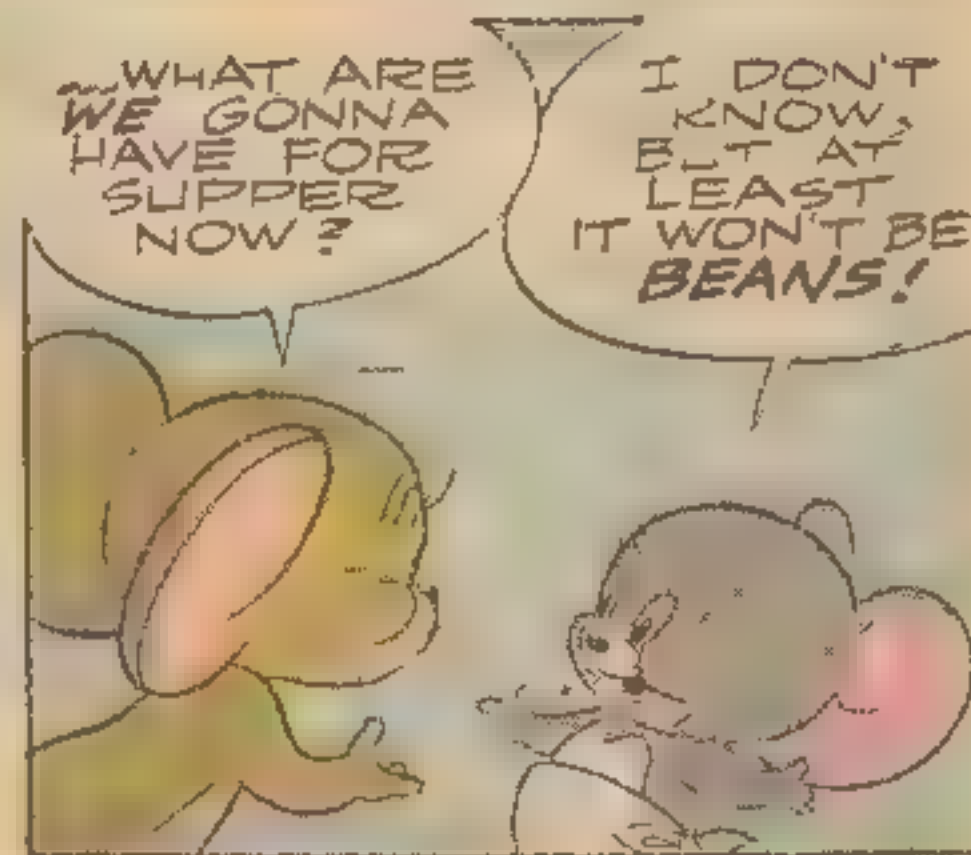


I H-HOPE THEY F-FILL HIM UP SO HE W-WON'T HAVE ANY ROOM FOR US!



CONGRATULATIONS, JERRY! YOUR QUICK THINKING SAVED OUR LIVES!

YEAH, BUT...

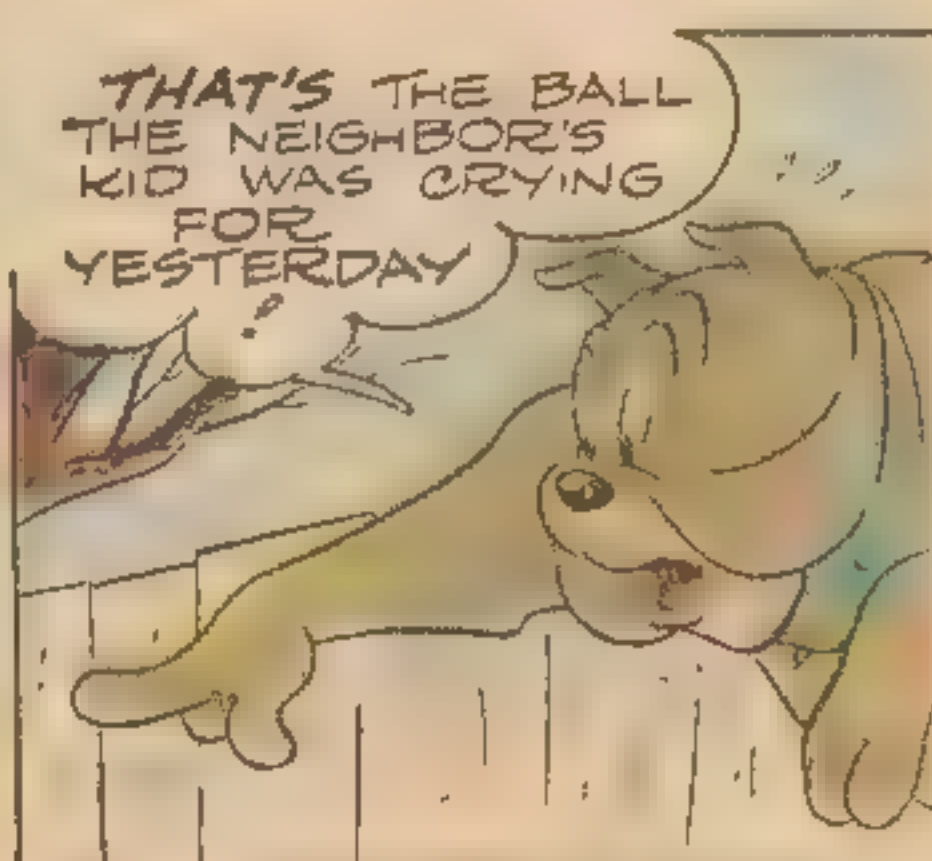
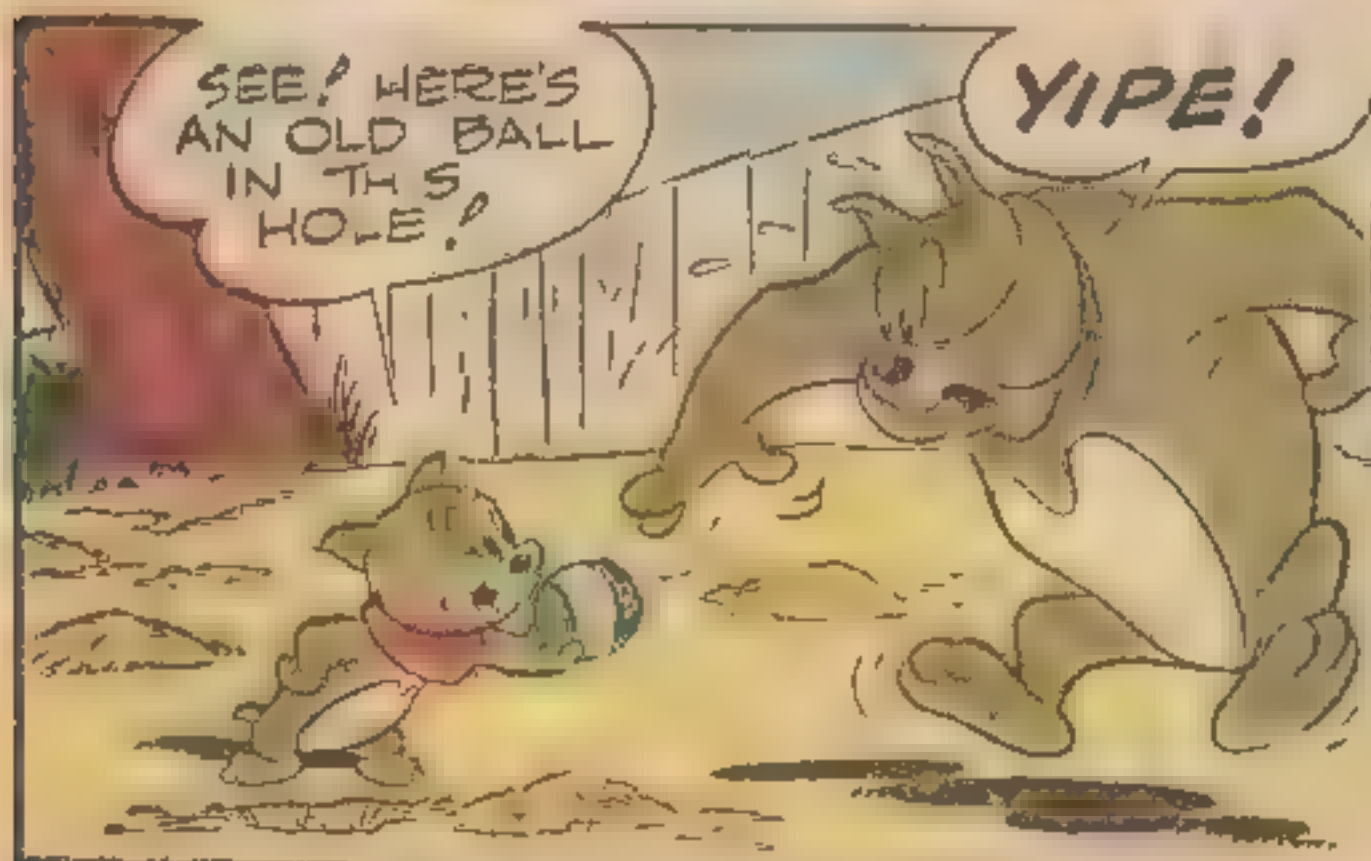
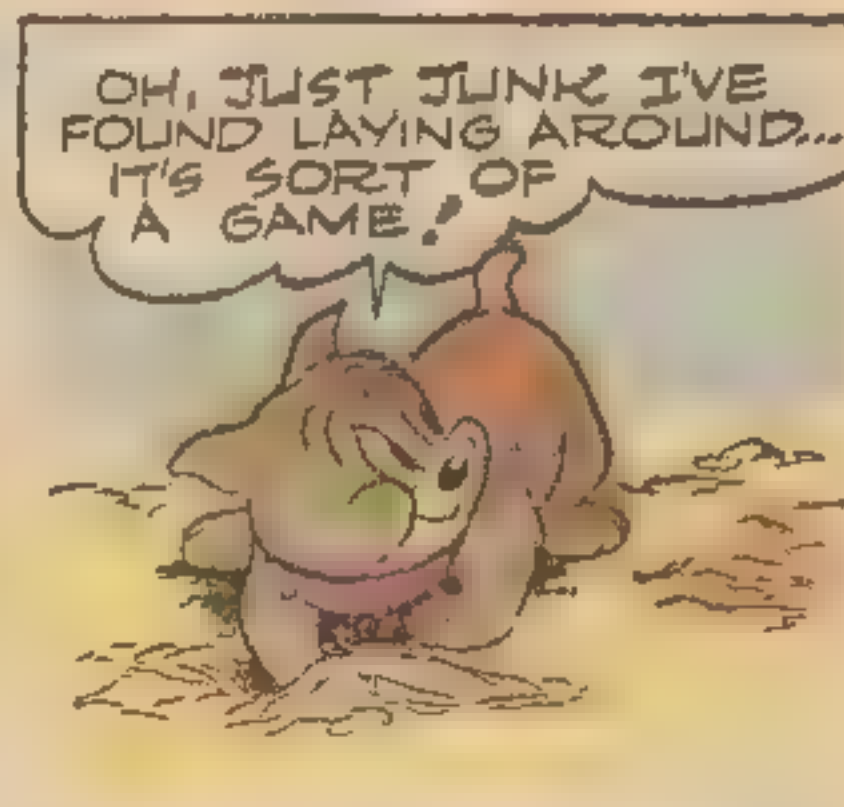
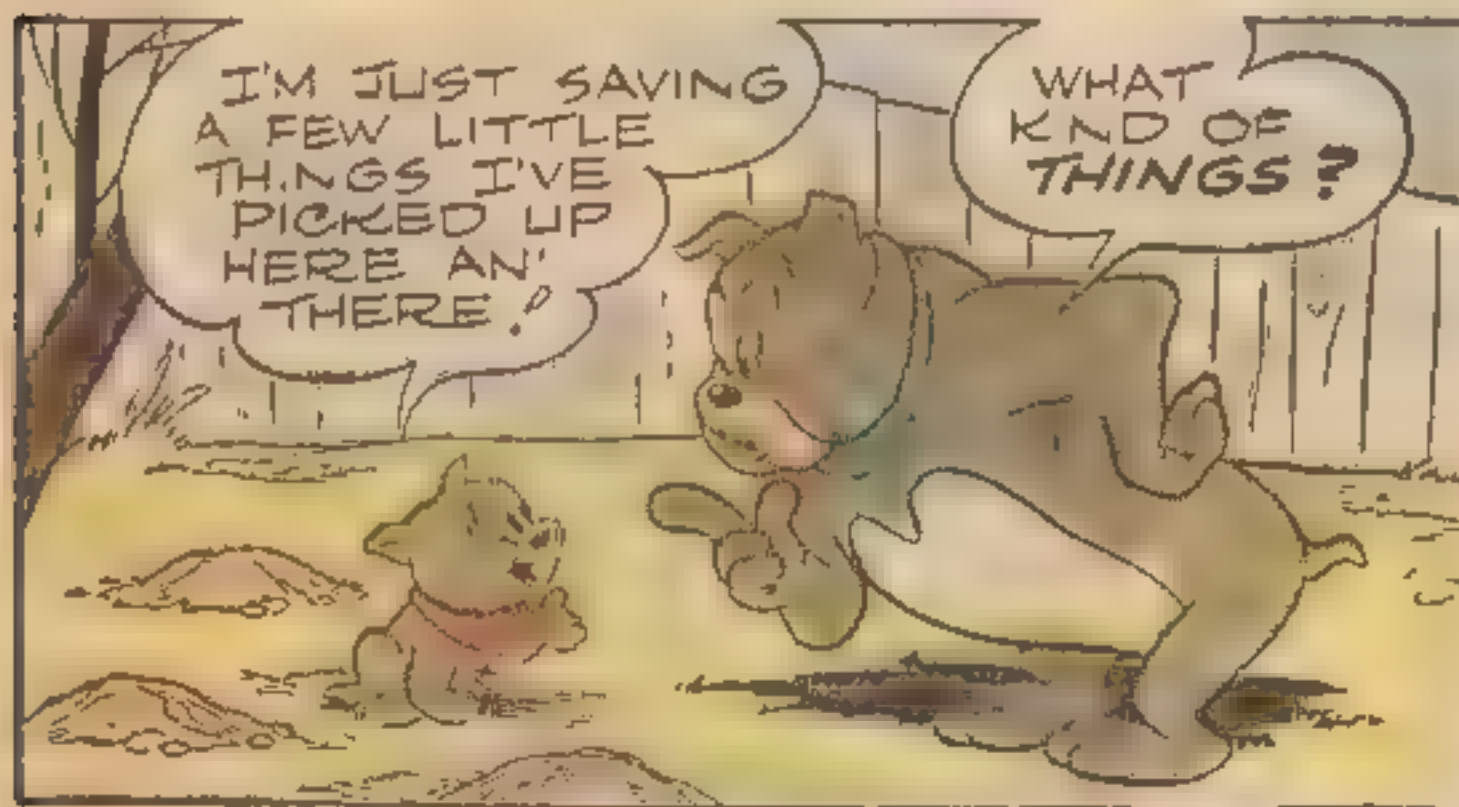
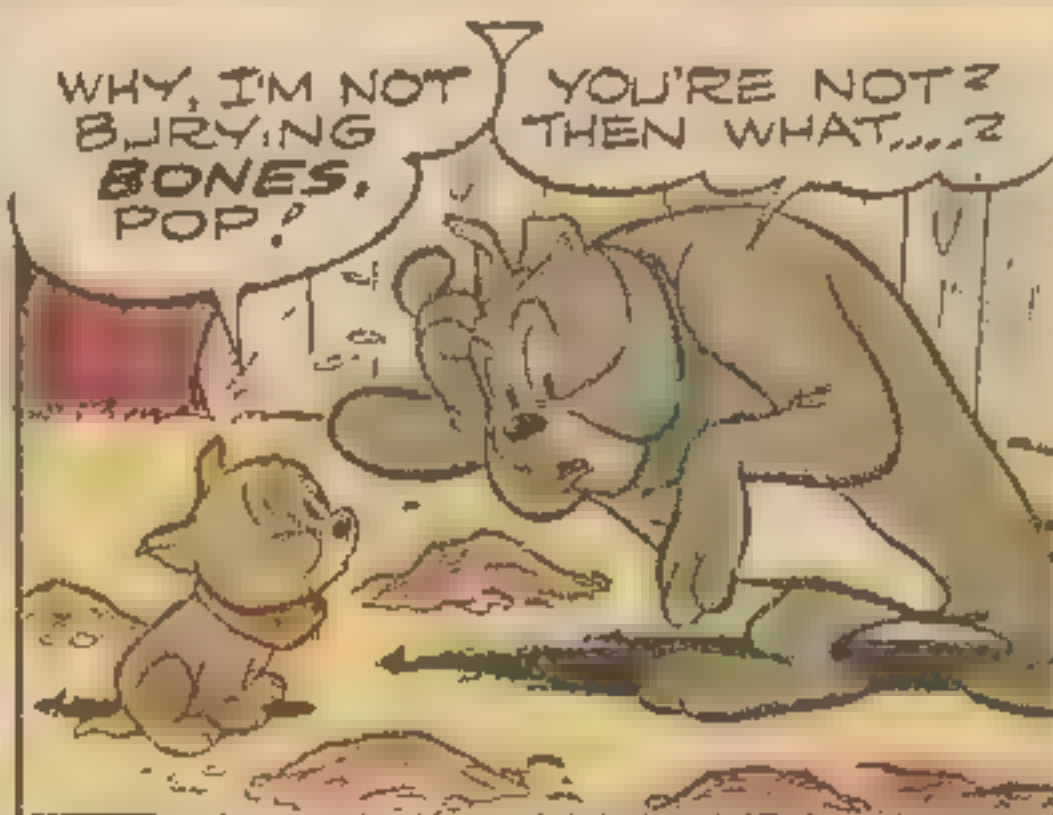
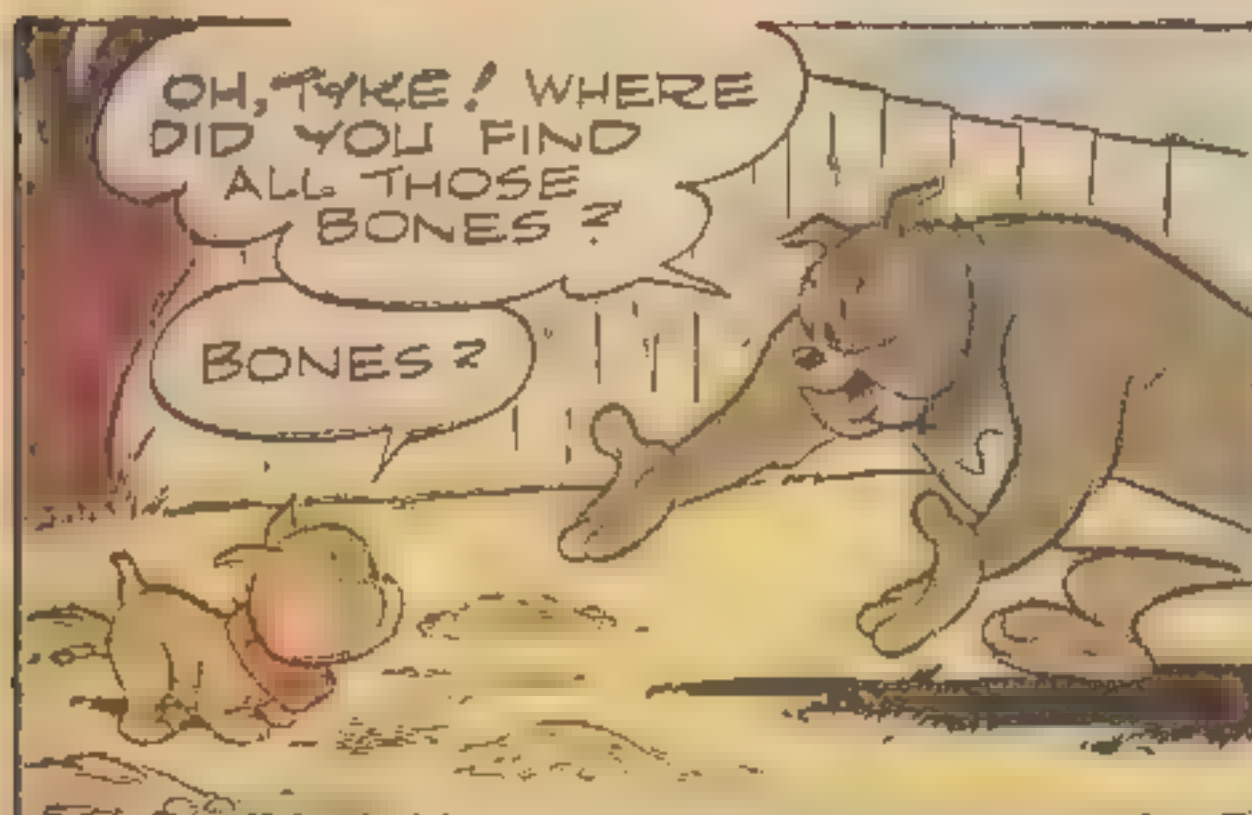
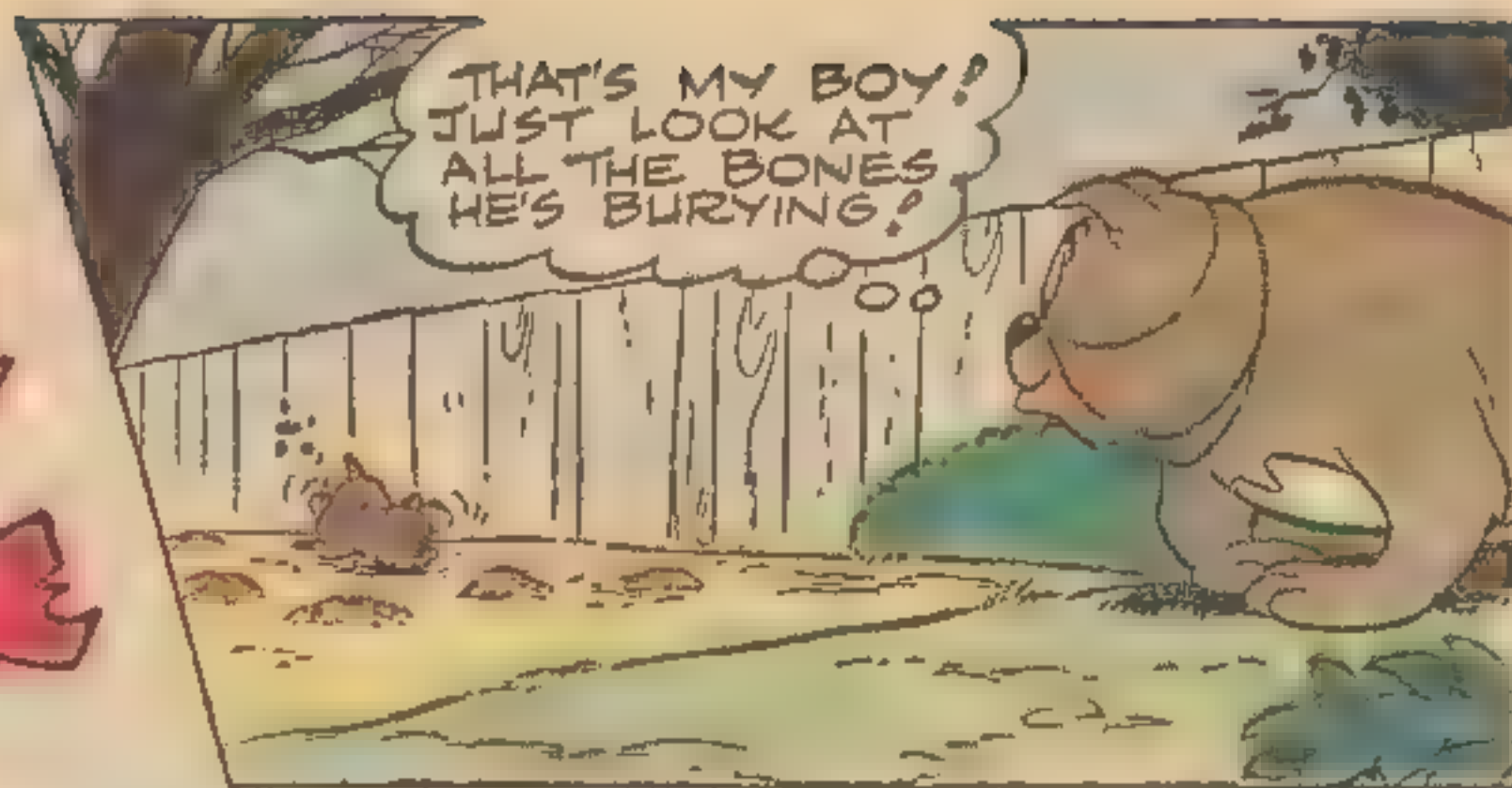


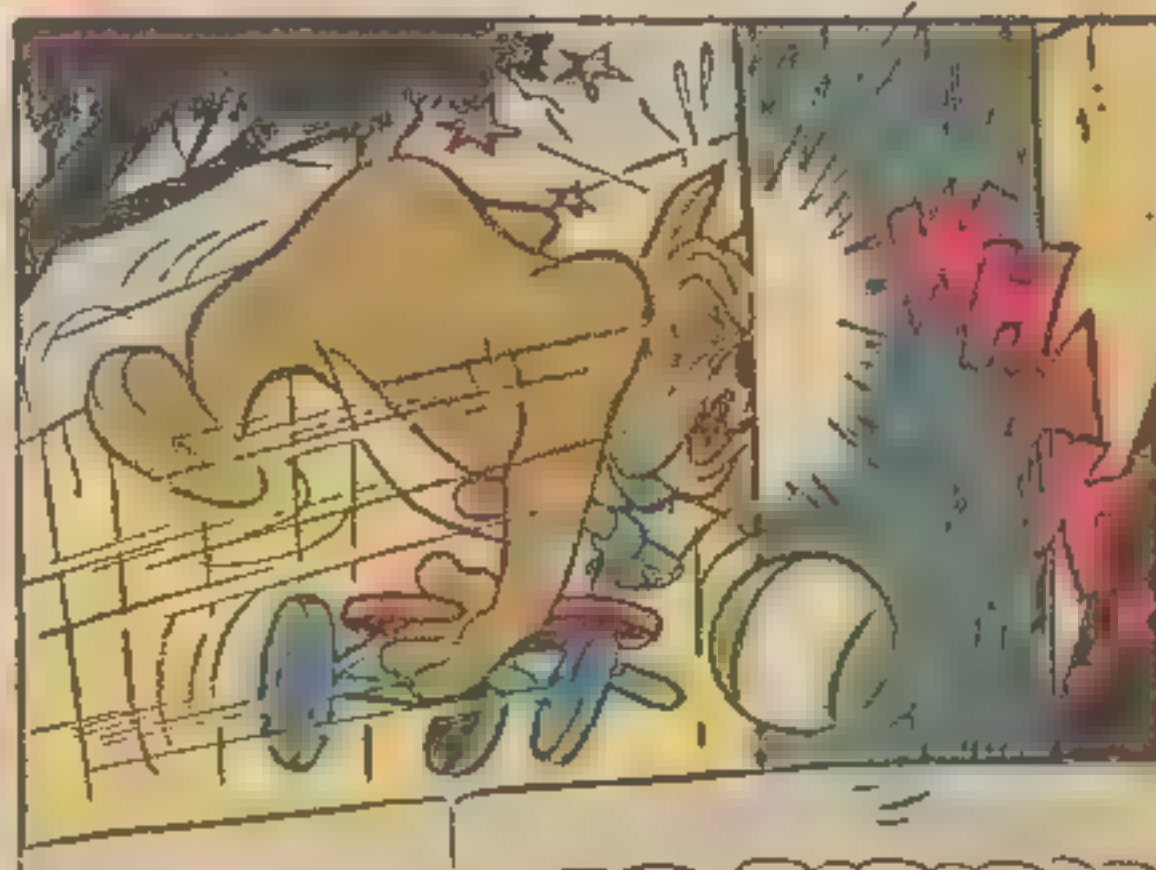
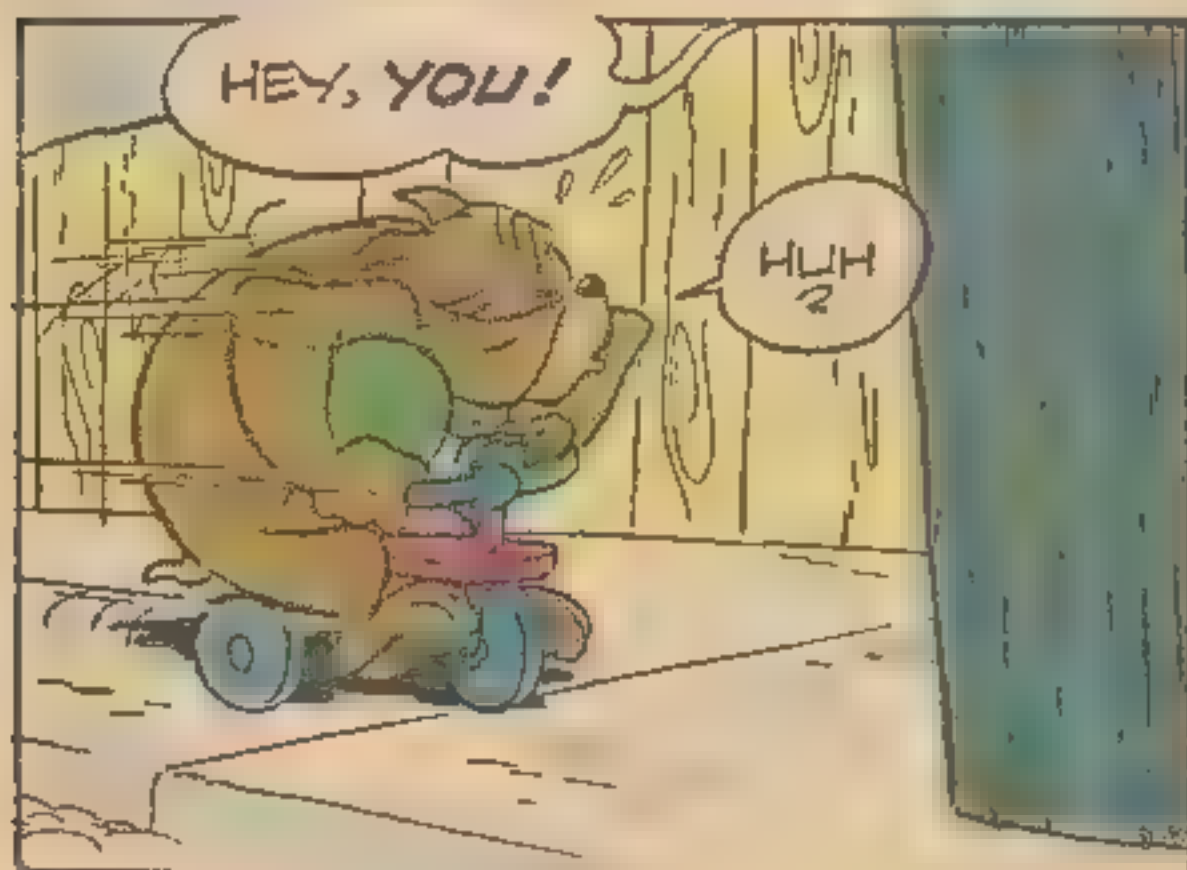
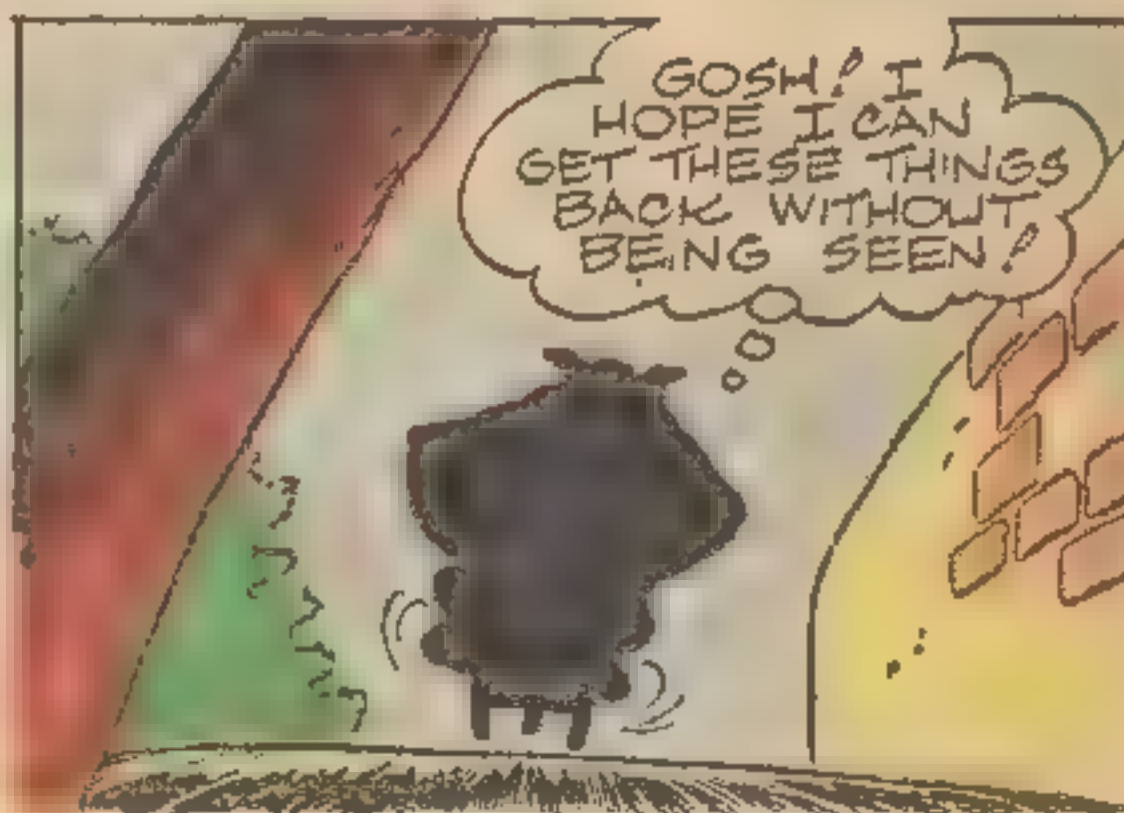
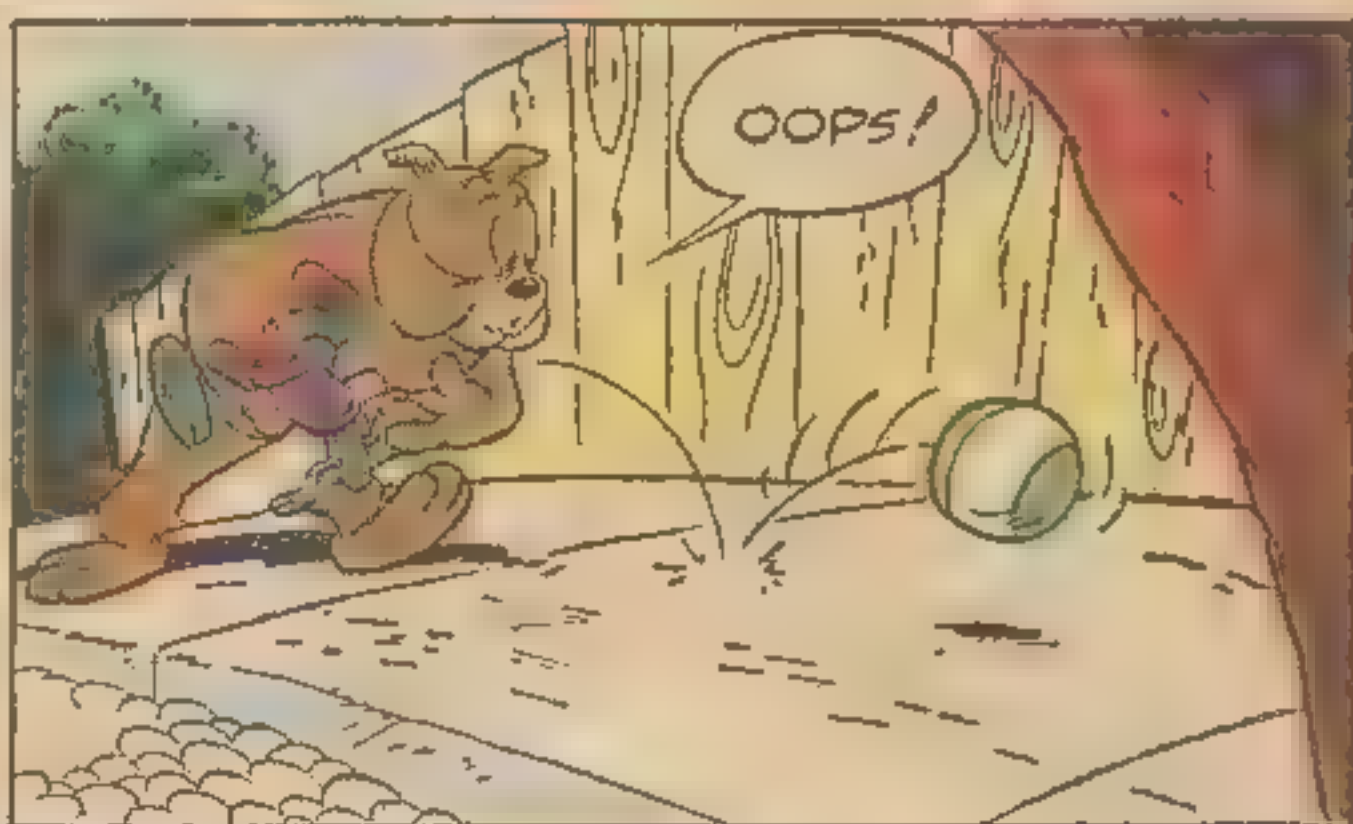
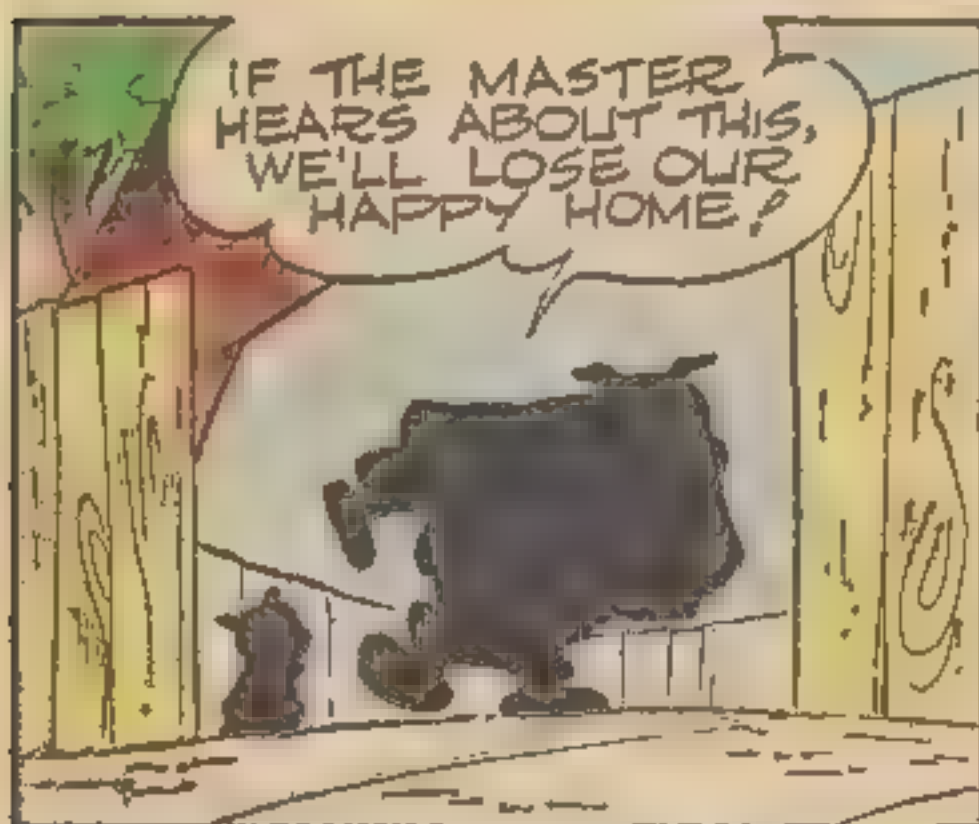
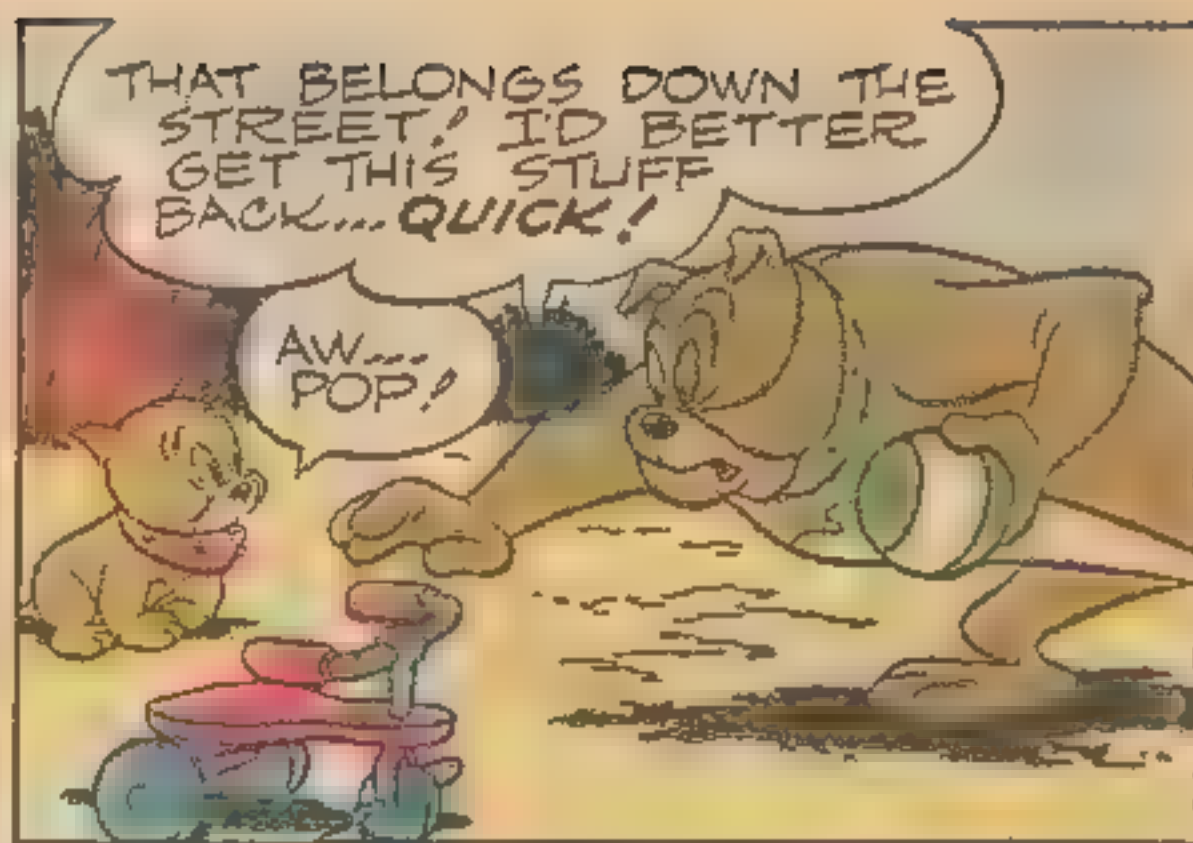
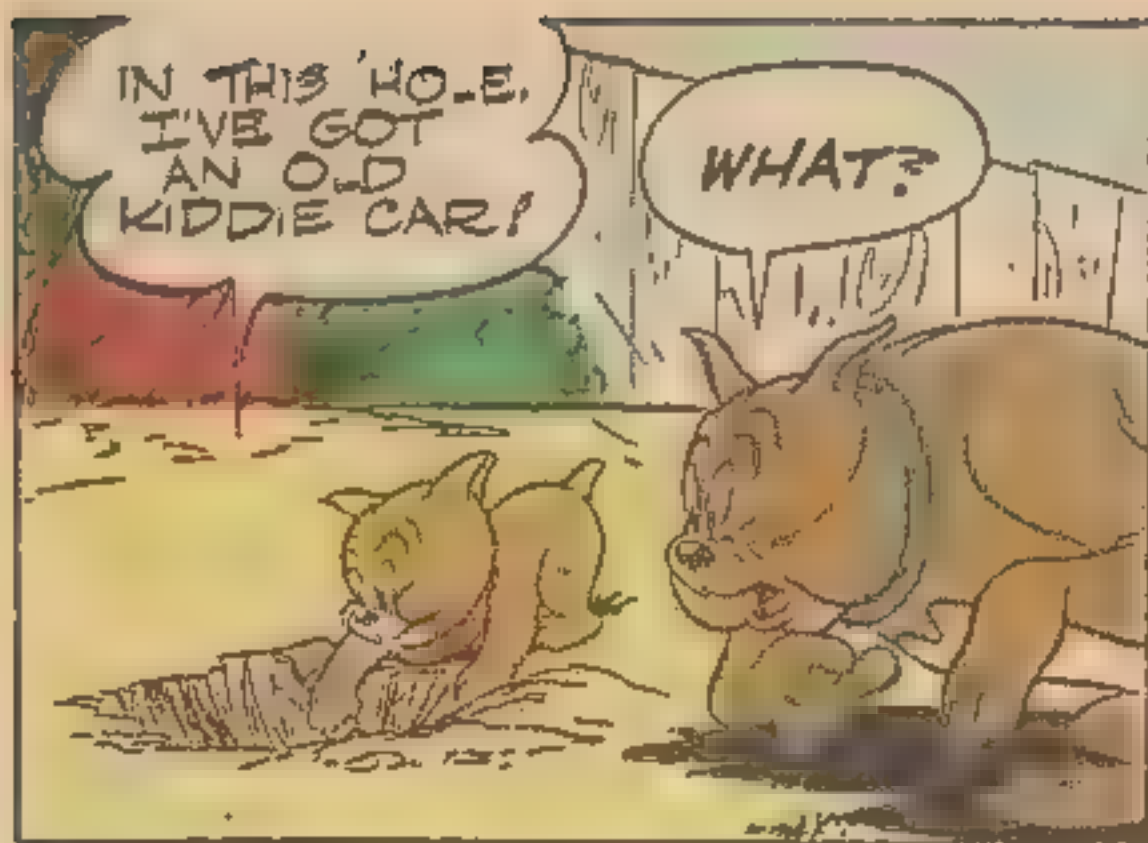
WHAT ARE WE GONNA HAVE FOR SUPPER NOW?

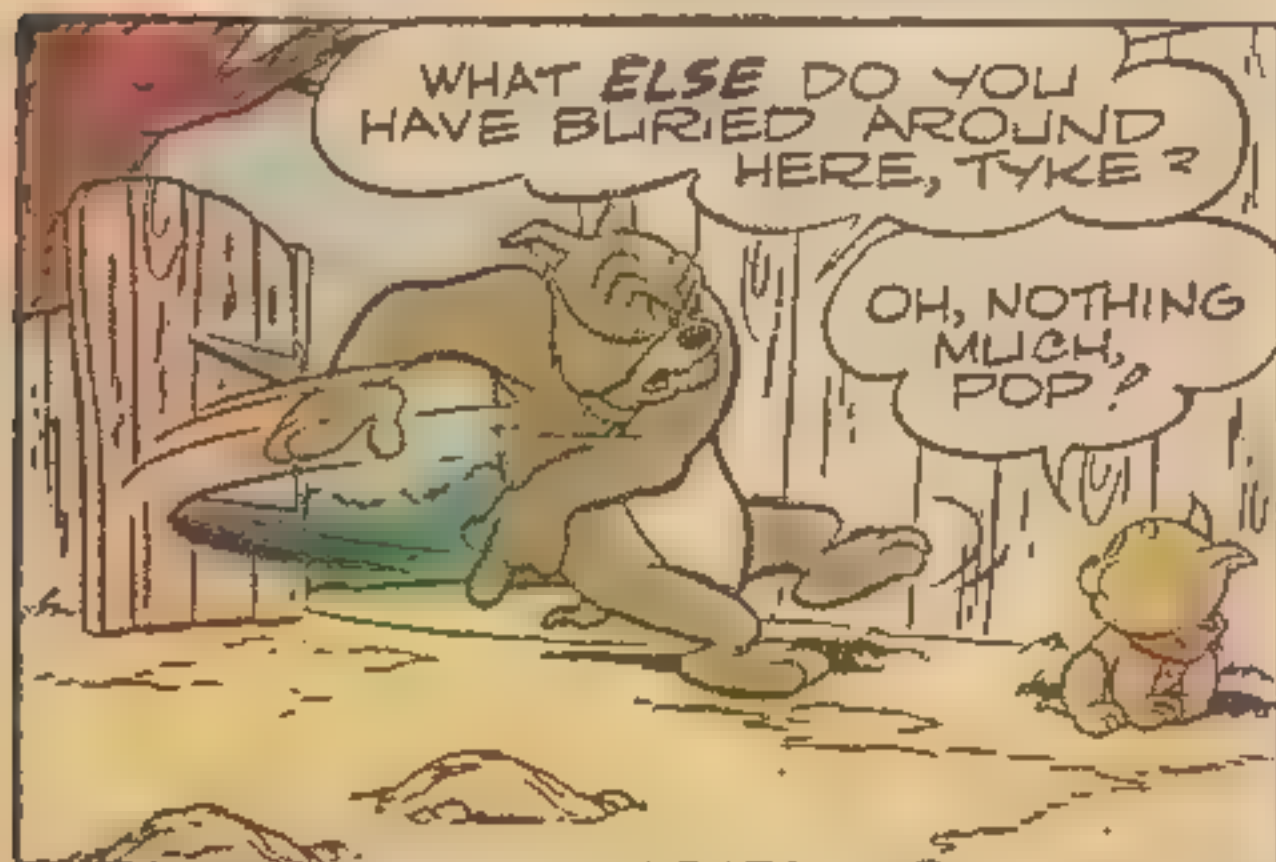
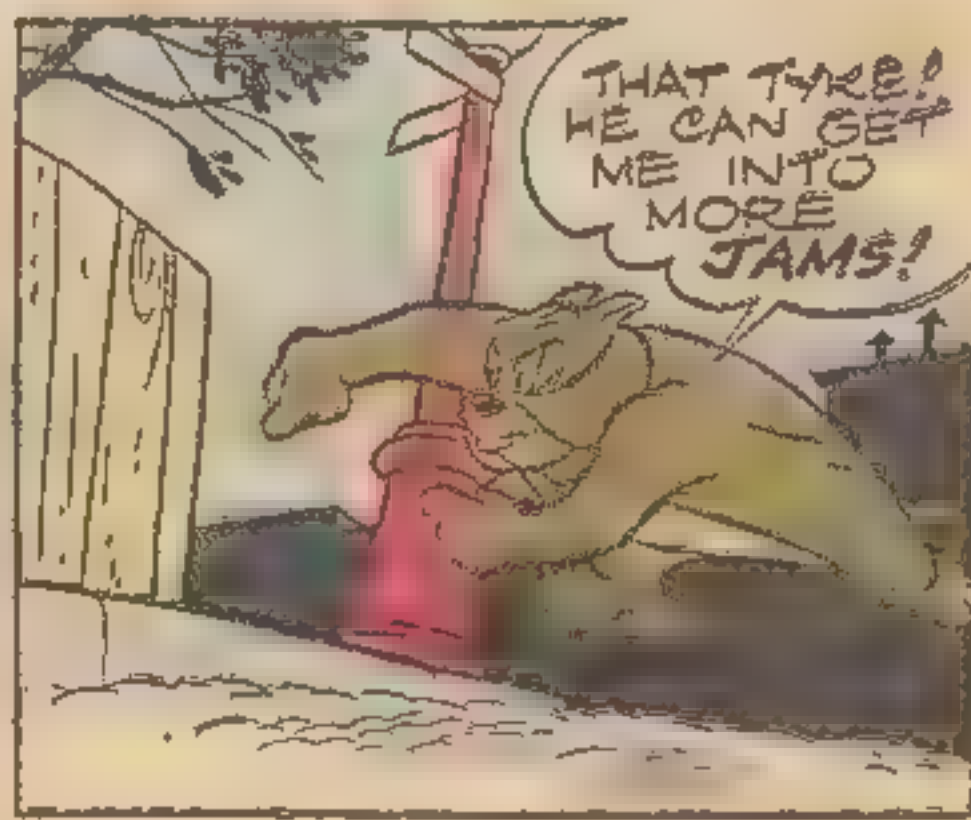
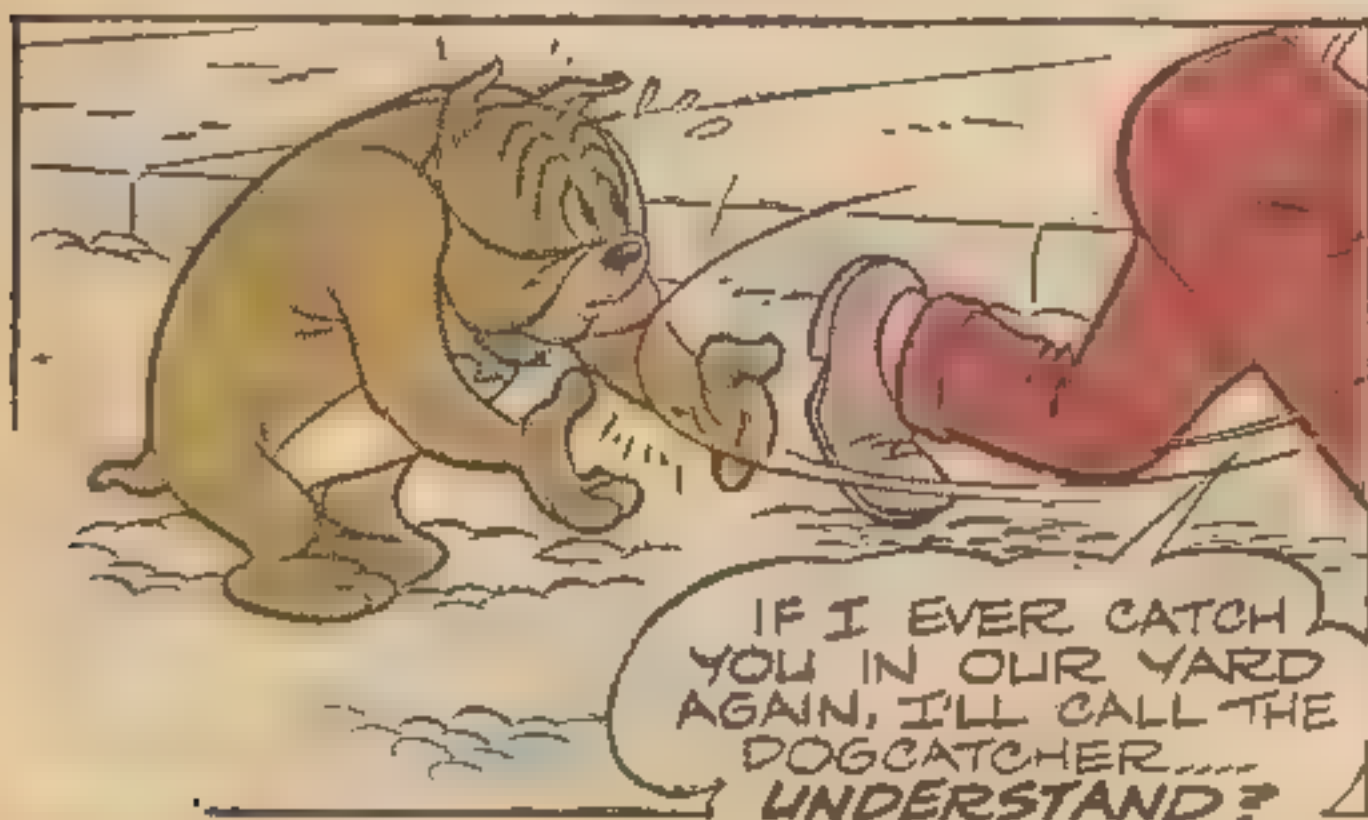
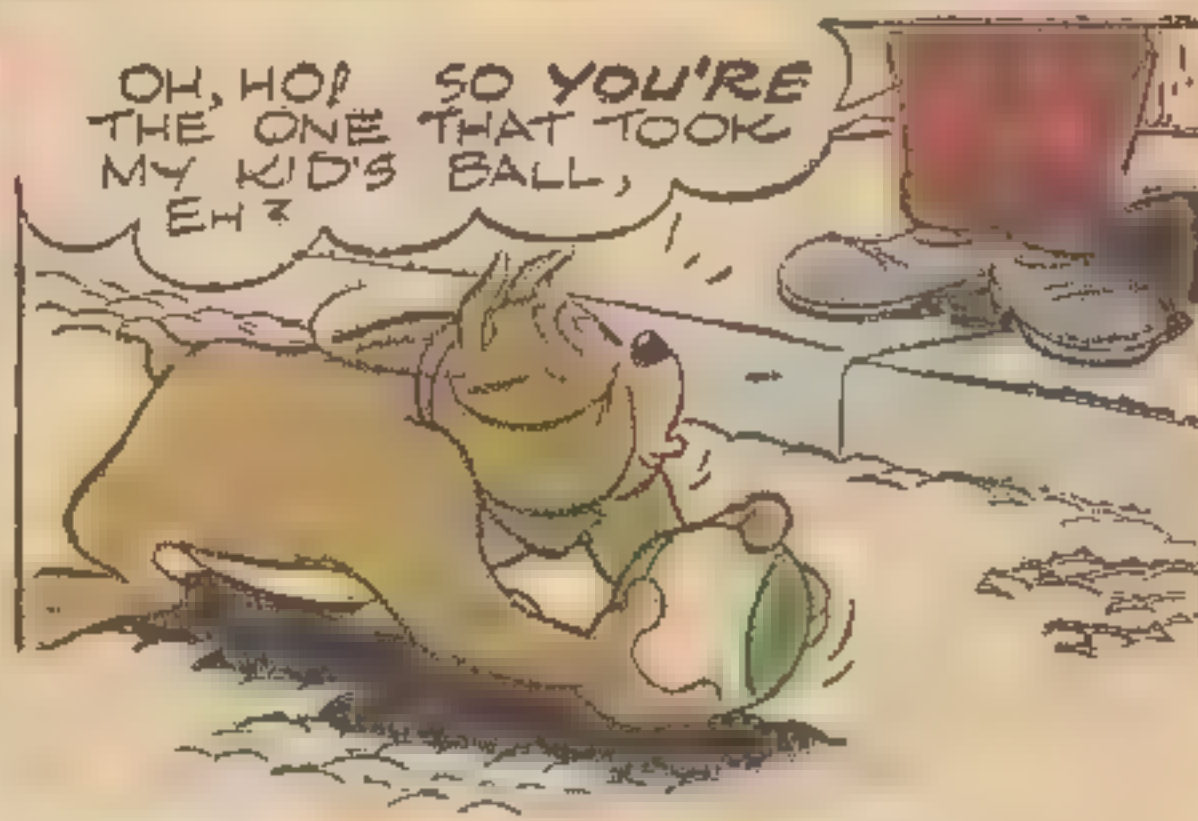
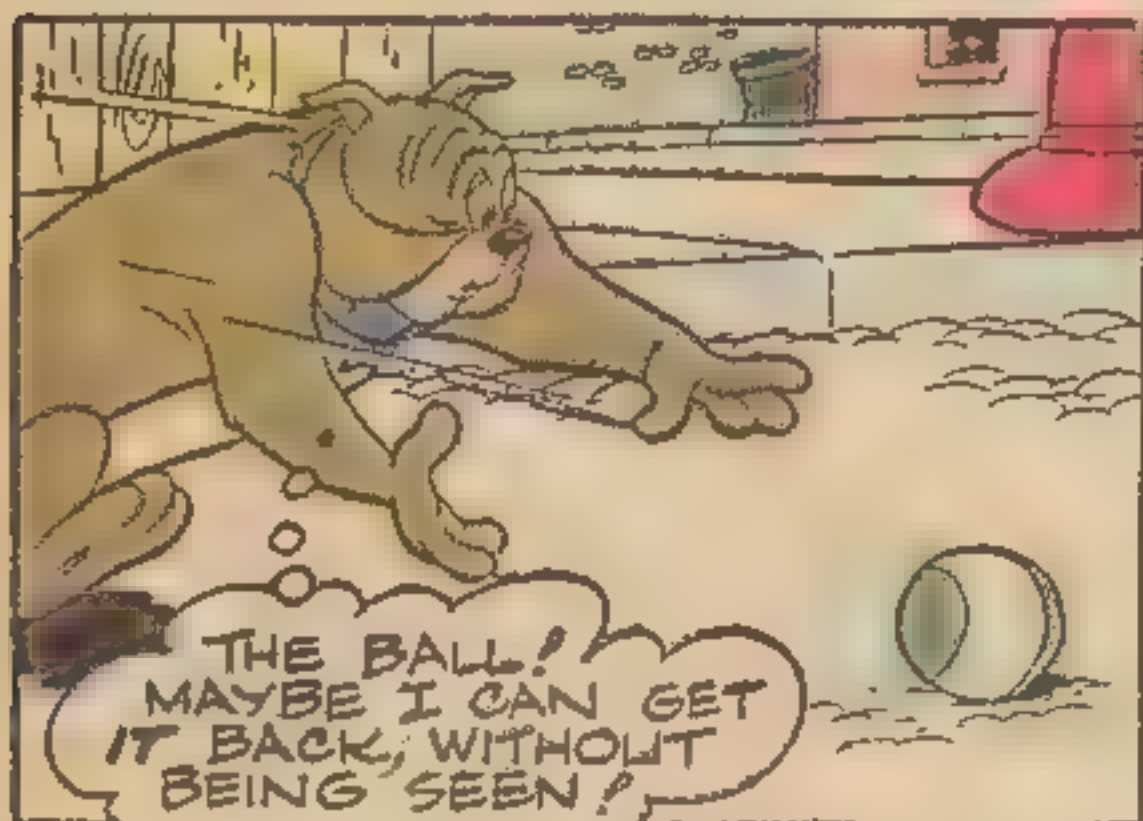
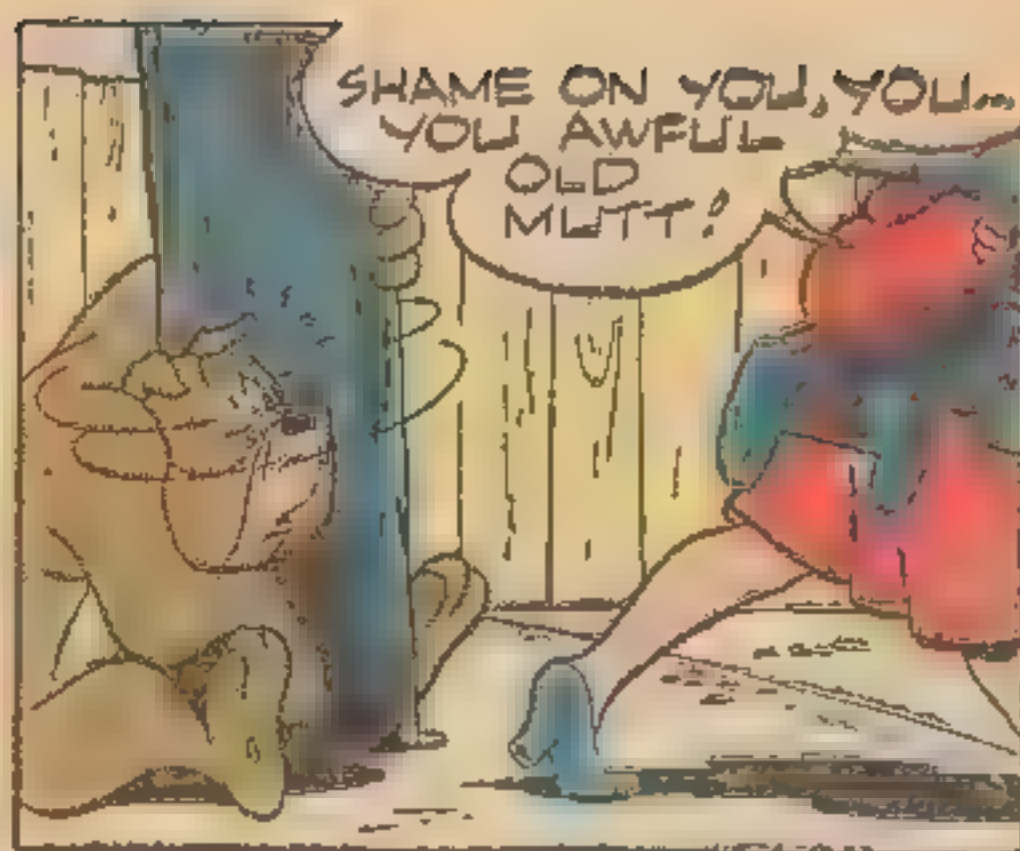
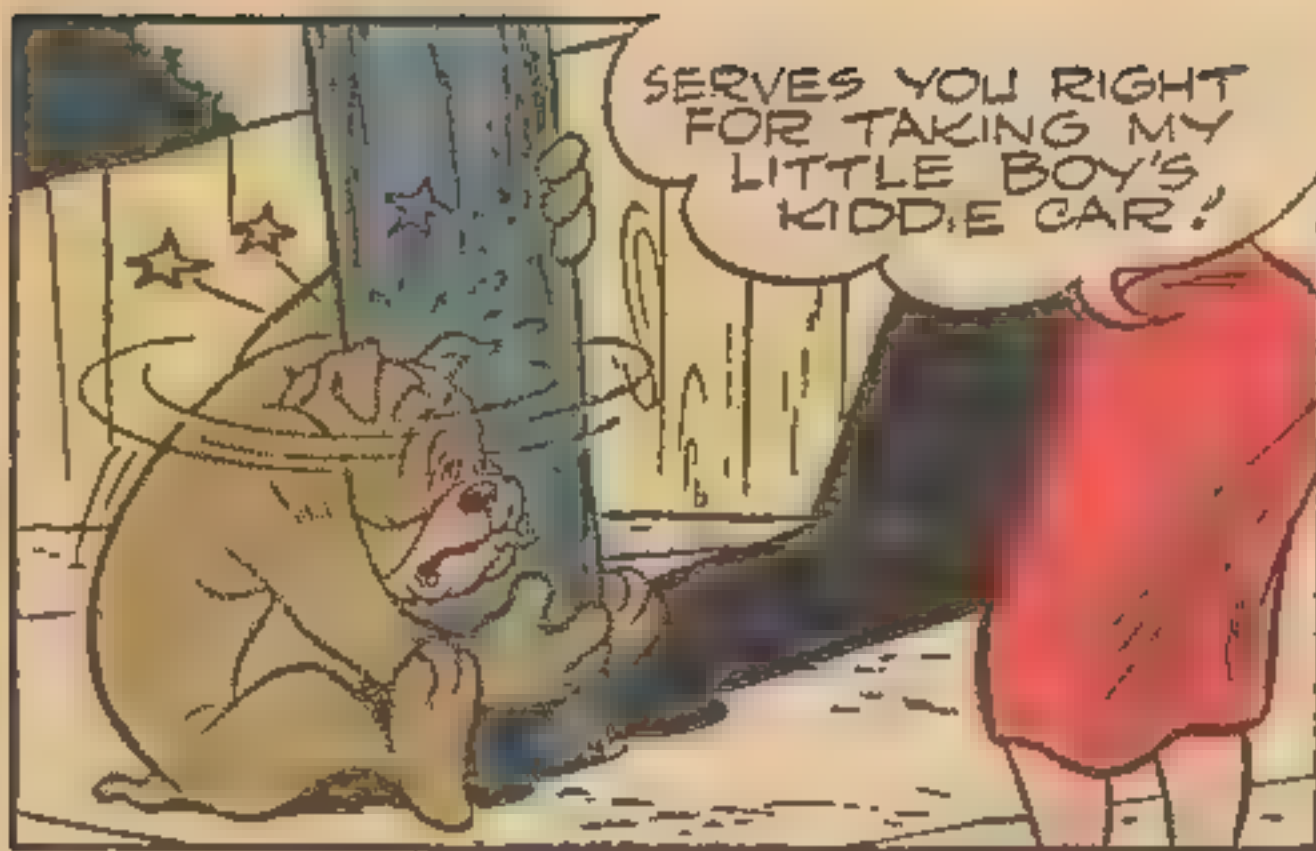
I DON'T KNOW, BUT AT LEAST IT WON'T BE BEANS!

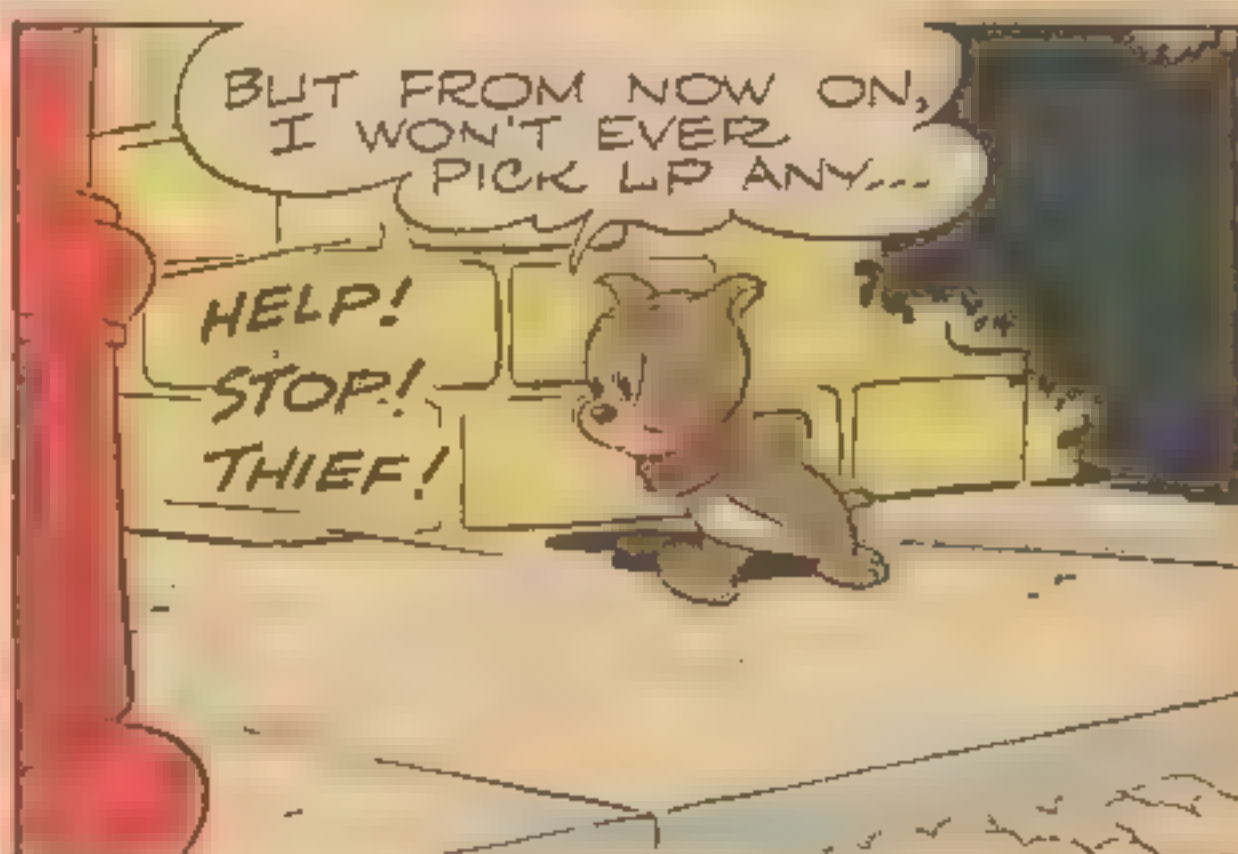
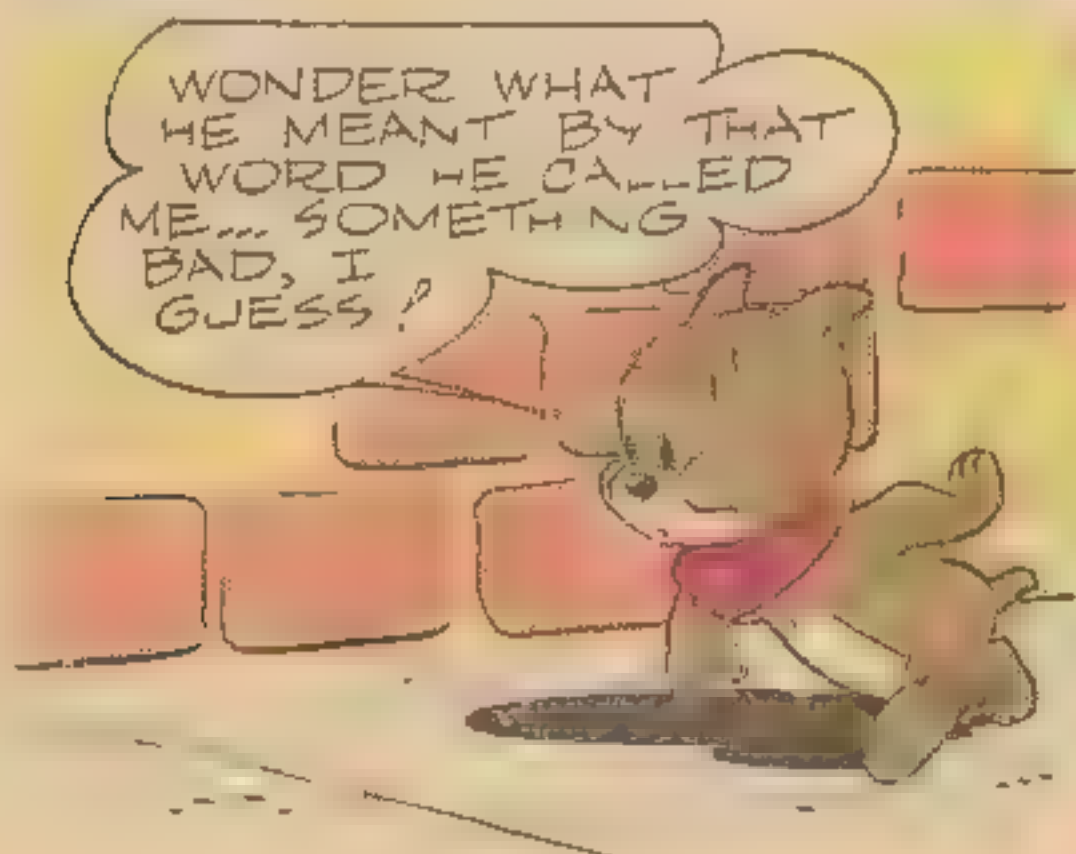
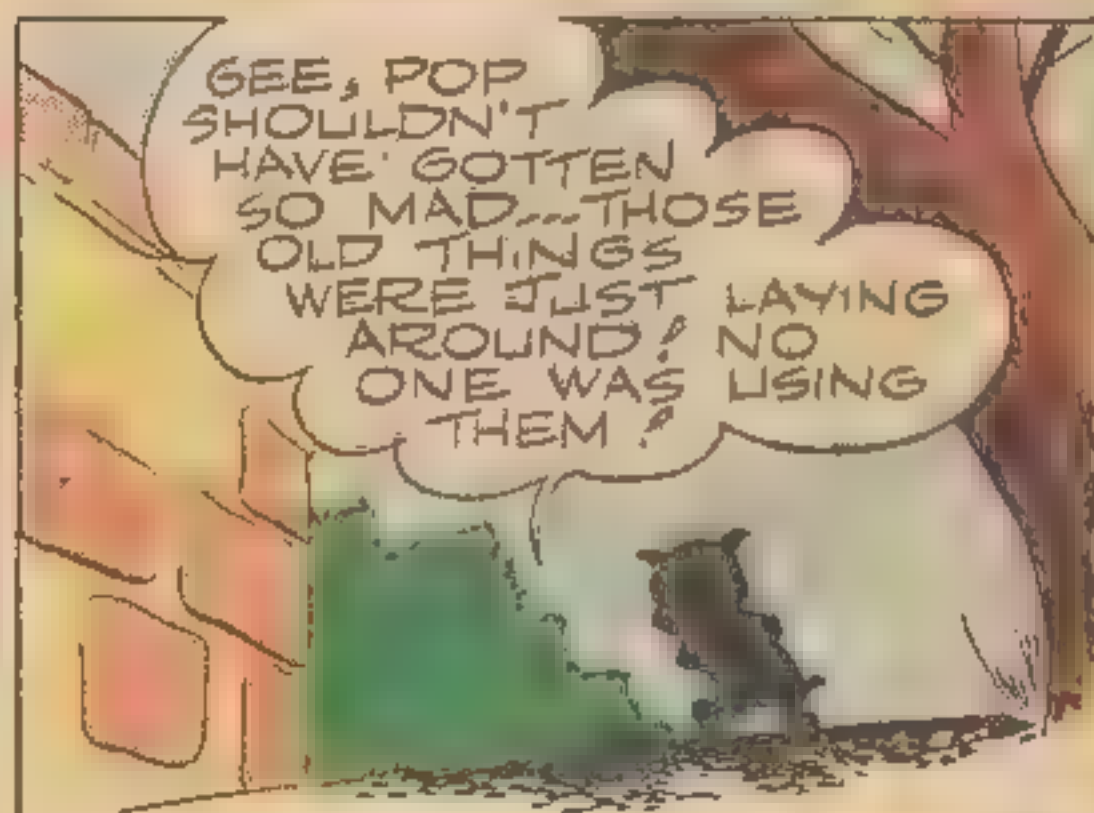
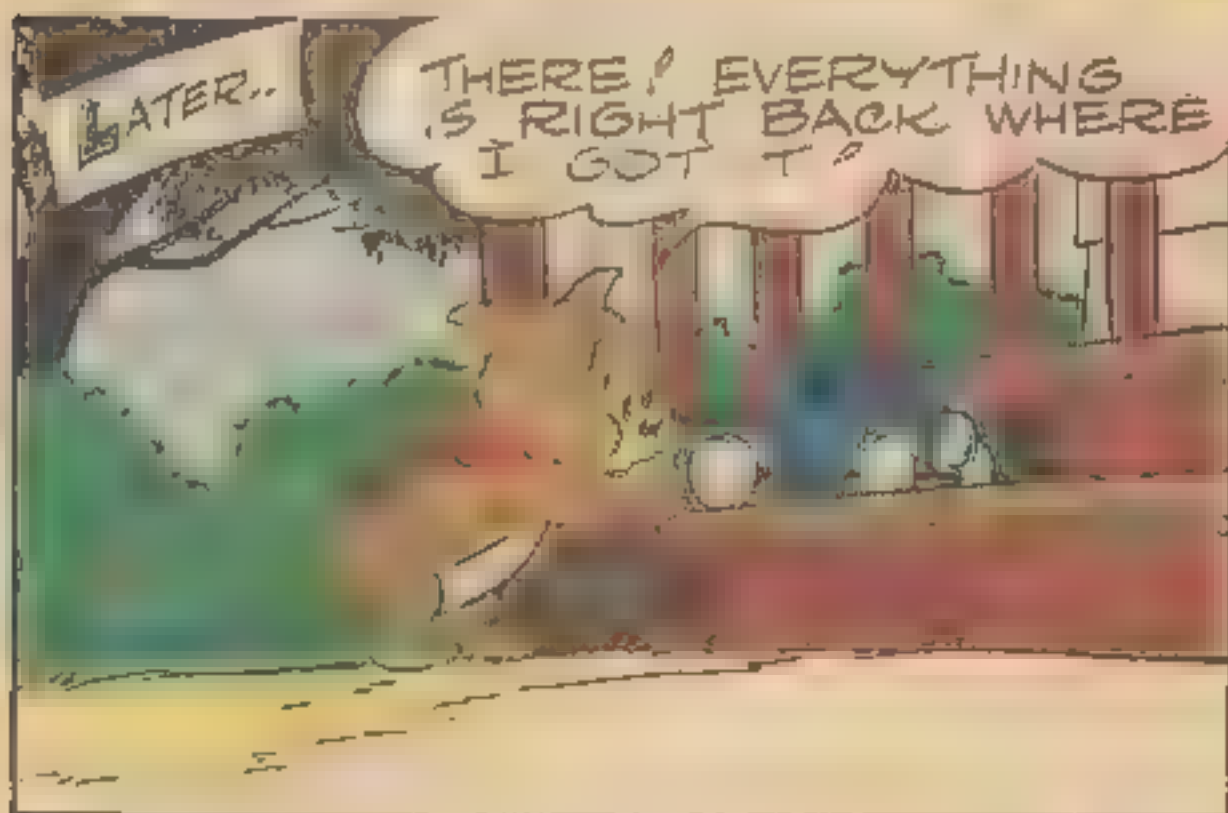
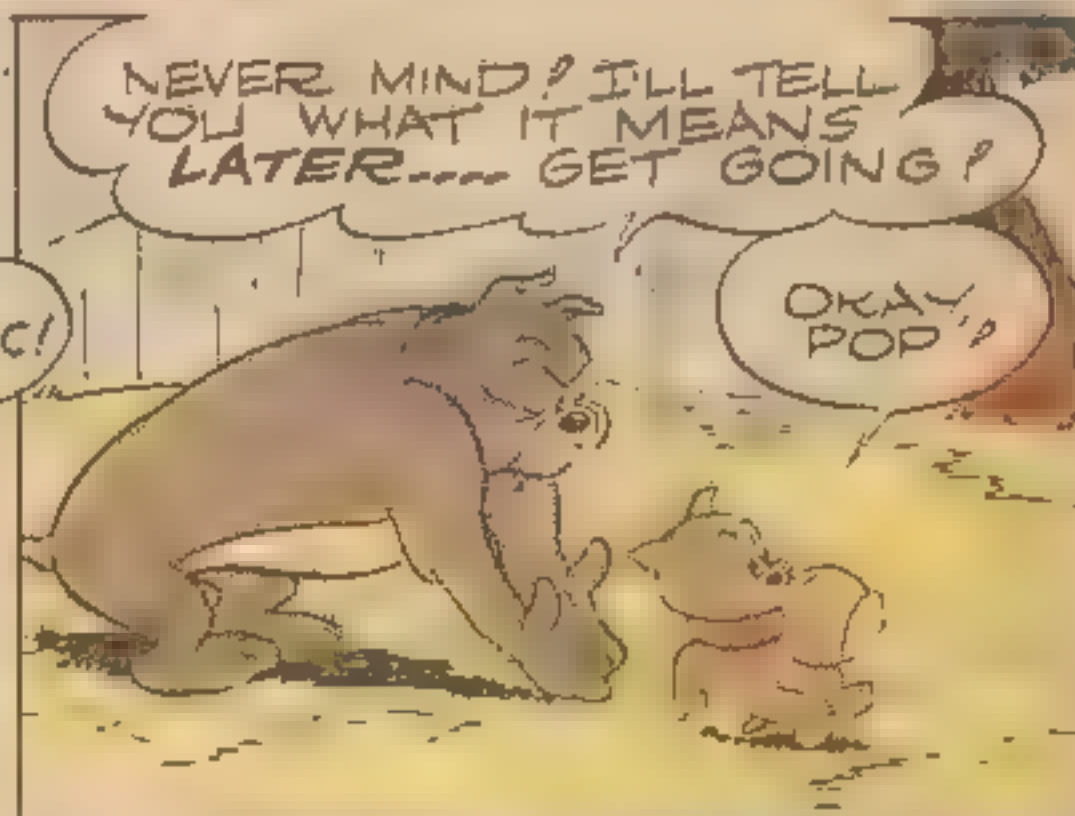
M-G-M-CARTOONS
PRESENT

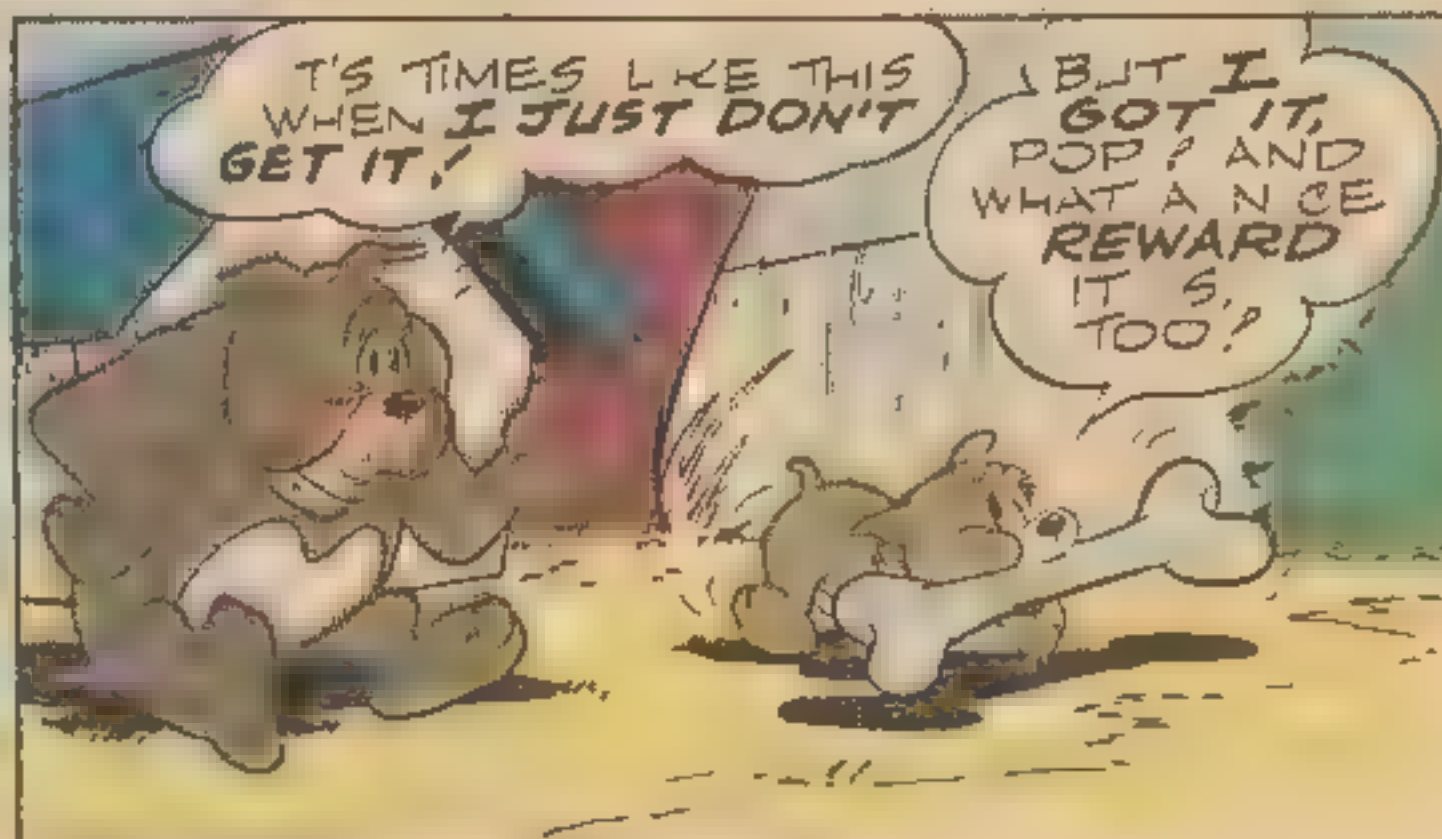
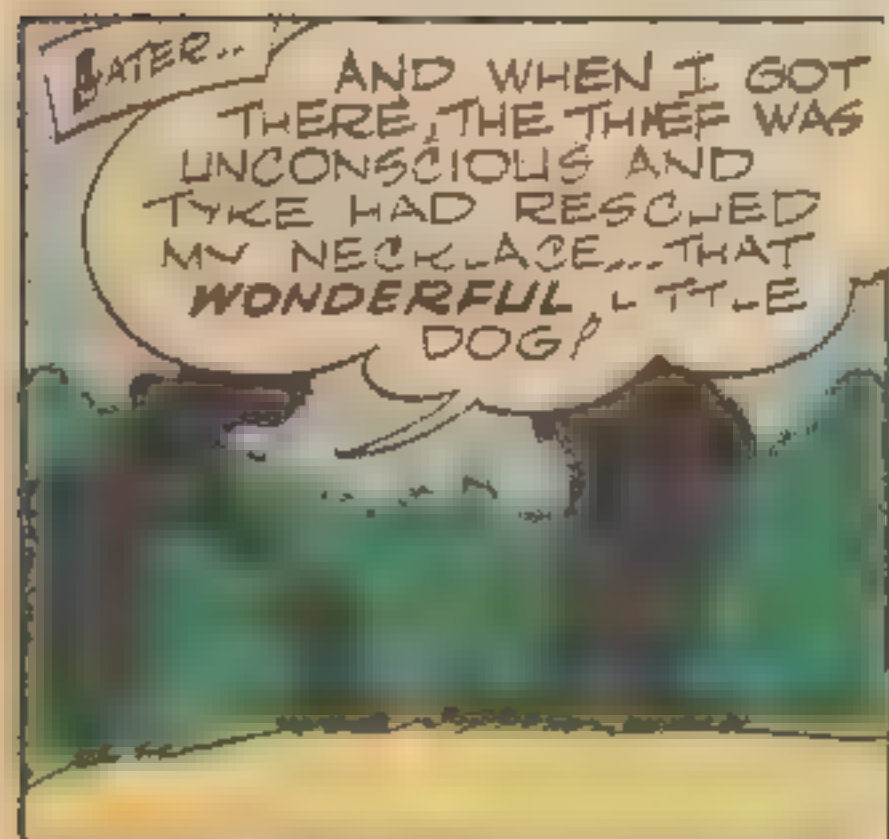
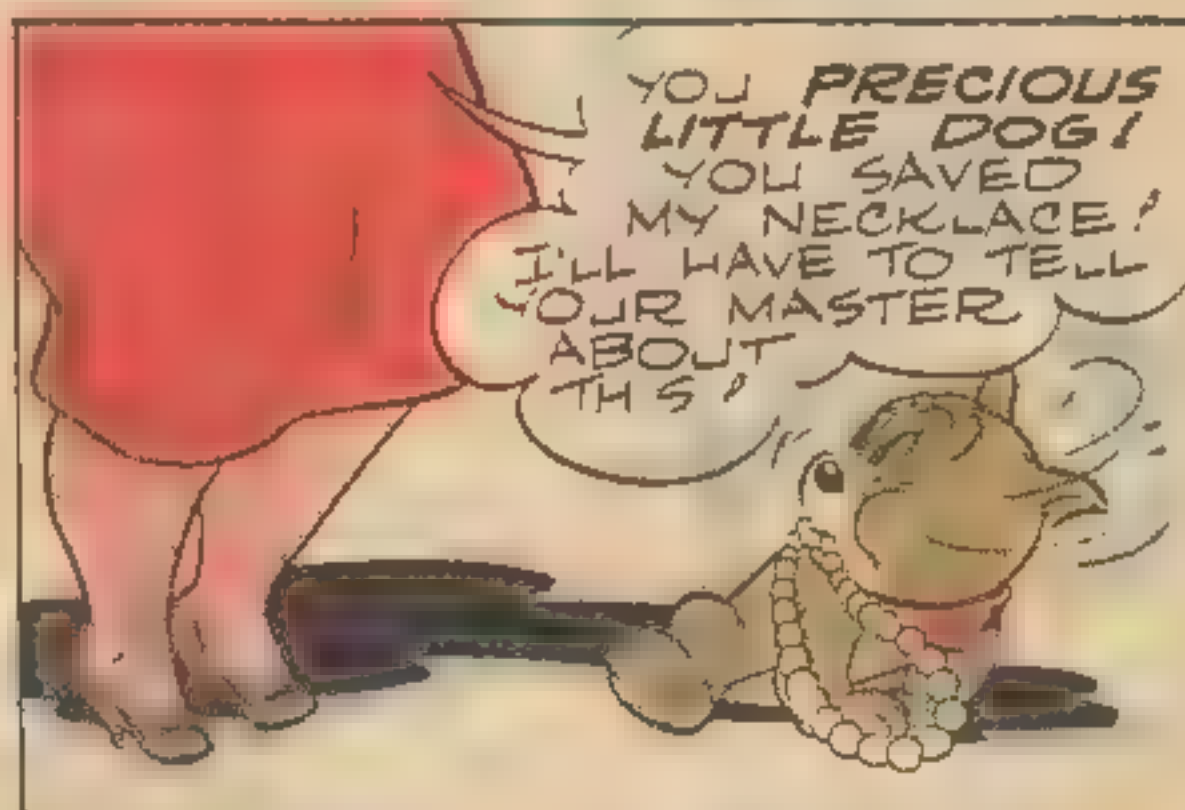
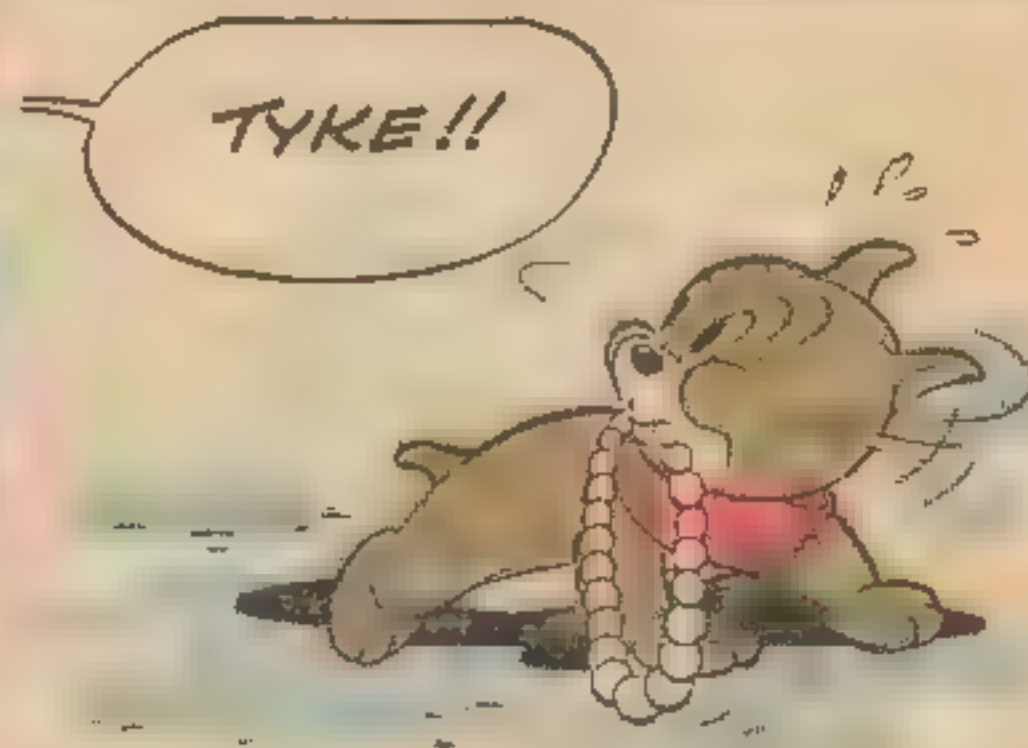
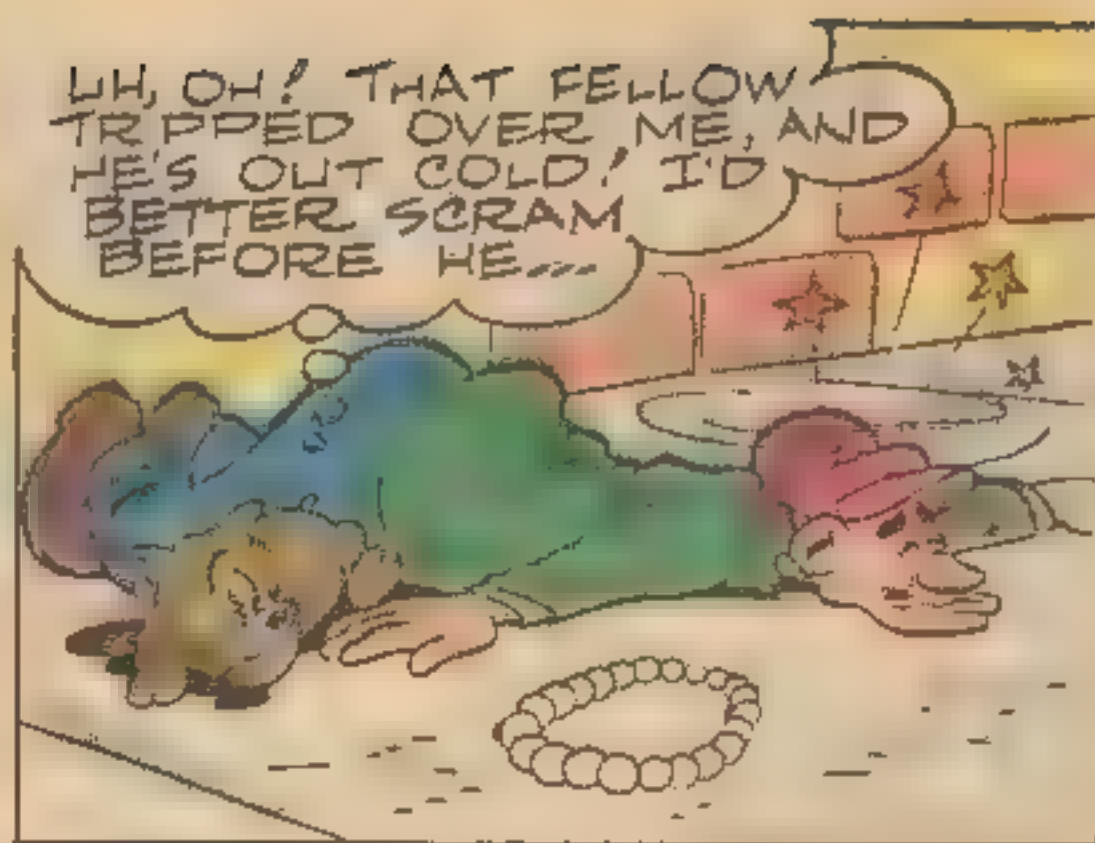
Big TIME AND Little TIME

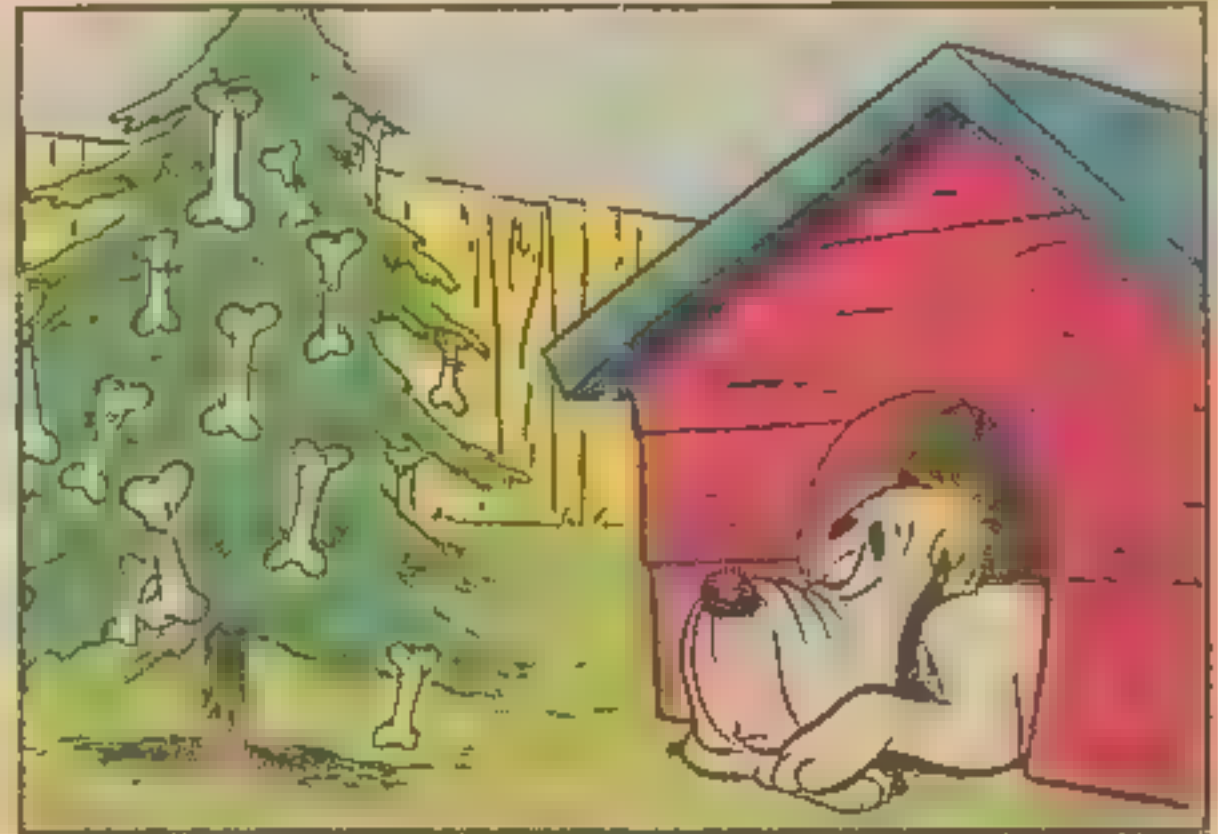
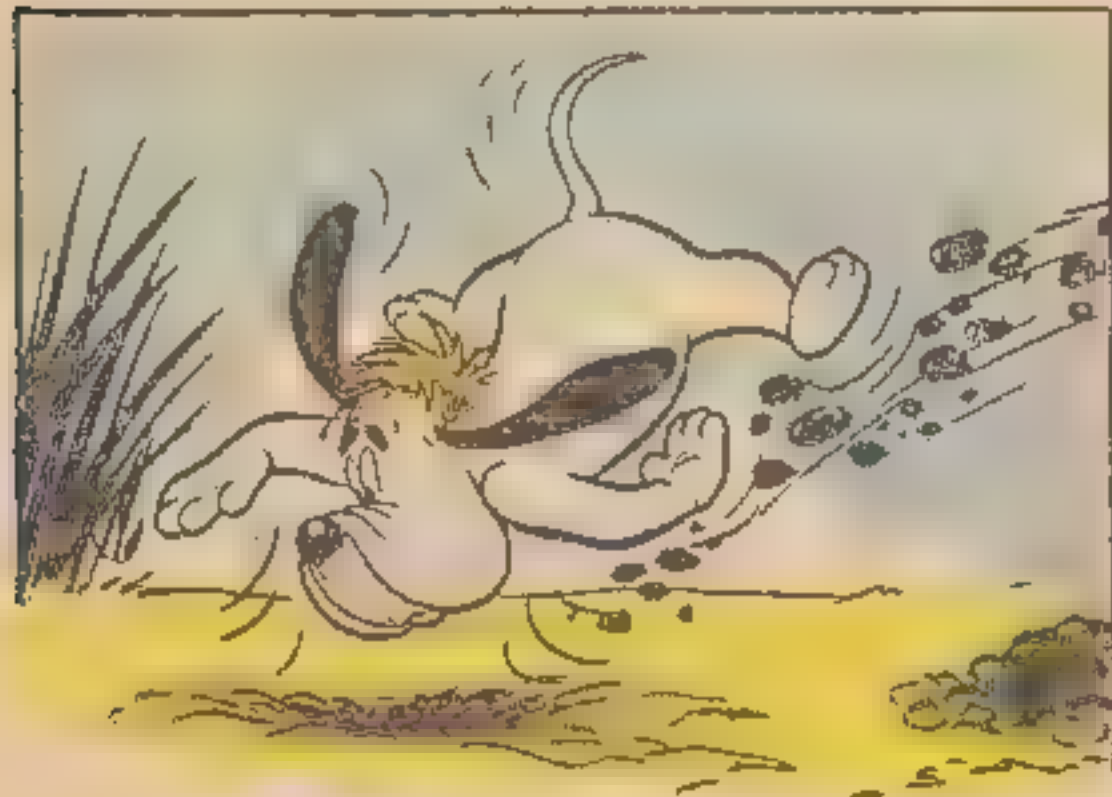
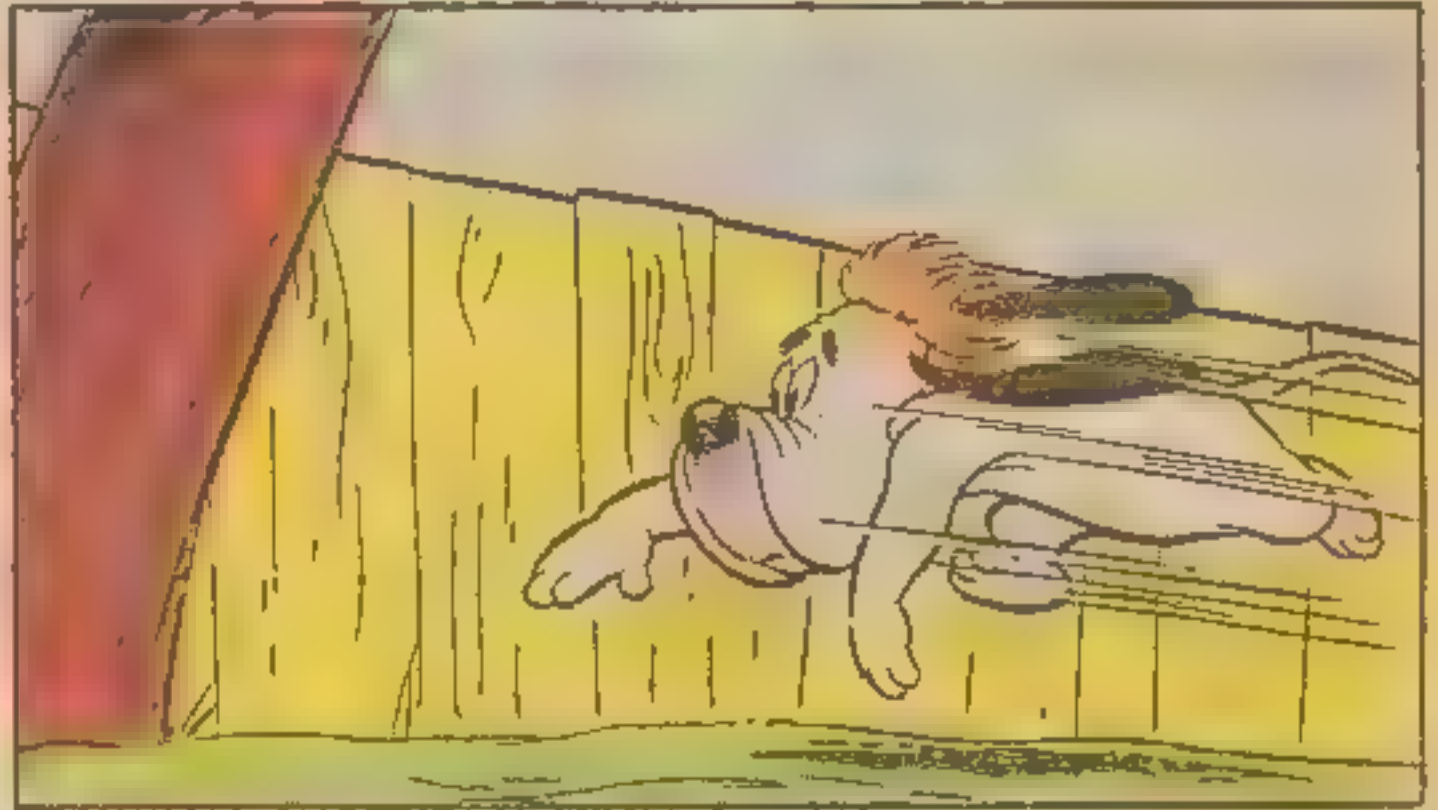
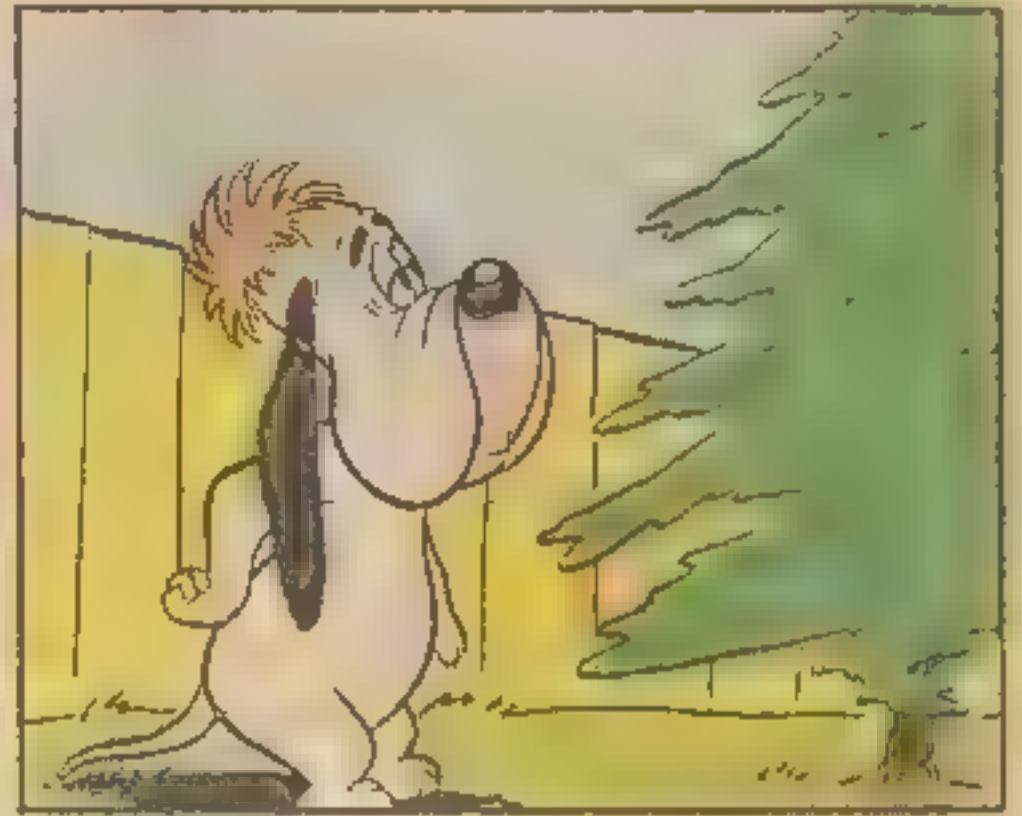
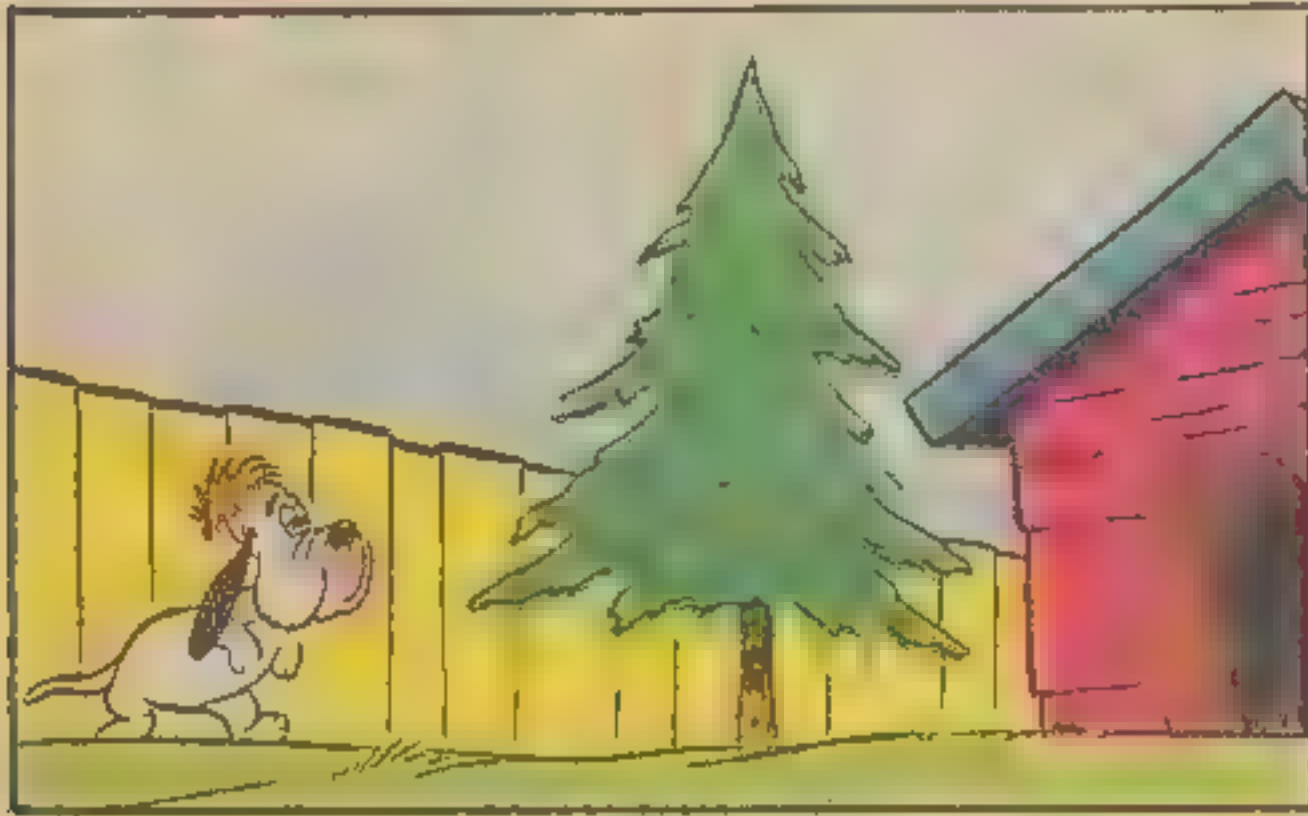
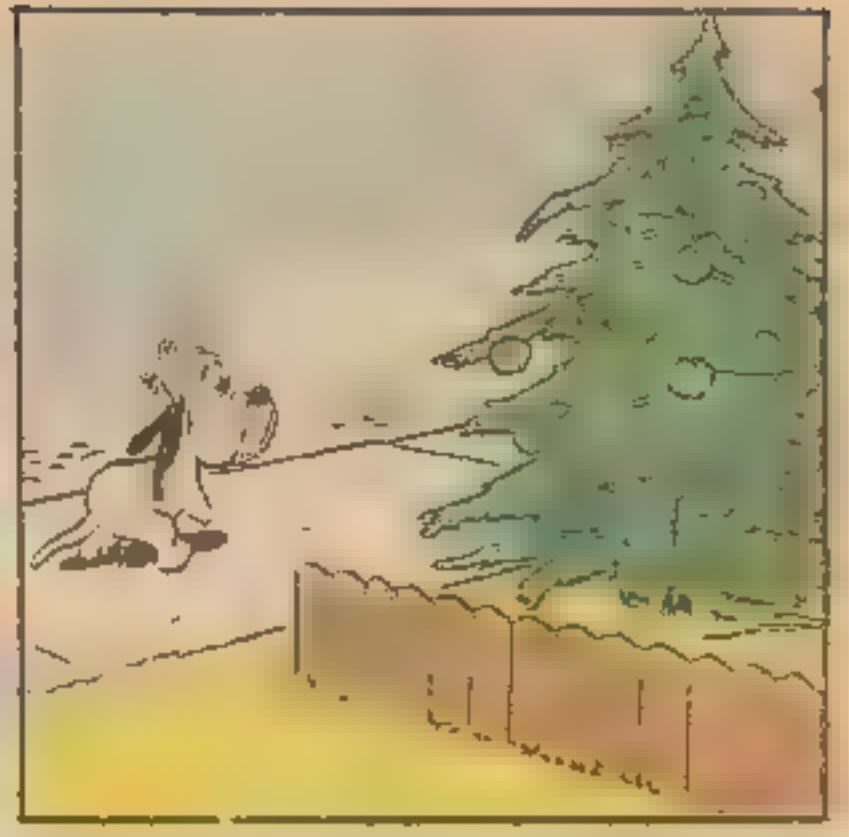














Perching on a high branch of an old elm tree, Bertie Bird was bursting with curiosity. What was going on, down in the yard of the White Cottage? Master and Mistress were scurrying about, as though searching for something. Now and then, they would stop, glance up at the surrounding trees and whistle.

"What in the world are they looking for?" twittered Bertie.

"Me!" piped up a voice behind him.

"Eeeep!" squeaked the startled Bertie. Whirling around, he almost clicked beaks with a tiny canary, who sat hunched up as close to him as possible.

"Be quiet!" said the canary. "Do you want my Mistress to see me?"

"Why not?" asked Bertie. "Who are you, and what are you up to, anyway?"

"Well, you see," the little canary explained, "I've been cooped up in a cage all my life. And, this morning, when my Mistress let me out to fly about the house, I discovered an open window and out I popped. I intended to take a trip around the world. But now, I'm too scared to even leave this tree."

"Then it's a good thing you met ME," answered Bertie. "I've been pretty' nearly everywhere. I'll be glad to show you around."

"Oh, how WONDERFUL! Thank you, Mister Bird!" cheeped the canary, beaming at Bertie.

Bertie twittered self-consciously. "Aw! I'm not a MISTER. I'm just plain Bertie."

"And I'm just plain Cathy," giggled the little canary.

So, being properly introduced, Cathy Canary and Bertie Bird flew away from the elm tree and started out to see the world.

What a frightening, noisy place it seemed to timid, young Cathy who had always led such a sheltered life. For the first few miles of the journey, she spent most of her time screaming, "What's that?" and darting for the safety of a tree.

"My goodness!" Bertie exclaimed. "If you're going to be so scary, we won't get anywhere!"

"I'm sorry, Bertie!" said Cathy. "I'll try to be brave."

And she did try — though barking dogs, honking auto horns, train whistles, and chugging tractors sent tingling chills up and down her spine. Then, suddenly, with a swish and a mighty roar, a red airplane zoomed low over their heads. This was too much! Frozen with terror, Cathy was unable to flap her wings. Down, down, down she dropped!

"Cathy! Cathy!" called Bertie, nose diving after her. "Quick! Use your wings!"

But Cathy was too stunned to understand. She just kept dropping earthward with terrific speed.

"I've GOT to save her!" exclaimed Bertie. Quick as a flash, he zigzagged away from Cathy, nose dived downward, and swerved. Meeting head-on with Cathy, he jolted her back to her senses. Fluttering weakly and

with Bertie's encouragement, Cathy made a perfect landing on the soft grass.

"Phew!" Bertie exclaimed. "I thought you were a goner for sure!"

"What happened?" asked Cathy, still dazed.

"An airplane flew over us and scared you stiff!" he explained.

Cathy perked up. "I remember! And it HIT me, too!"

"No, it didn't! That was ME!" laughed Bertie, telling her all about it.

"Oh, dear!" sighed Cathy. "I guess I'll never get used to all the scary noises in the world."

"Sure you will," Bertie consoled her. "It just takes time. Come on, I'll show you a place where it's quiet and peaceful. And NOTHING will scare you!" So off they flew to a pretty winding stream, where tall trees and lovely wild flowers grew. Cathy thought it was beautiful.

Spying Bertie and Cathy perching contentedly in a tree at the water's edge, Carl Kingfisher flew up to join them.

"Please show Cathy how you dive for fish, Carl," begged Bertie.

"It will be a pleasure," chirped Carl. Hopping along toward the end of the branch, Carl gazed down into the sparkling stream — spotted a fish, and suddenly, swoosh! — splash! — into the water he dived.

"My goodness!" gasped Cathy. "He'll be drowned!"

However, Carl soon popped up again holding a small fish in his beak. Flying back to the branch, he struck the fish against the bark, then gobbled it down whole.

Cathy was impressed, "That was WONDERFUL!" she cried, "Do it again!"

But just at that moment, they heard a rush of wings above them. "An EAGLE!" screamed Bertie, glancing skyward. This time, Carl was not the only one who dived into the water. In their panic, Bertie and Cathy splashed in right behind him.

"Gurgleblubgurp!" sputtered Cathy, thrashing wildly about.

And, poor brave little Bertie was unable to save her. Both little birds would have drowned, if Carl had not come to their rescue. Pulling them out by their pin feathers, Carl laid them on the bank, and soon they were none the worse for their ducking. But Cathy had had enough of the outside world.

"Oh, Bertie!" she wailed. "Please take me home! I don't want to travel any more!"

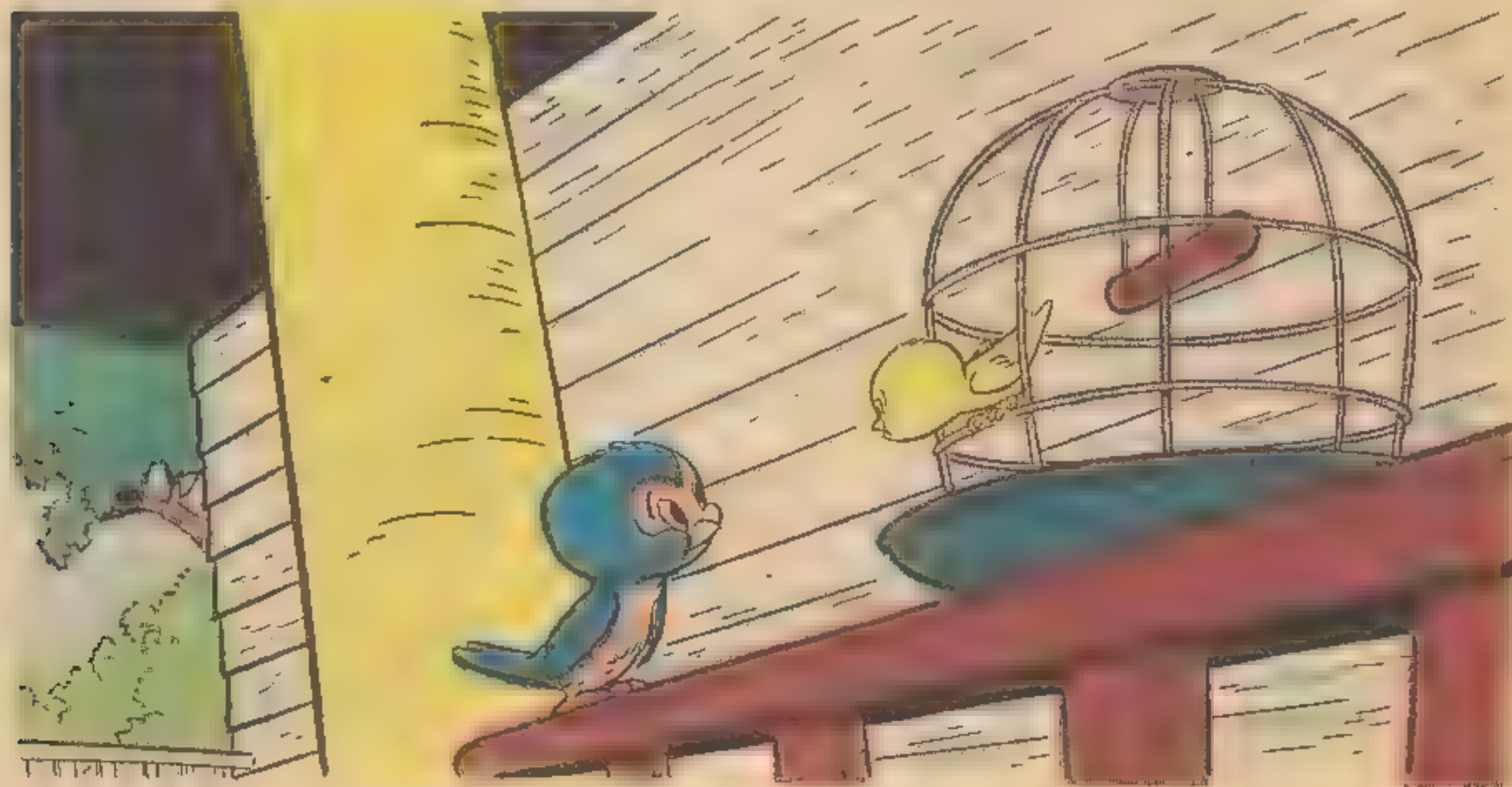
So, after thanking Carl and bidding him goodbye, Bertie took Cathy back to the White Cottage.

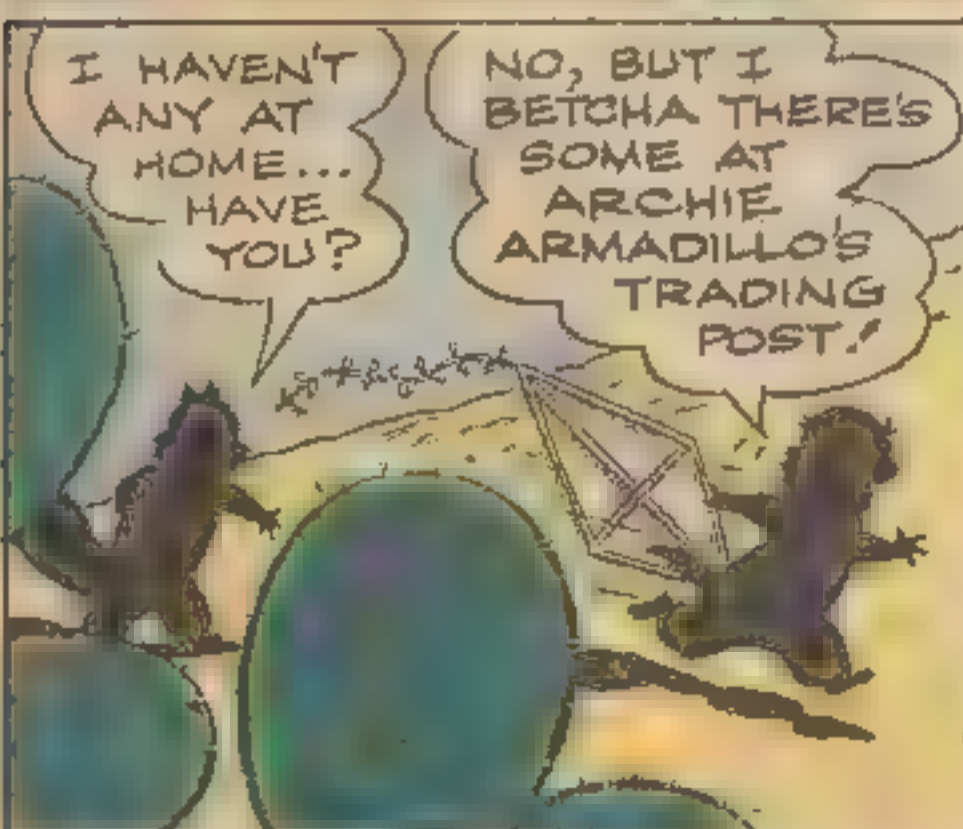
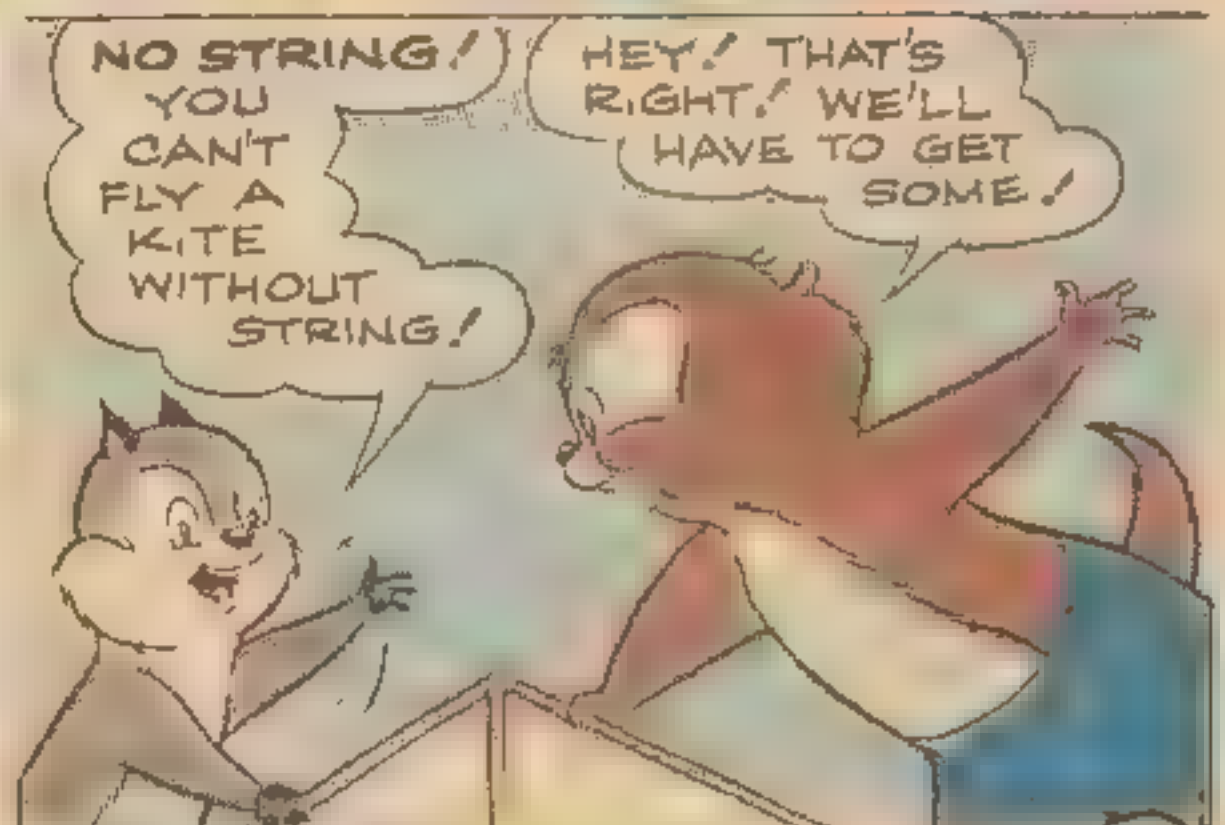
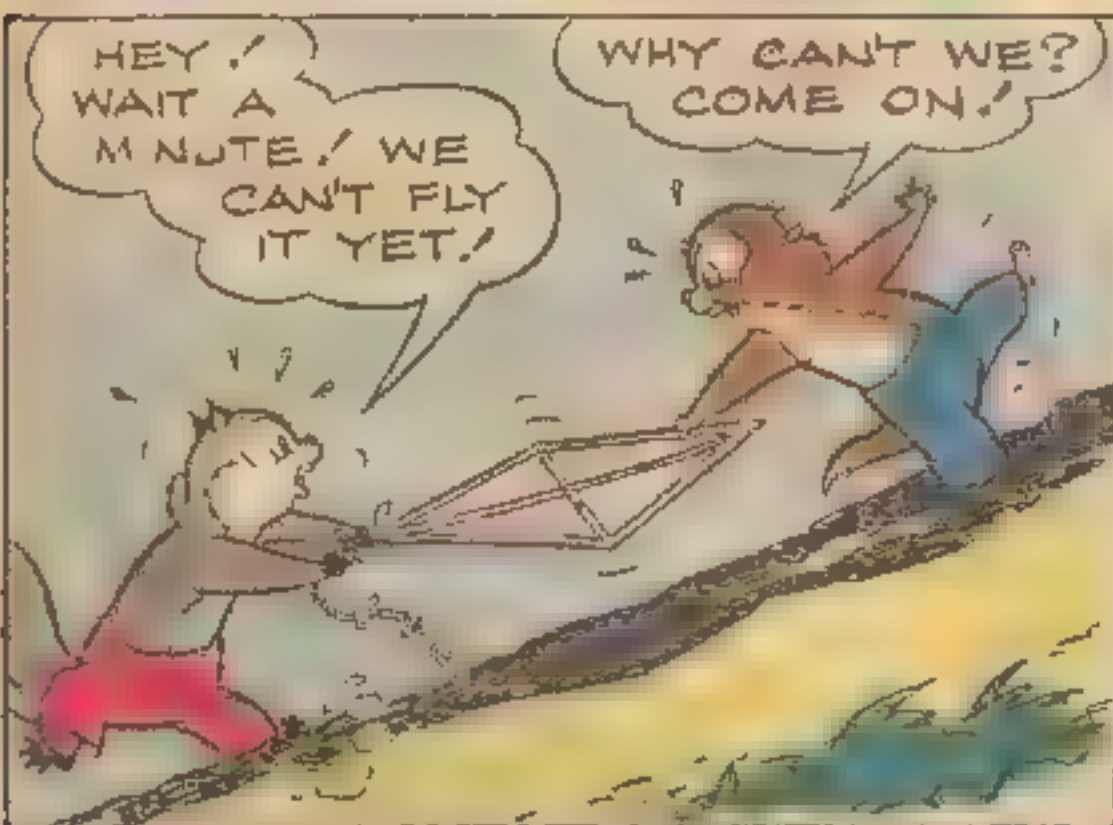
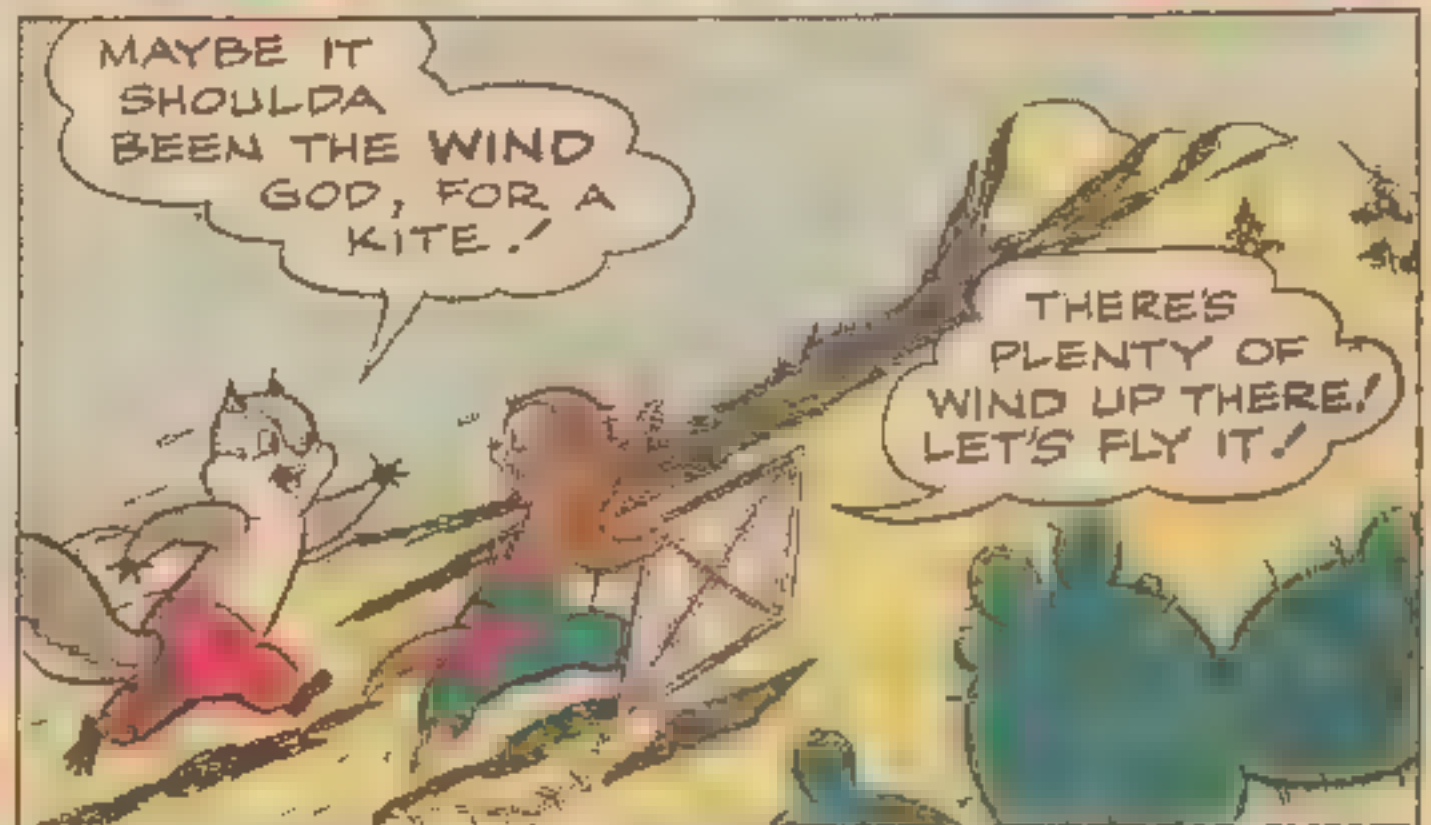
Promising to come and visit her every day, Bertie flew off to his hollow tree home.

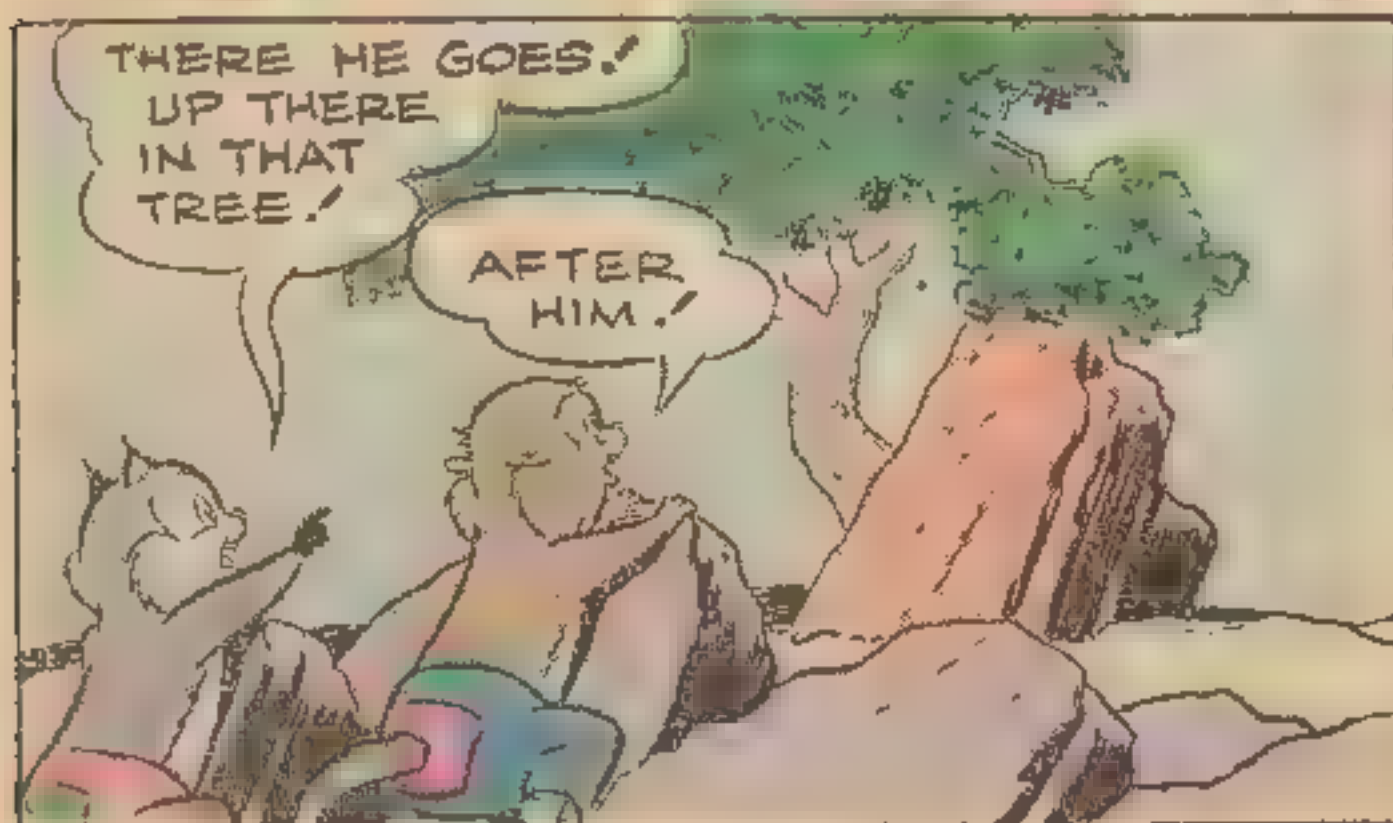
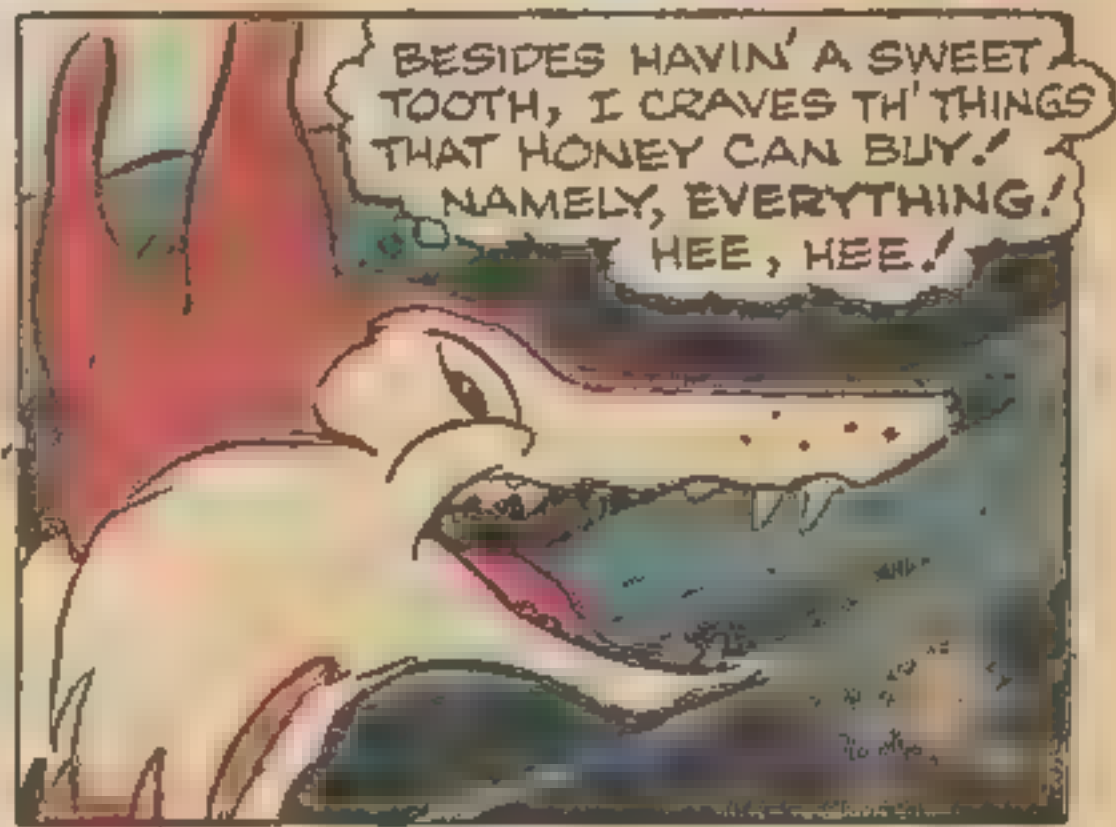
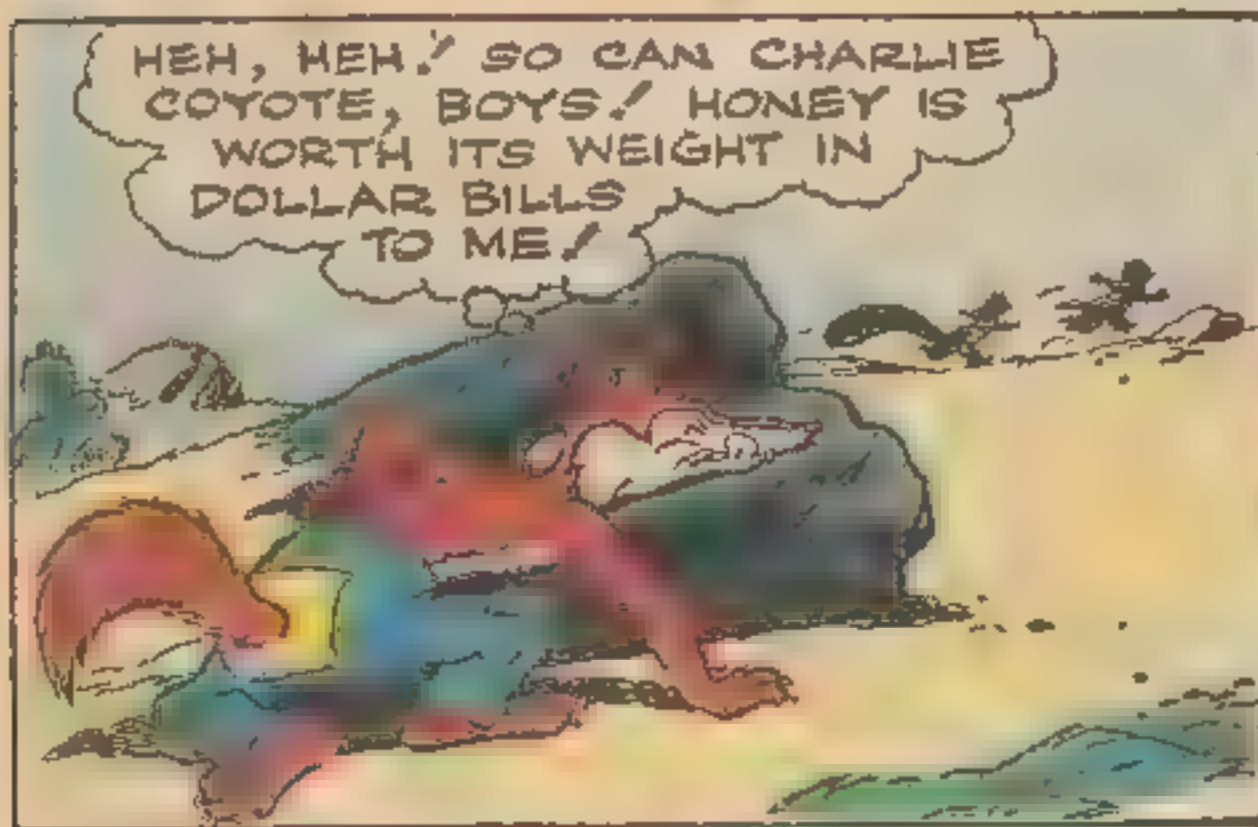
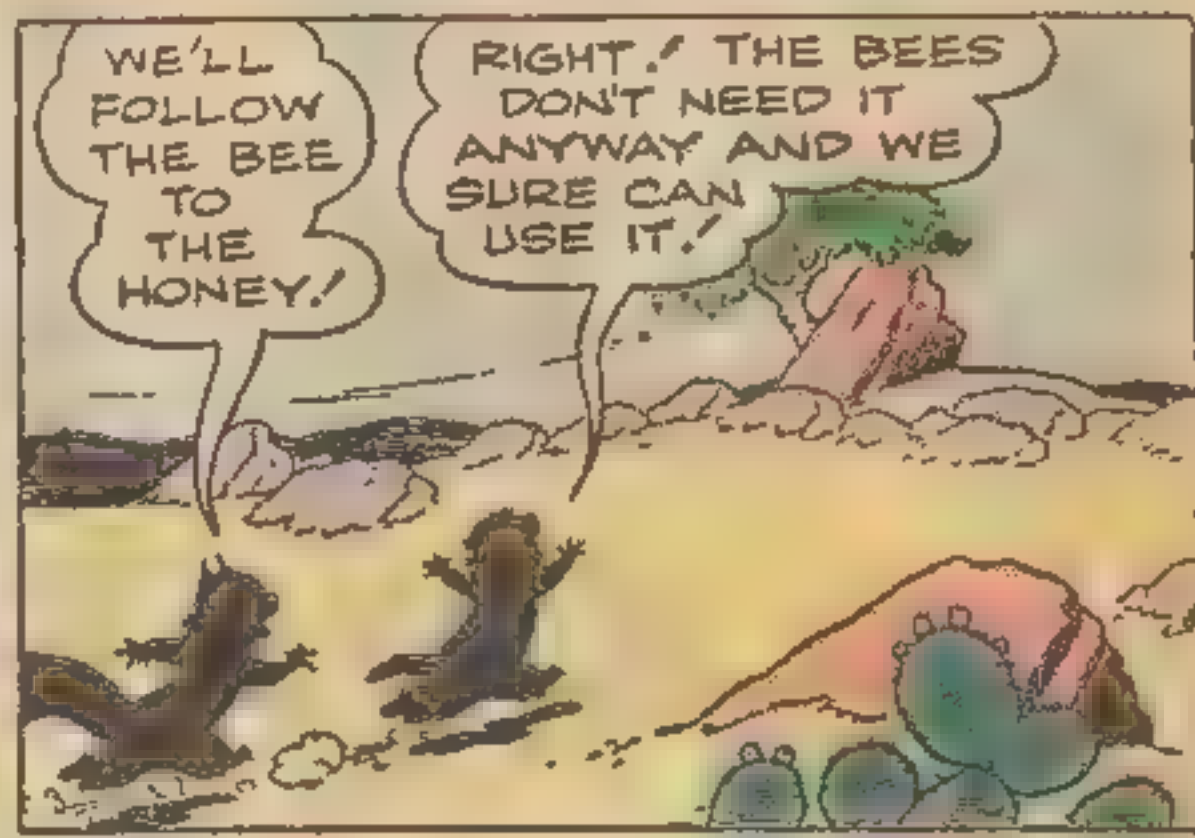
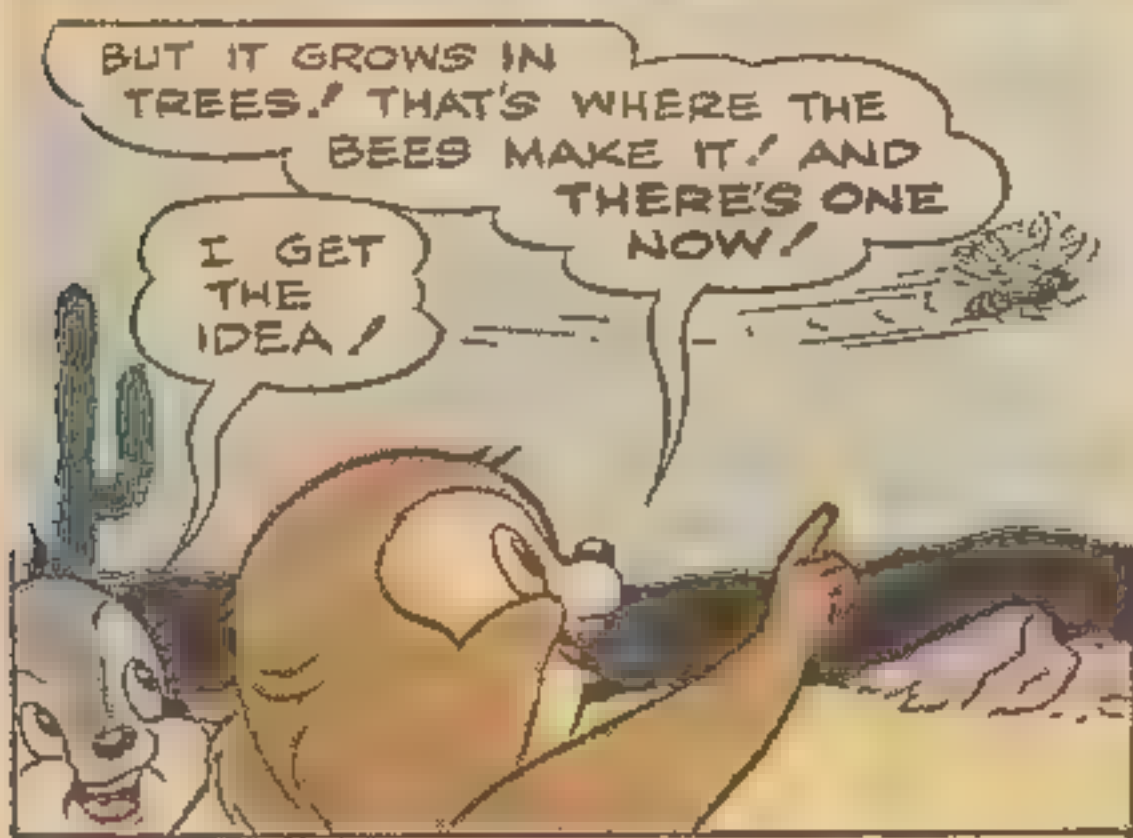
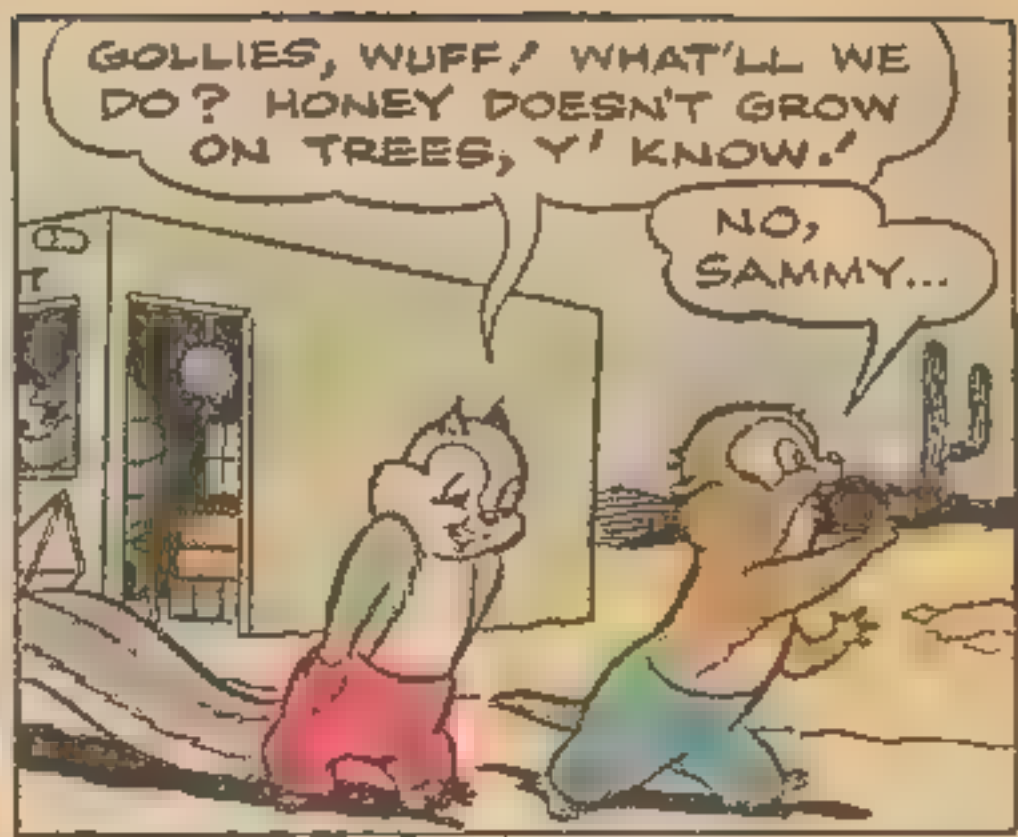
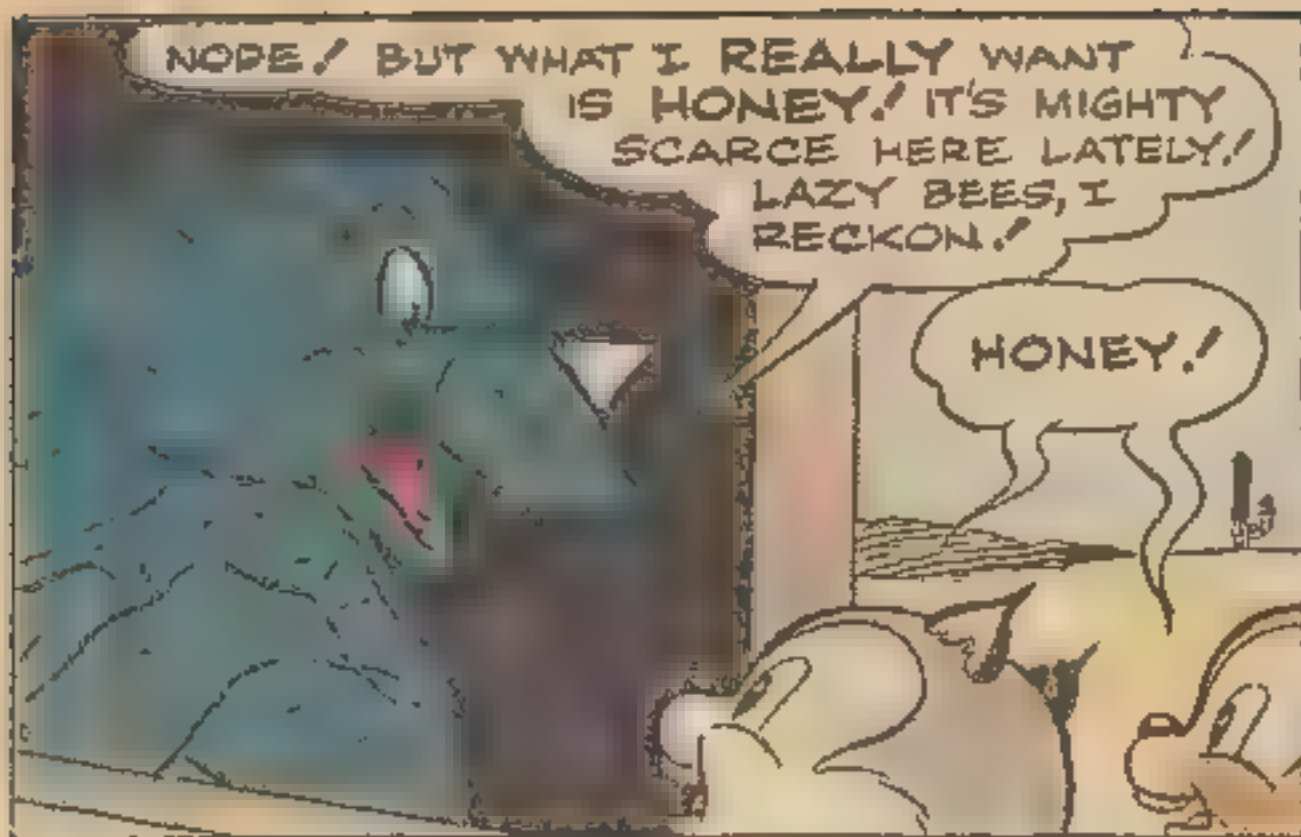
From then on, every day that Cathy's cage was hung on the porch, Bertie arrived to tell thrilling tales of the rest of the world.

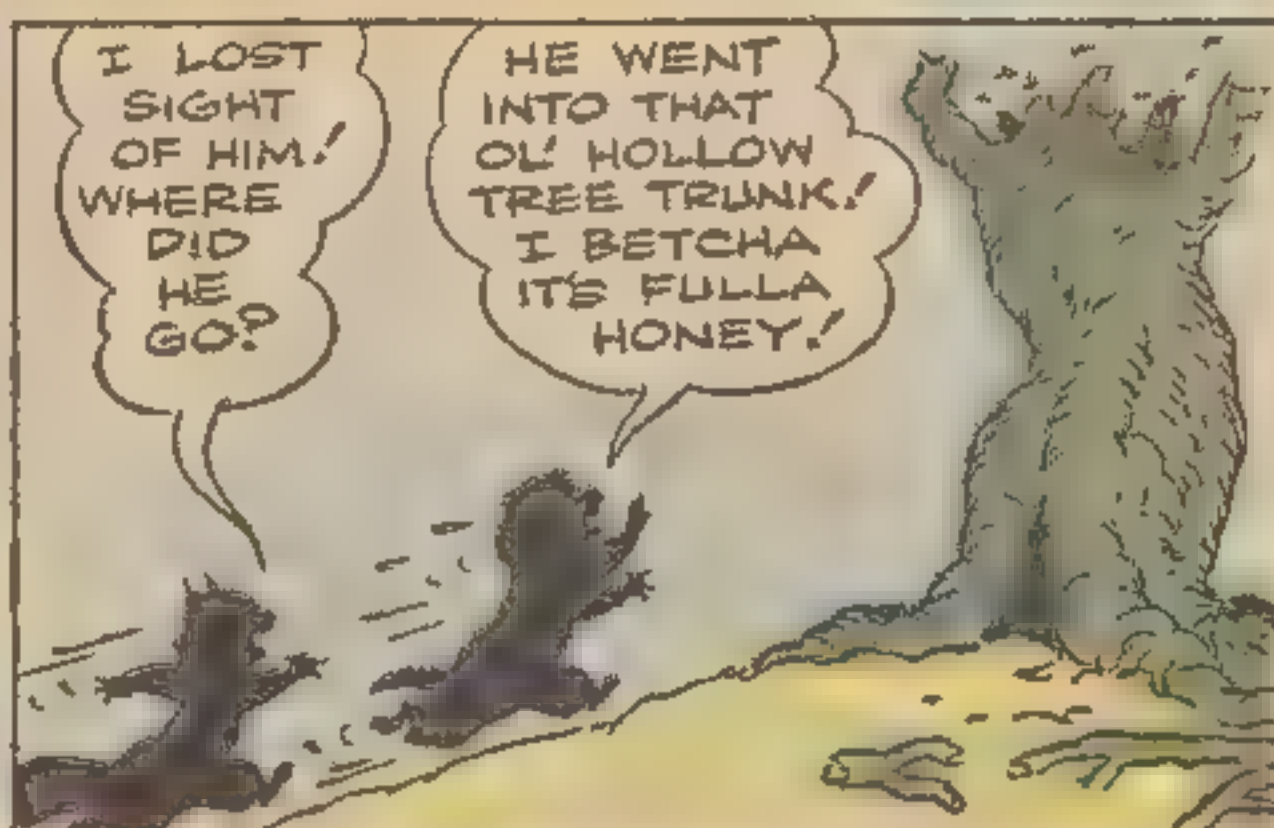
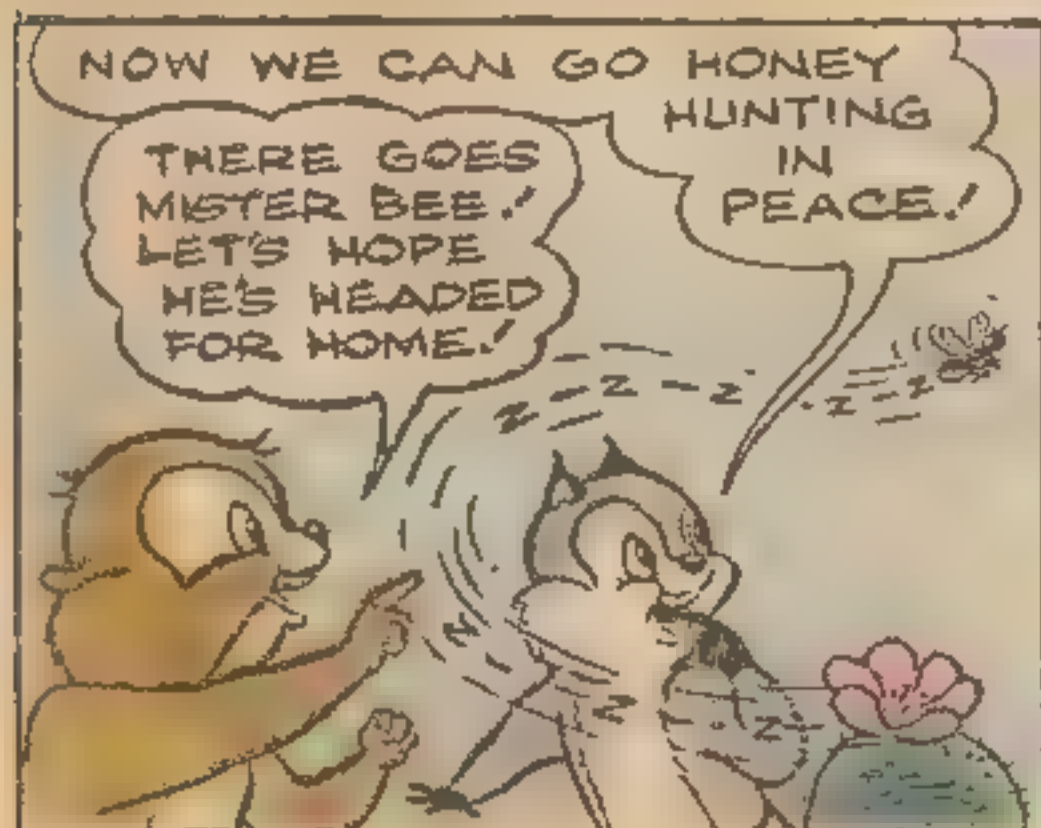
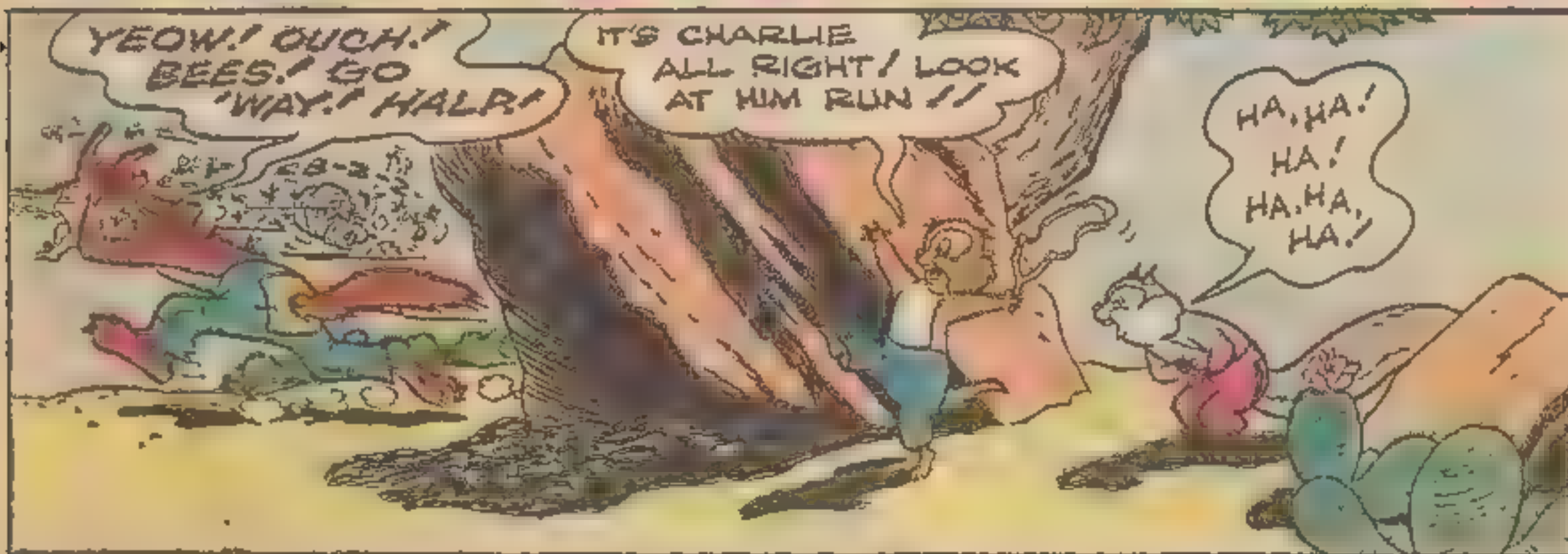
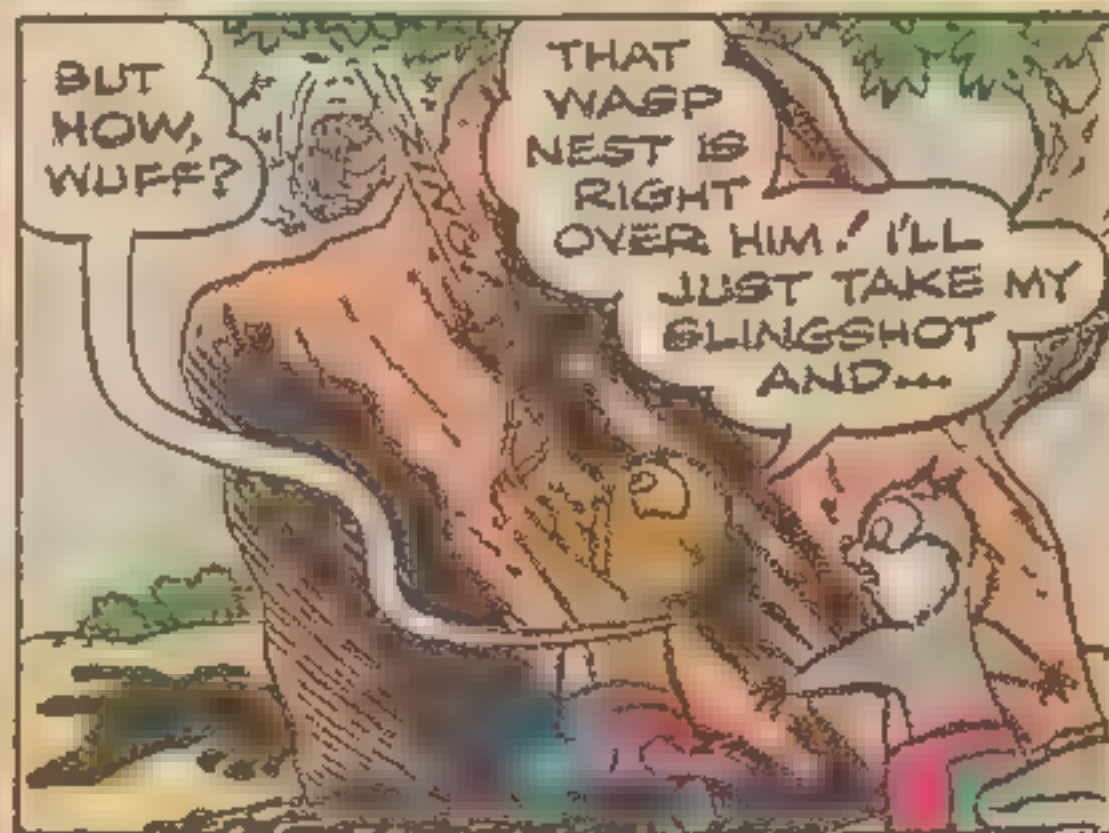
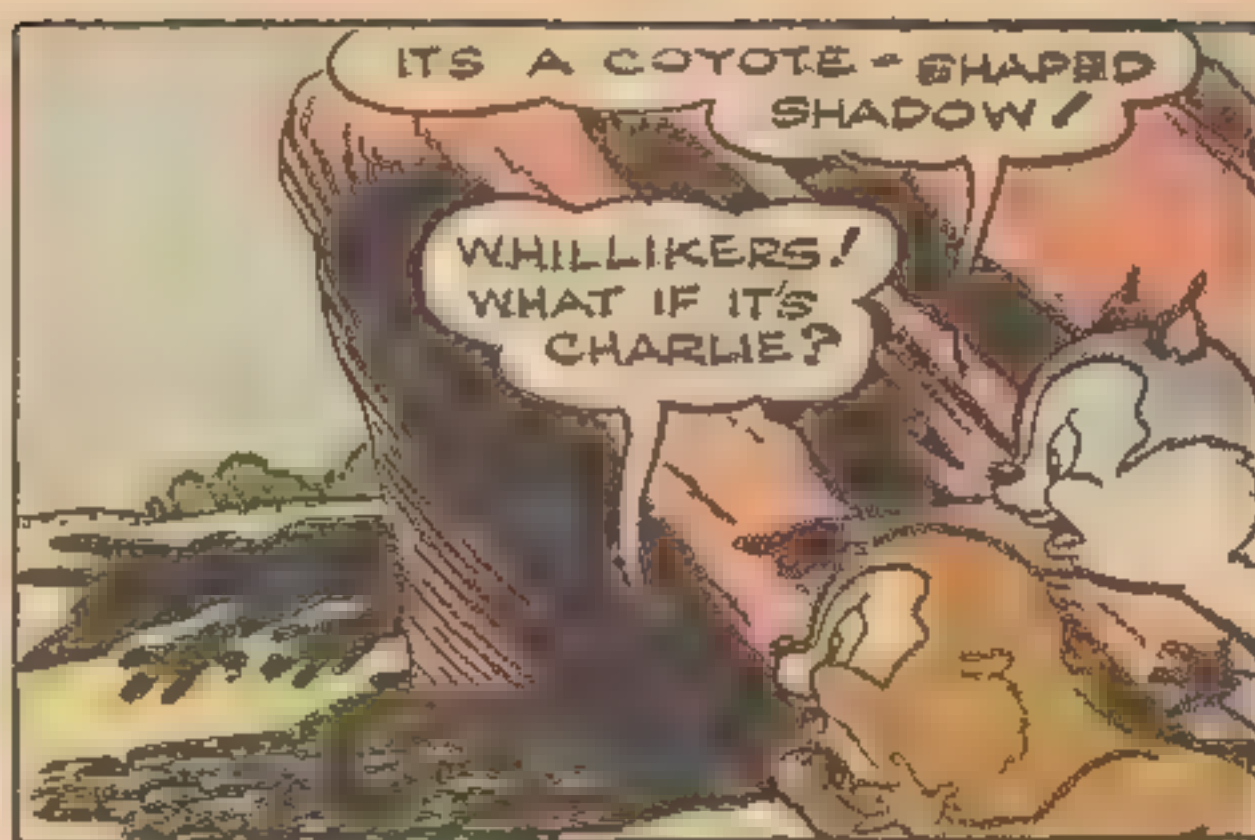
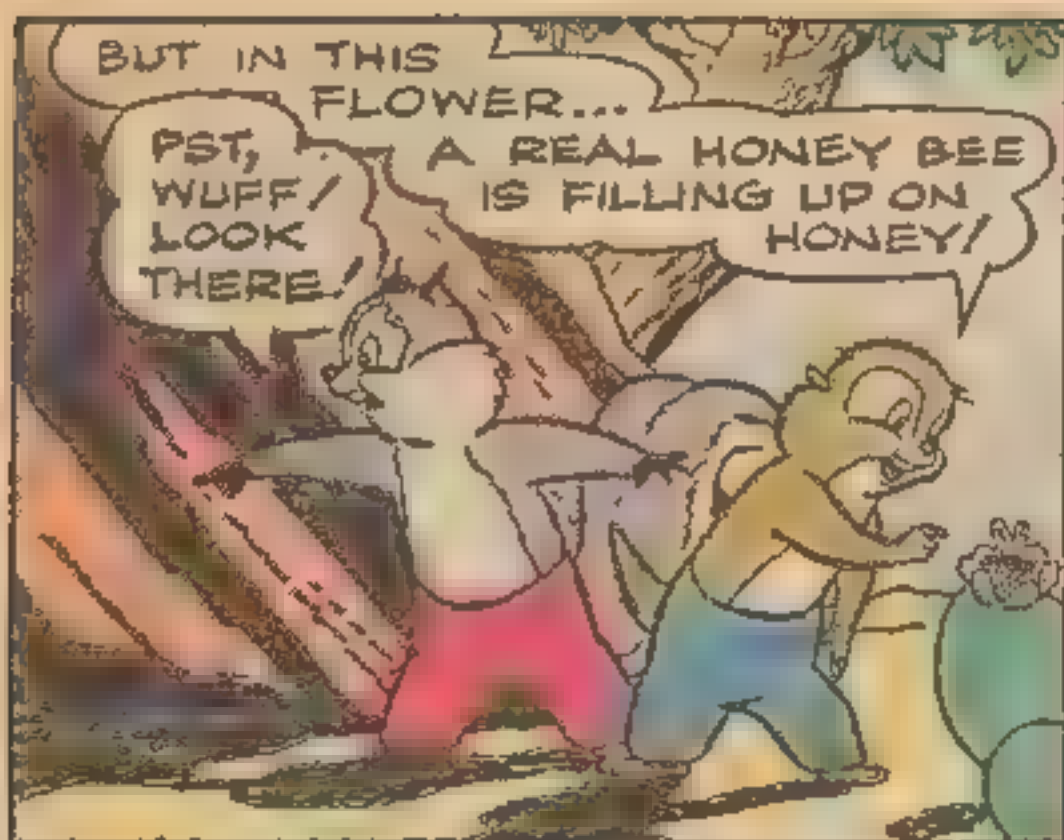
"I like this lots better than traveling," chirped Cathy happily. "It's so SAFE!"

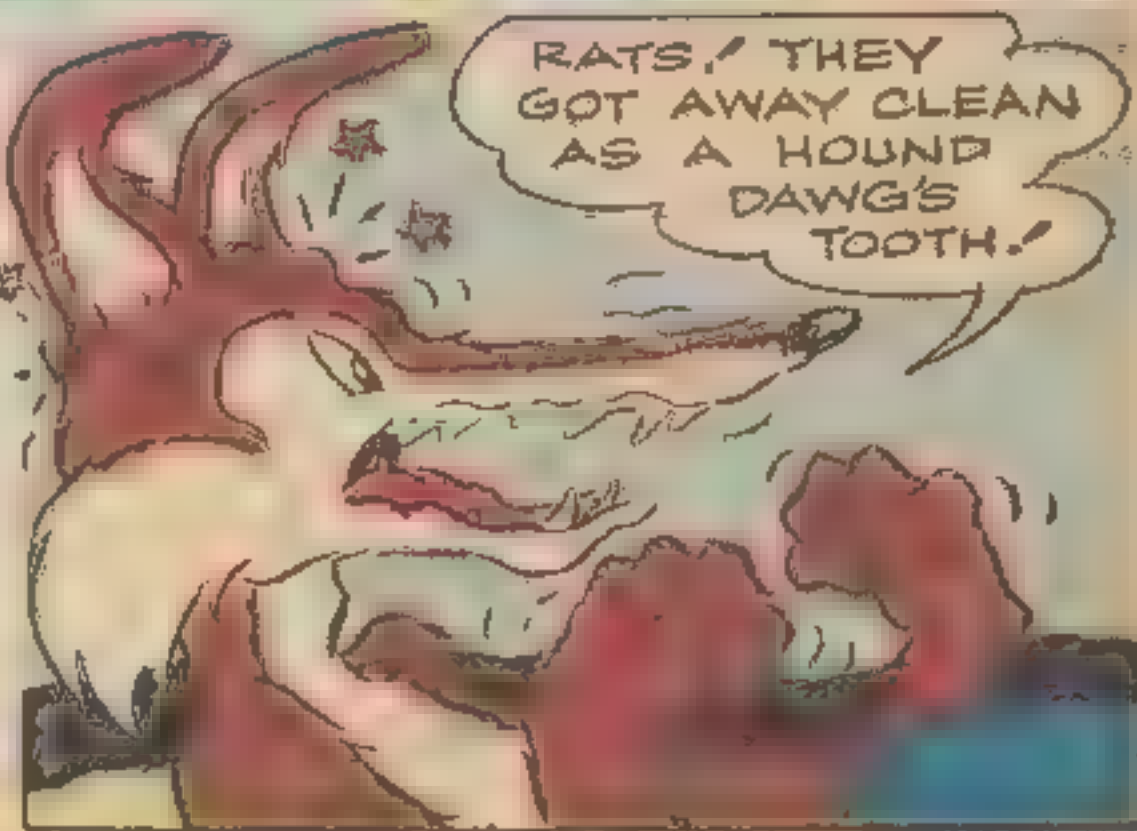
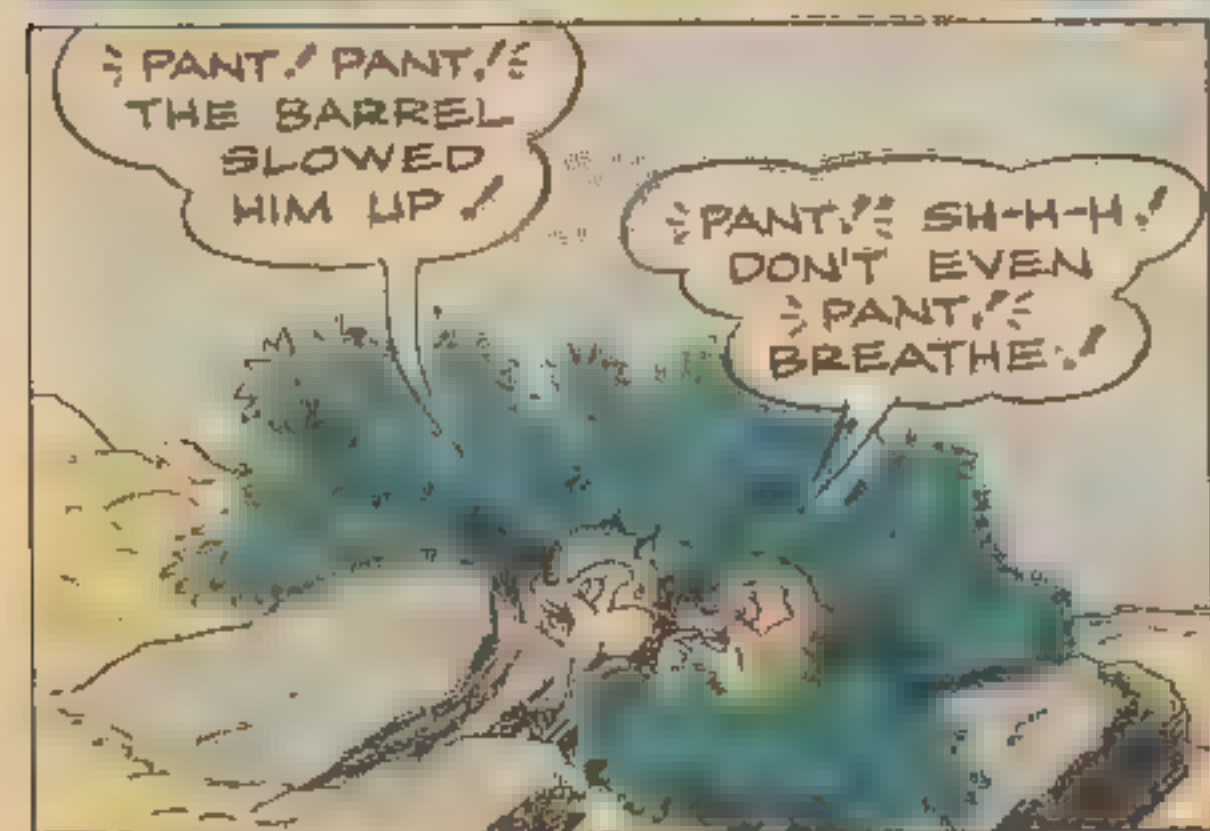
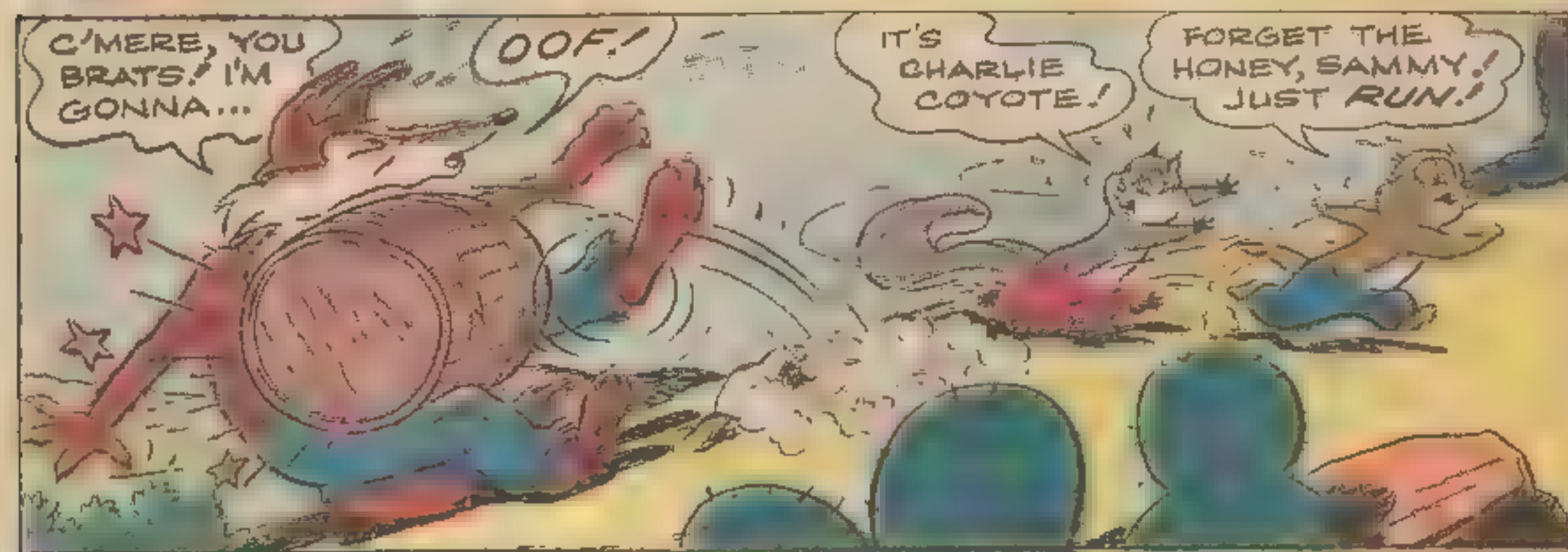
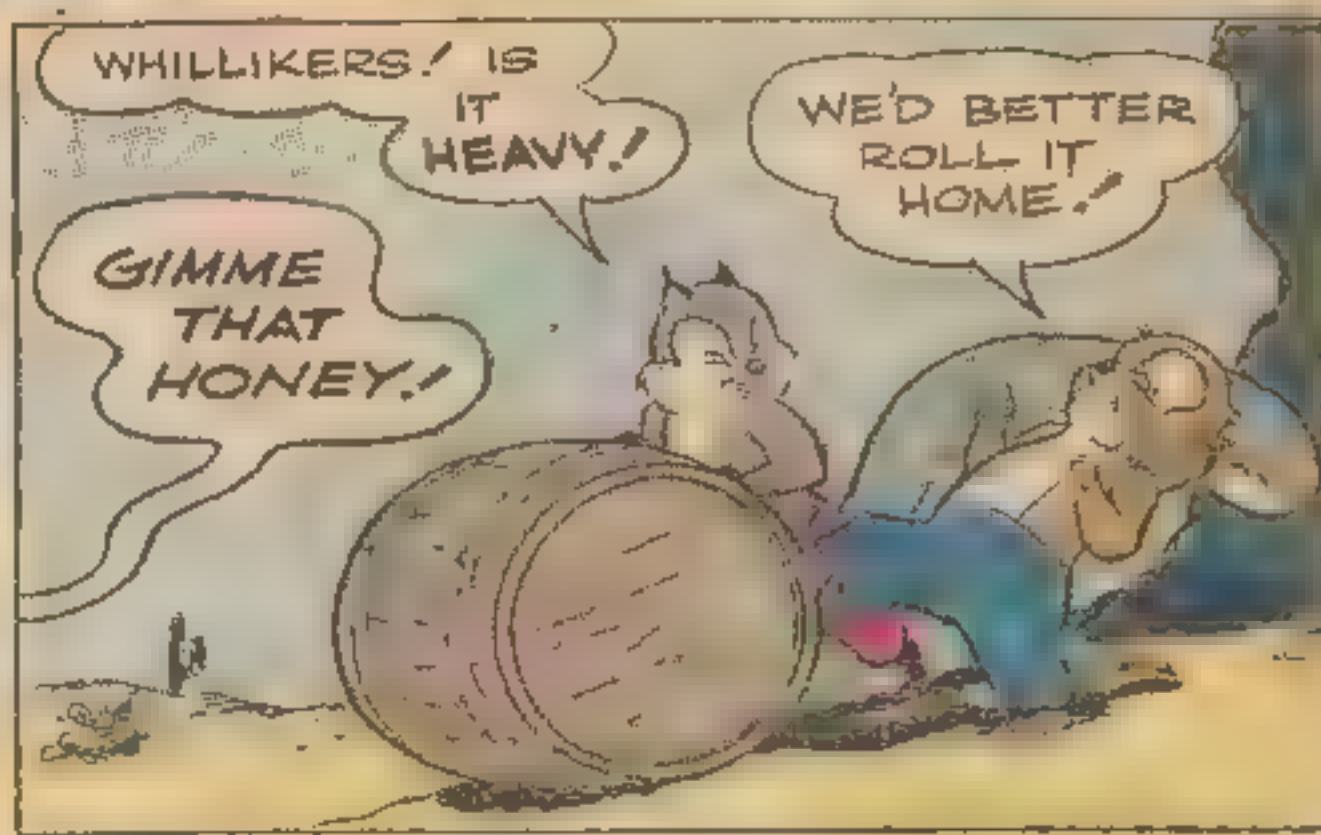
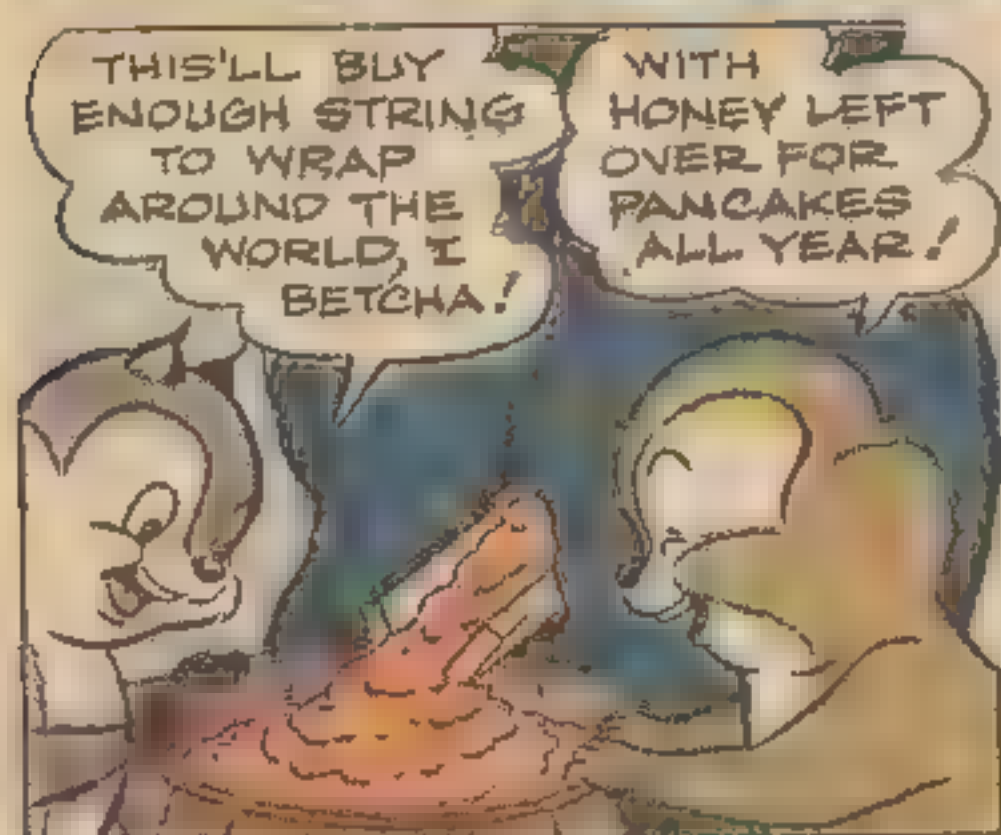
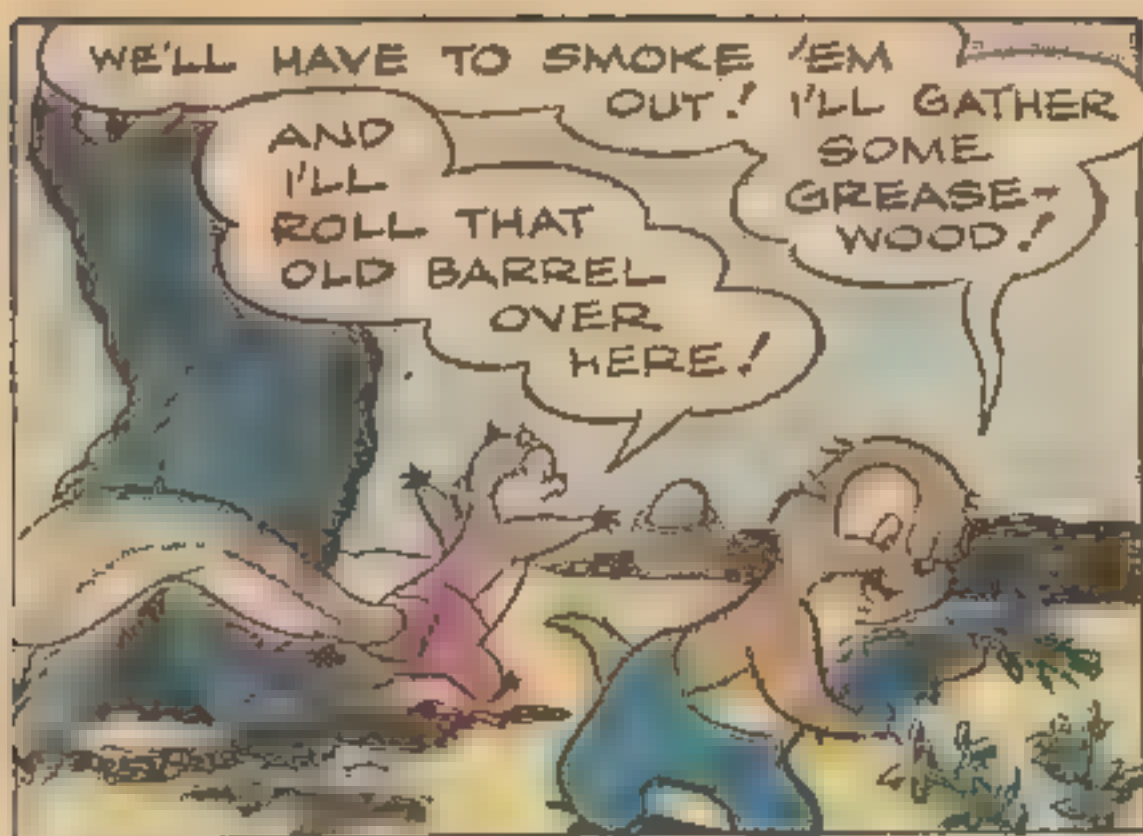
Bertie liked it, too!









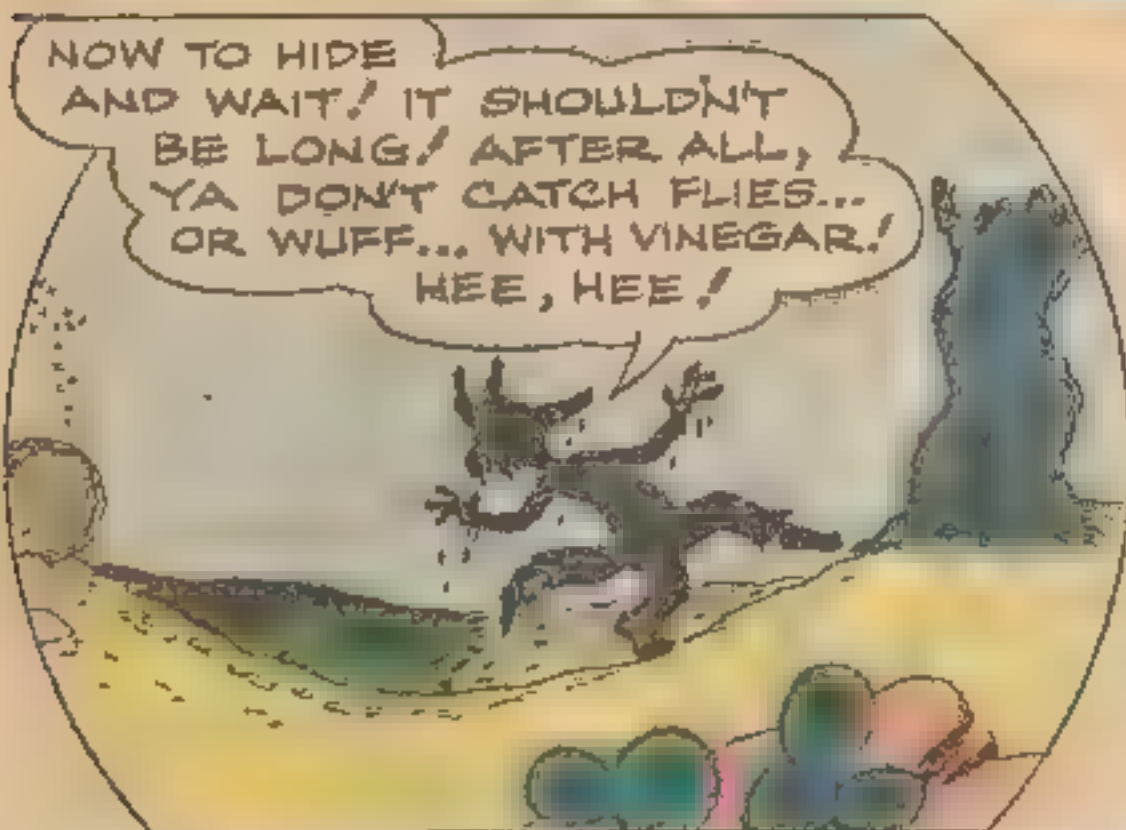




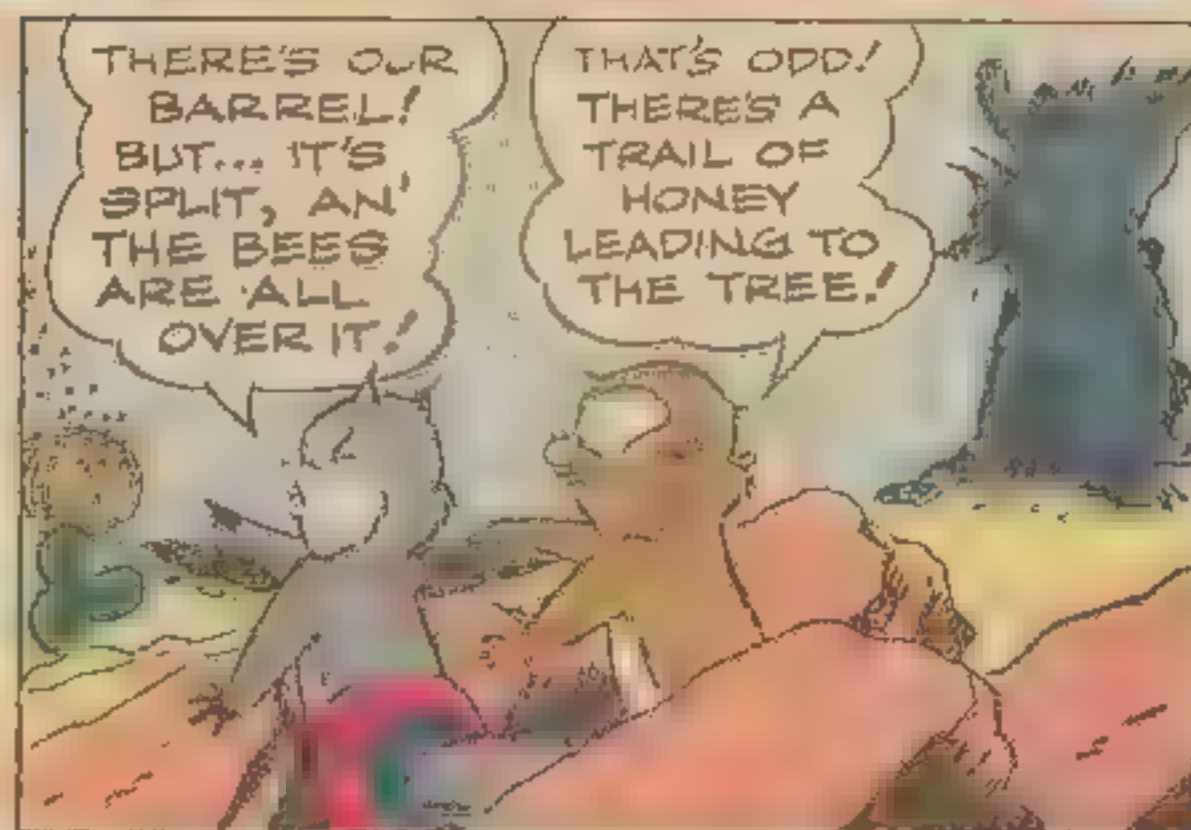
BUT THEY'LL BE BACK, LOOKING FOR TH' HONEY! HM-M-M, TH' BARREL GOT SPLIT A LITTLE BIT!



YUM, YUM, DEE-LICIOUS! TEE, HEE, IT'S THE SWEETEST JOB I EVER PULLED!

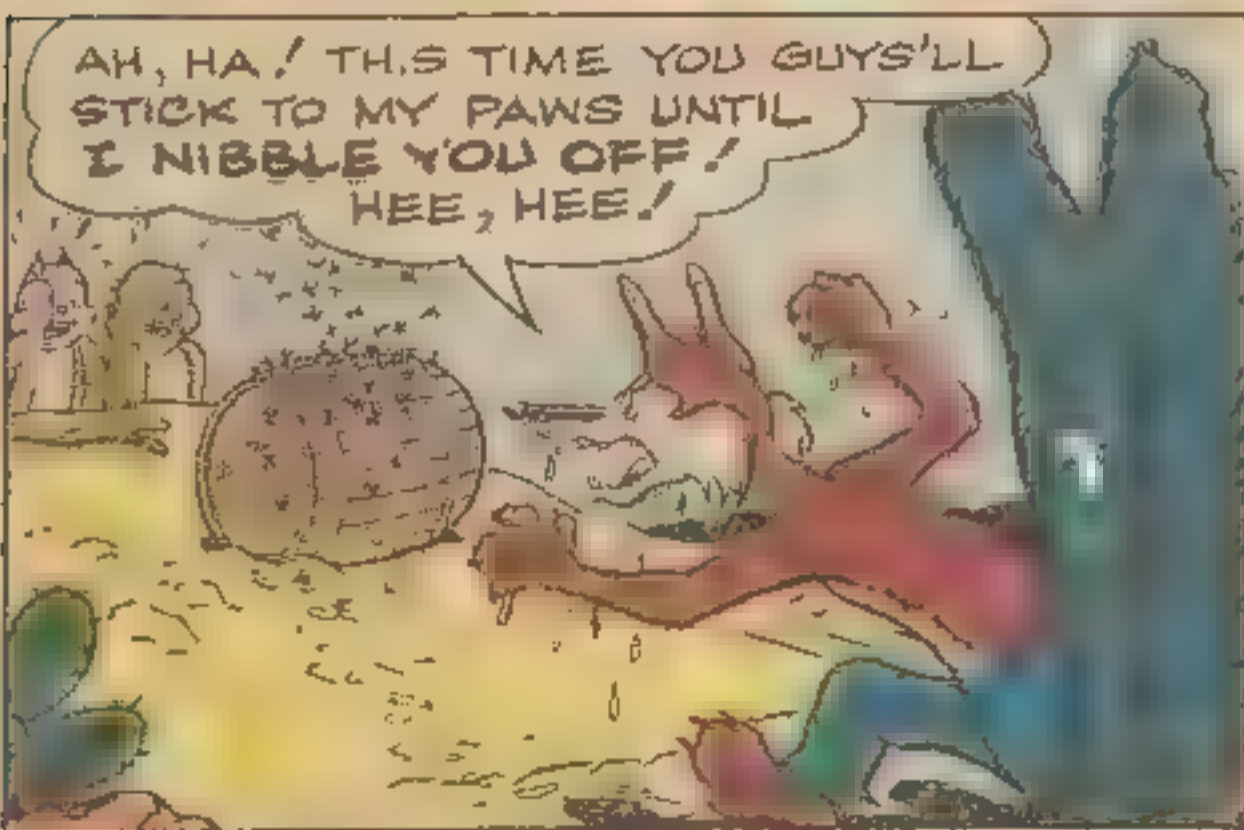


NOW TO HIDE AND WAIT! IT SHOULDN'T BE LONG! AFTER ALL, YA DON'T CATCH FLIES... OR WUFF... WITH VINEGAR! HEE, HEE!

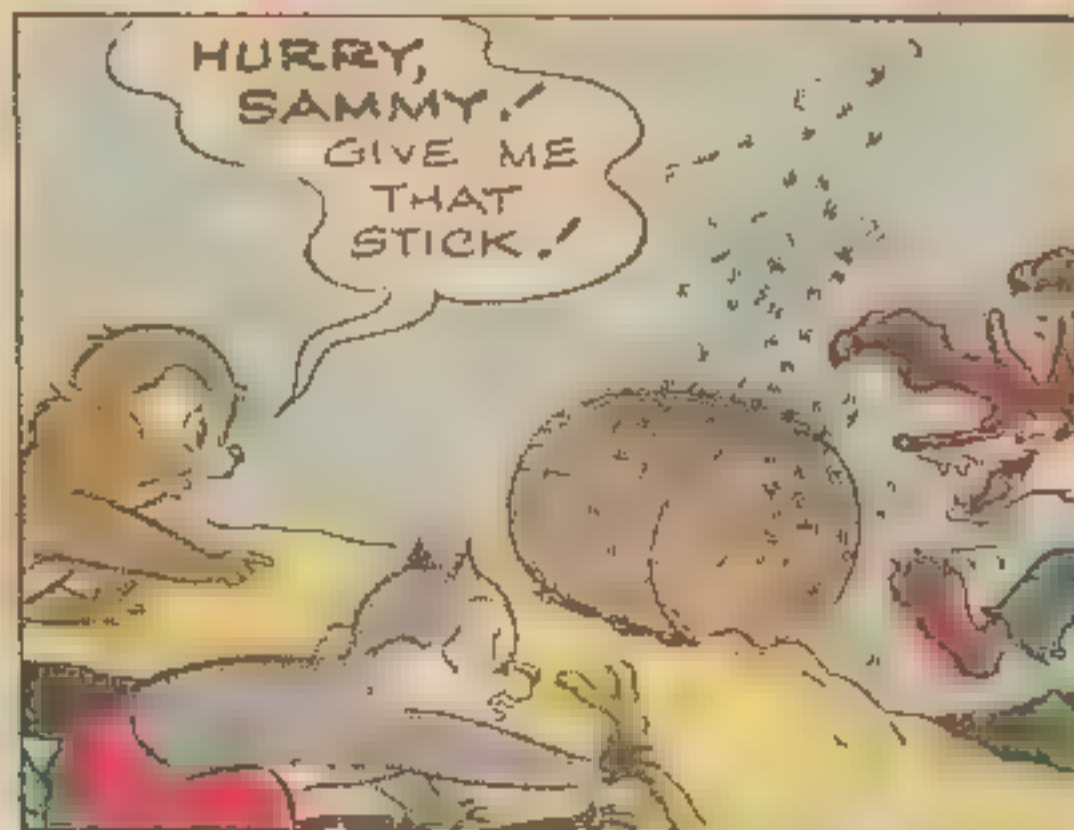


THERE'S OUR BARREL! BUT... IT'S SPLIT, AN' THE BEES ARE ALL OVER IT!

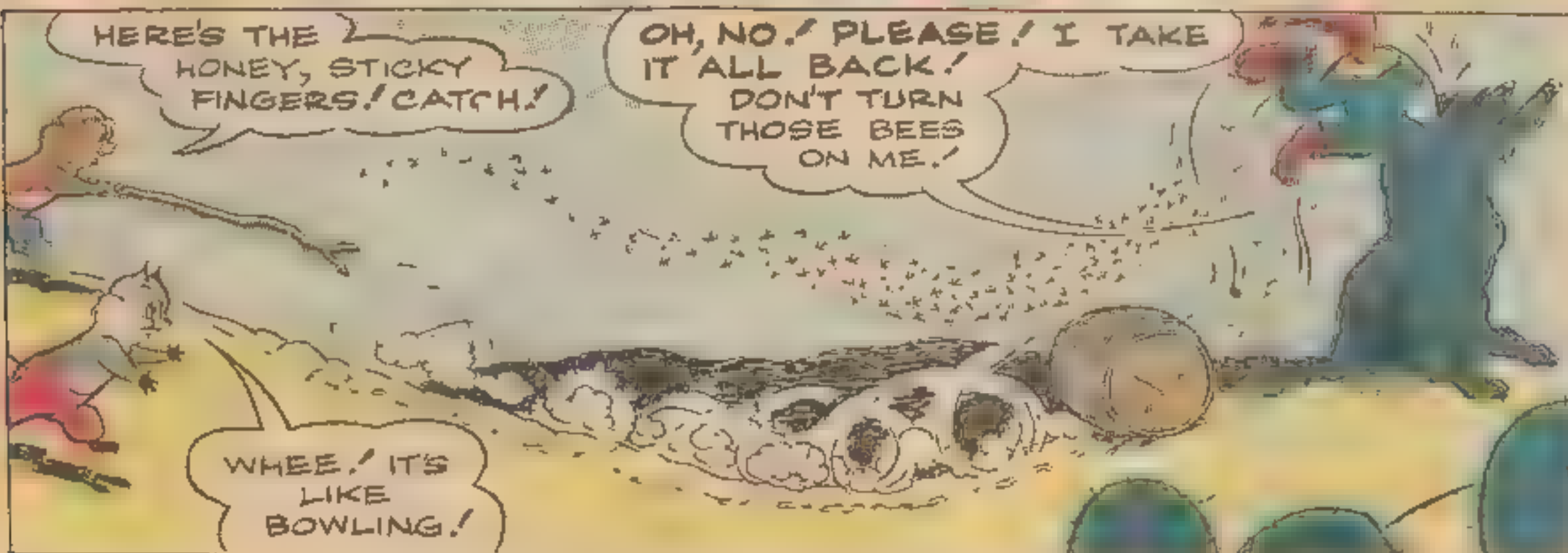
THAT'S ODD! THERE'S A TRAIL OF HONEY LEADING TO THE TREE!



AH, HA! THIS TIME YOU GUYS'LL STICK TO MY PAWS UNTIL I NIBBLE YOU OFF! HEE, HEE!



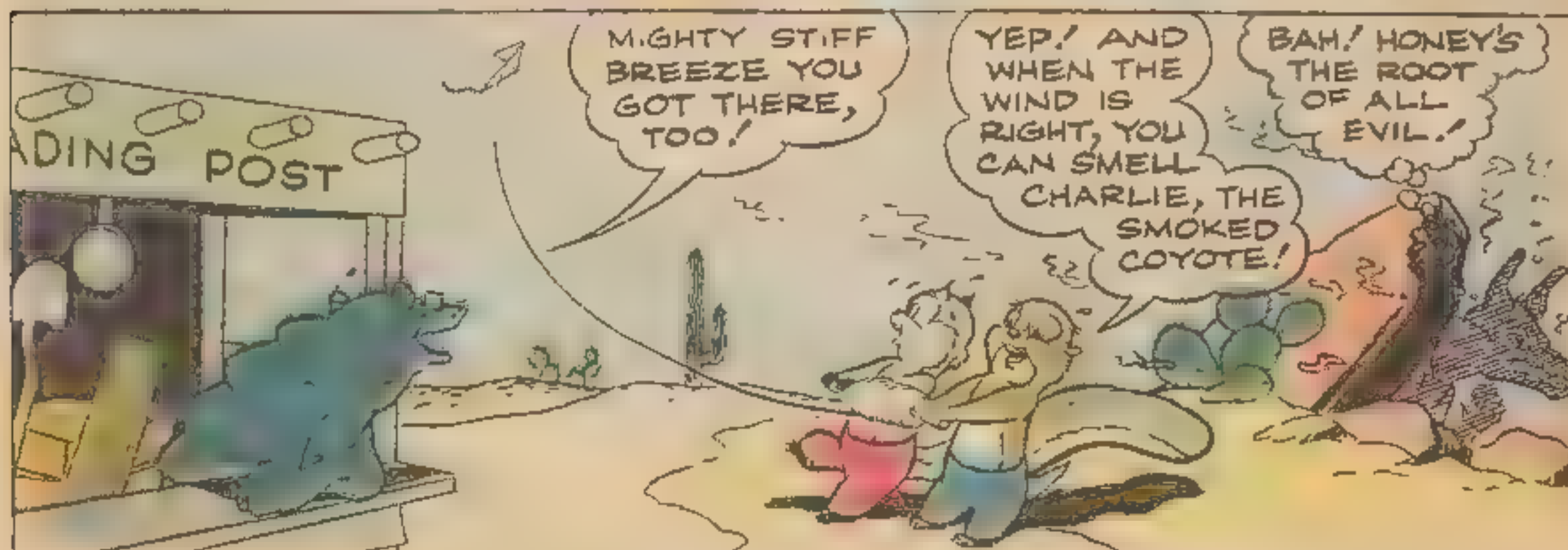
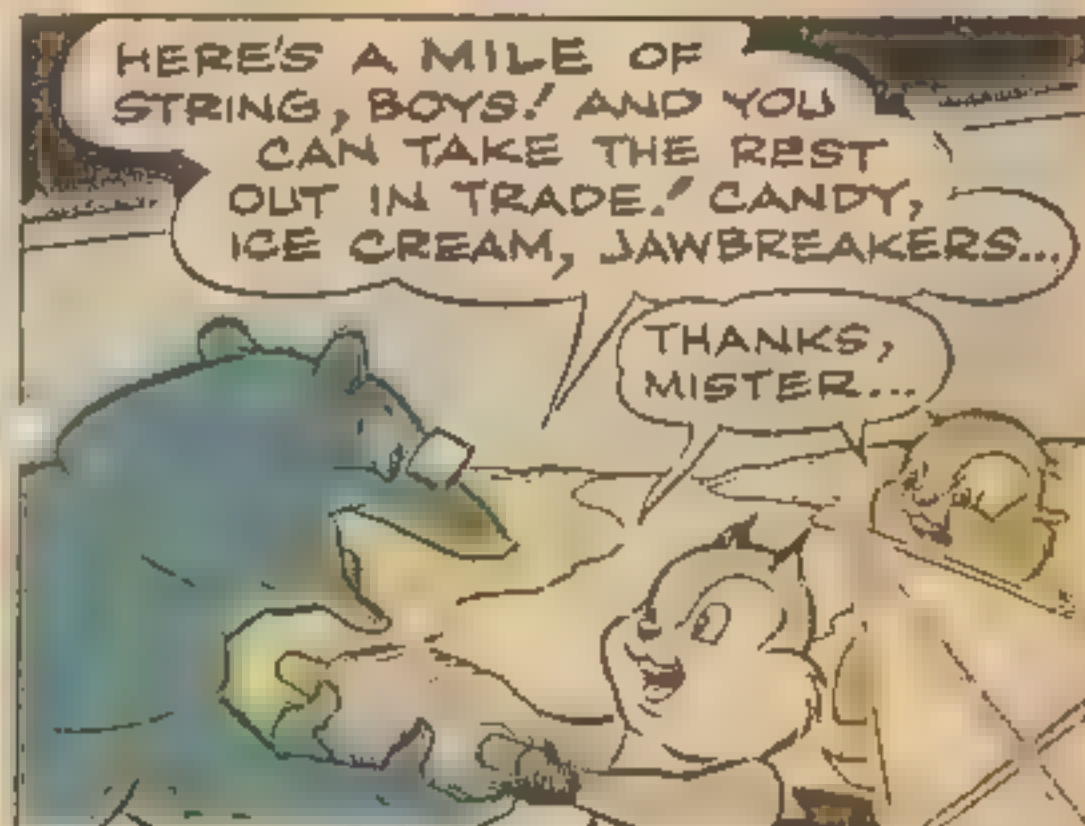
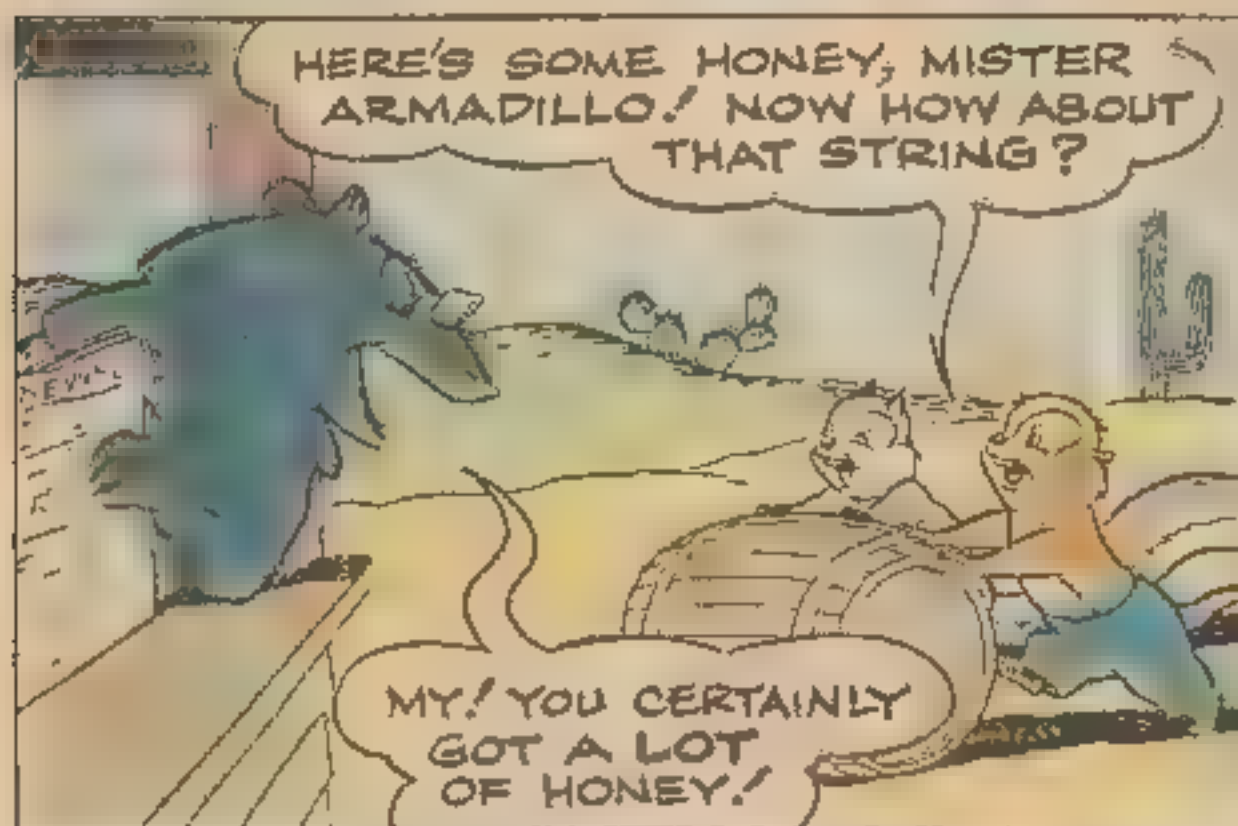
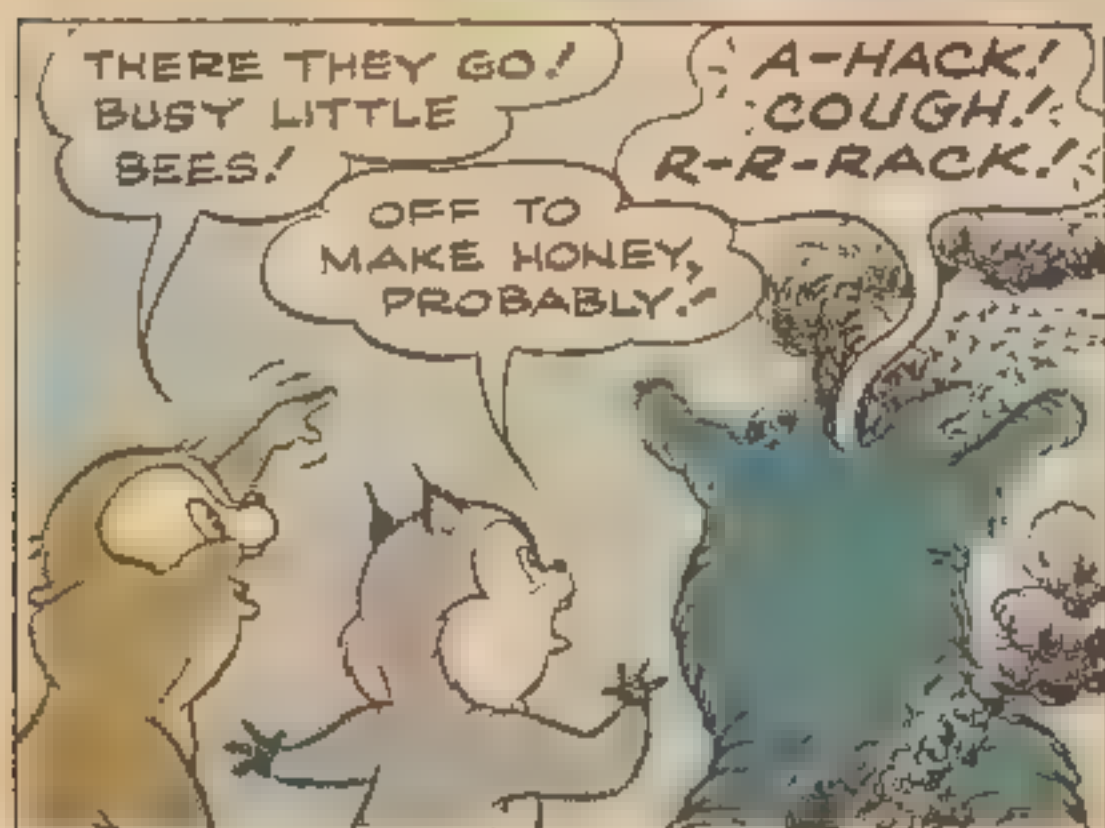
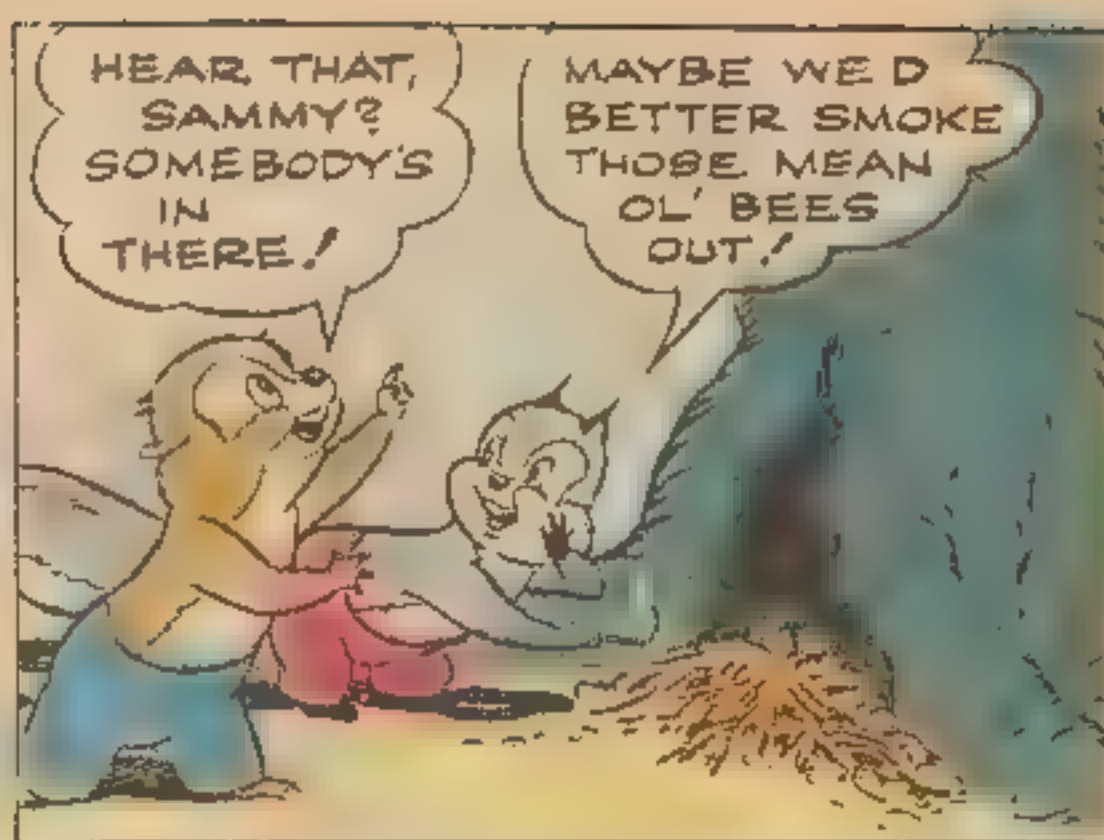
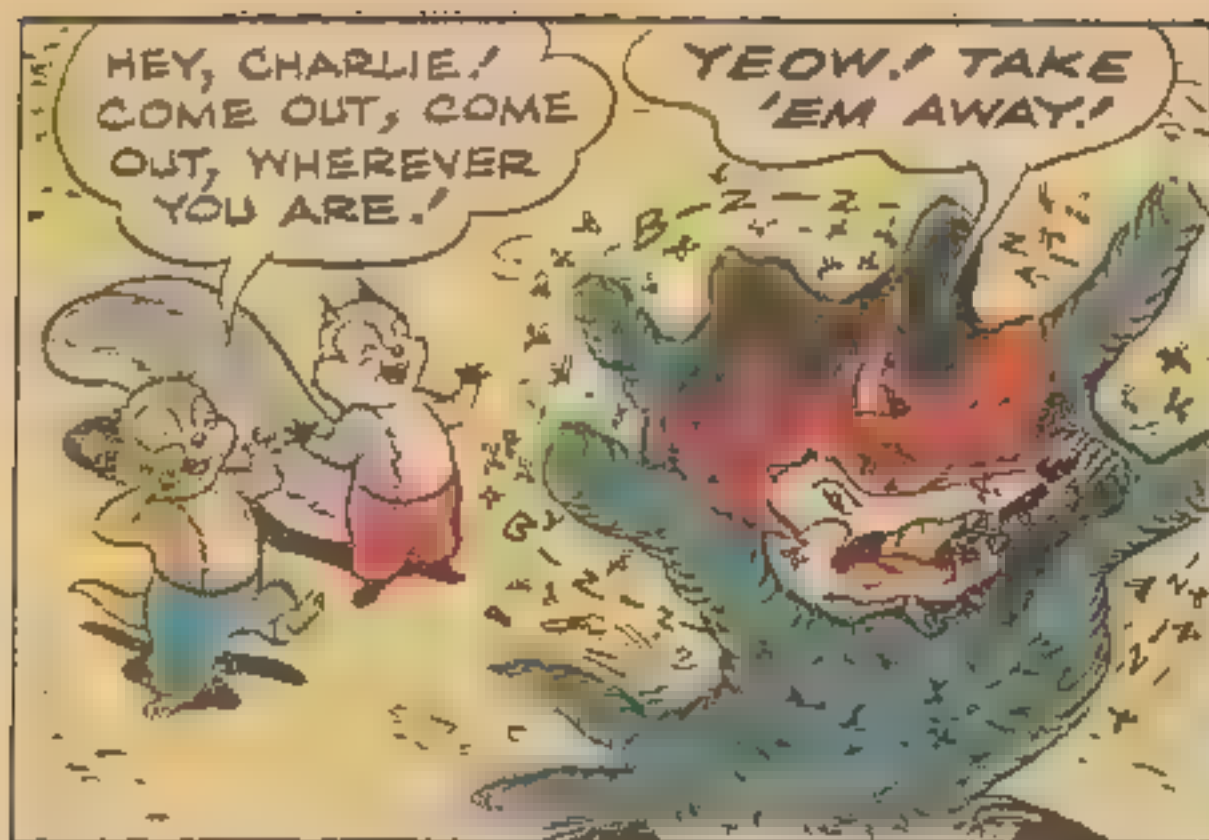
HURRY, SAMMY! GIVE ME THAT STICK!

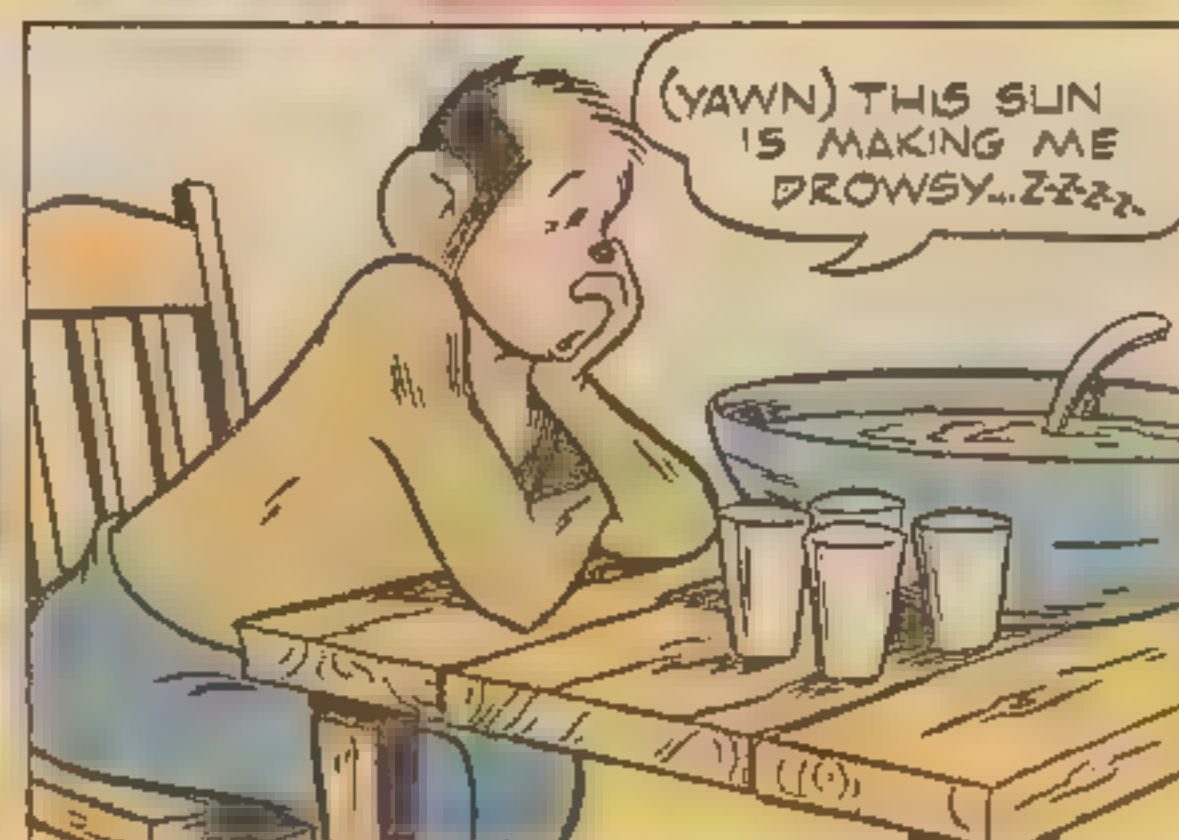
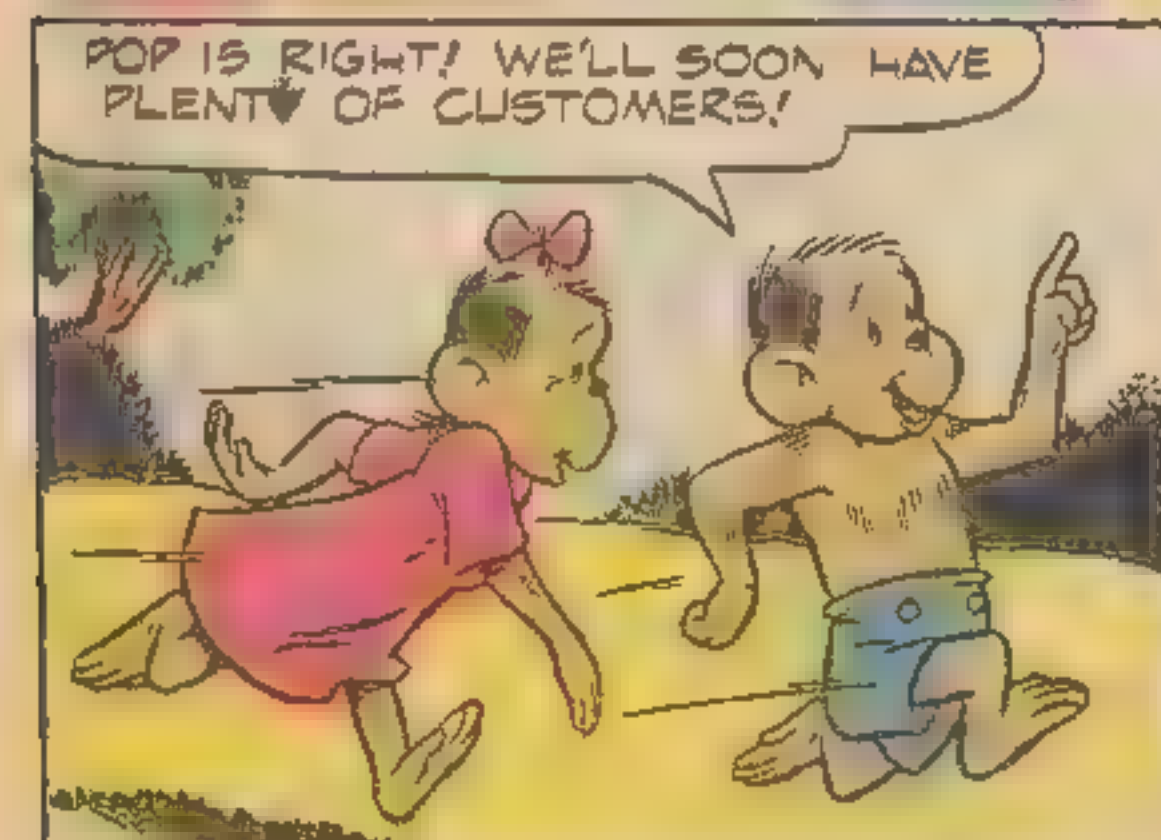
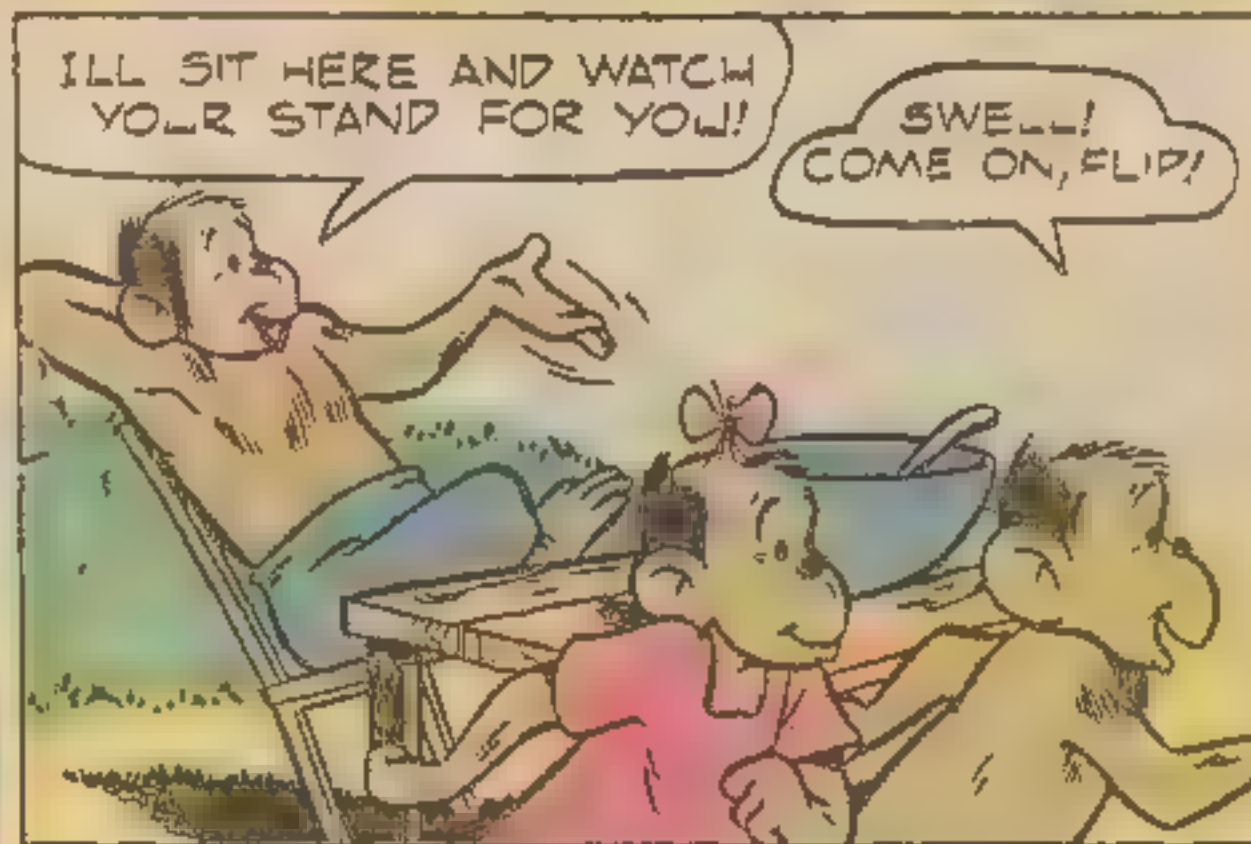
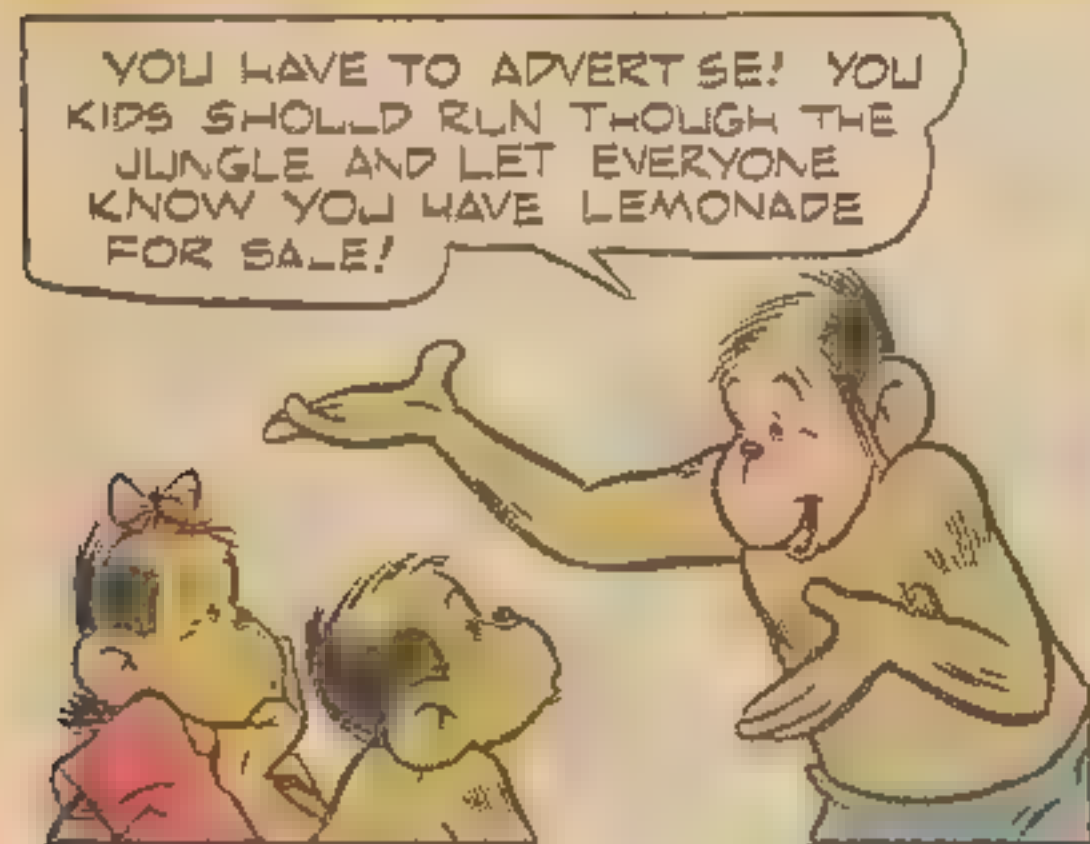
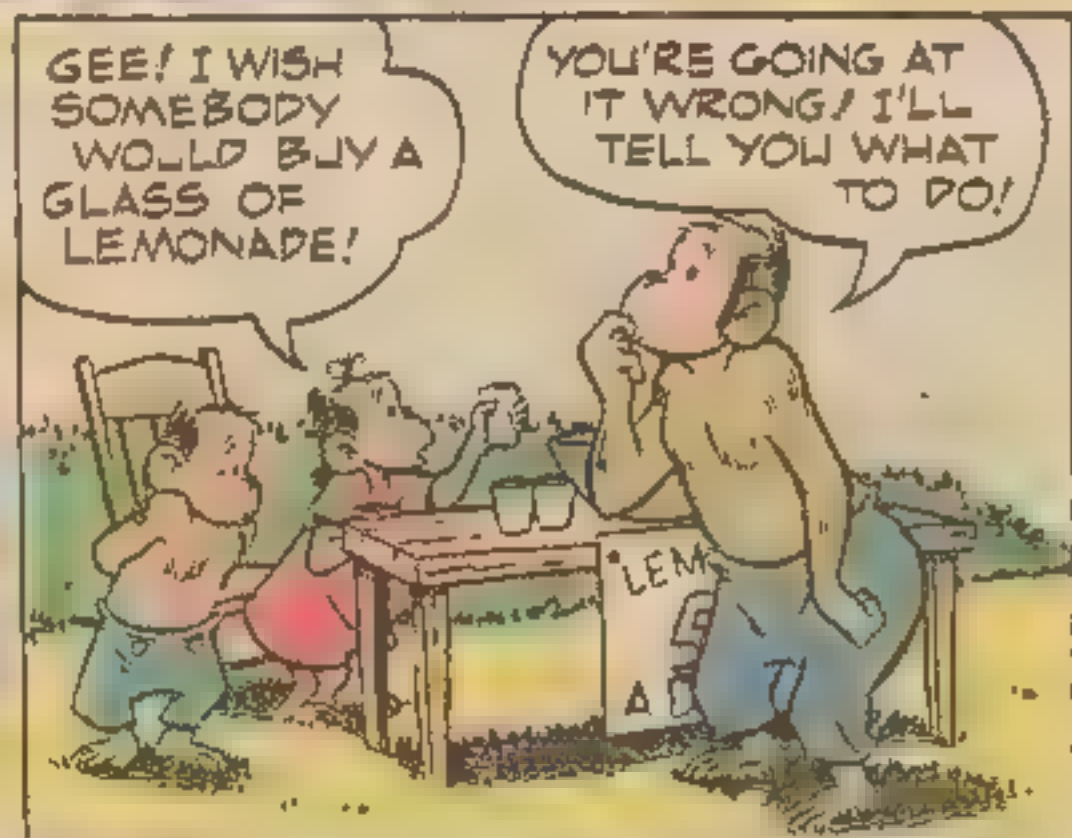
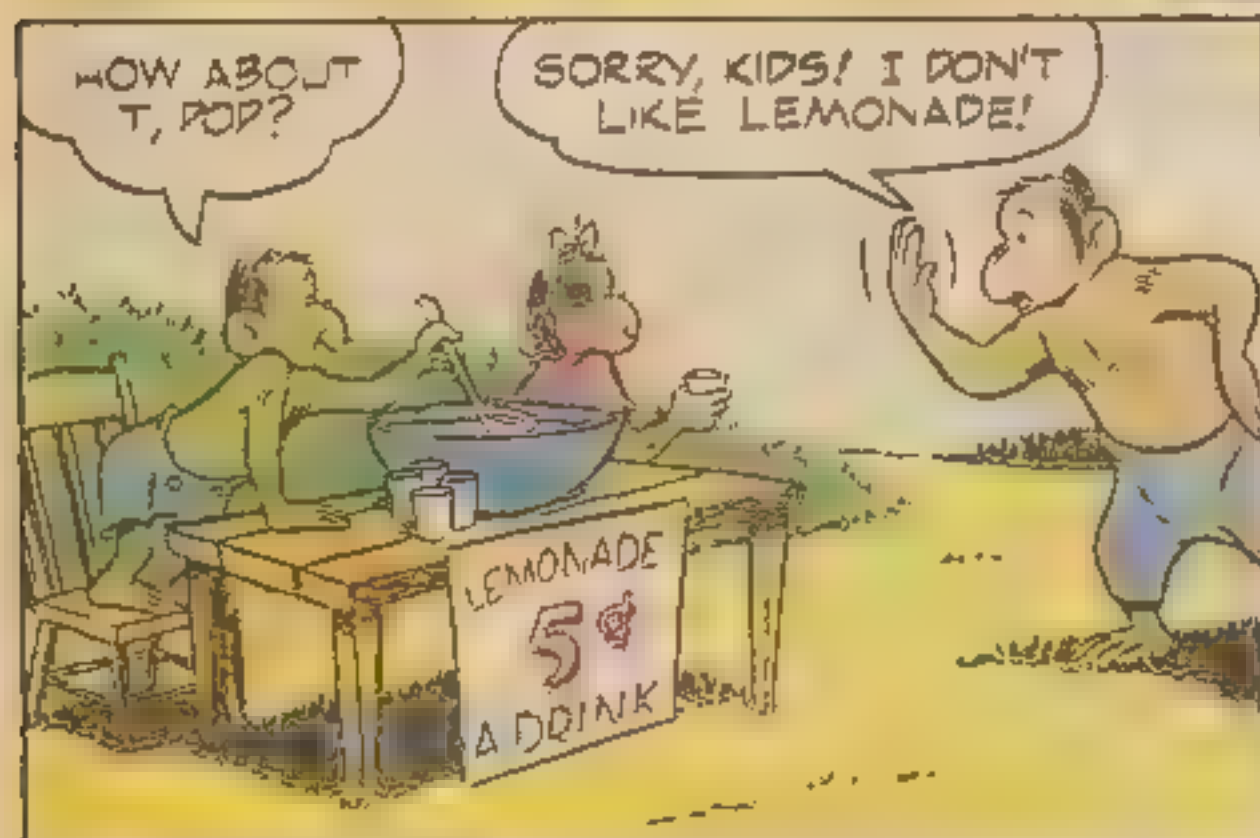
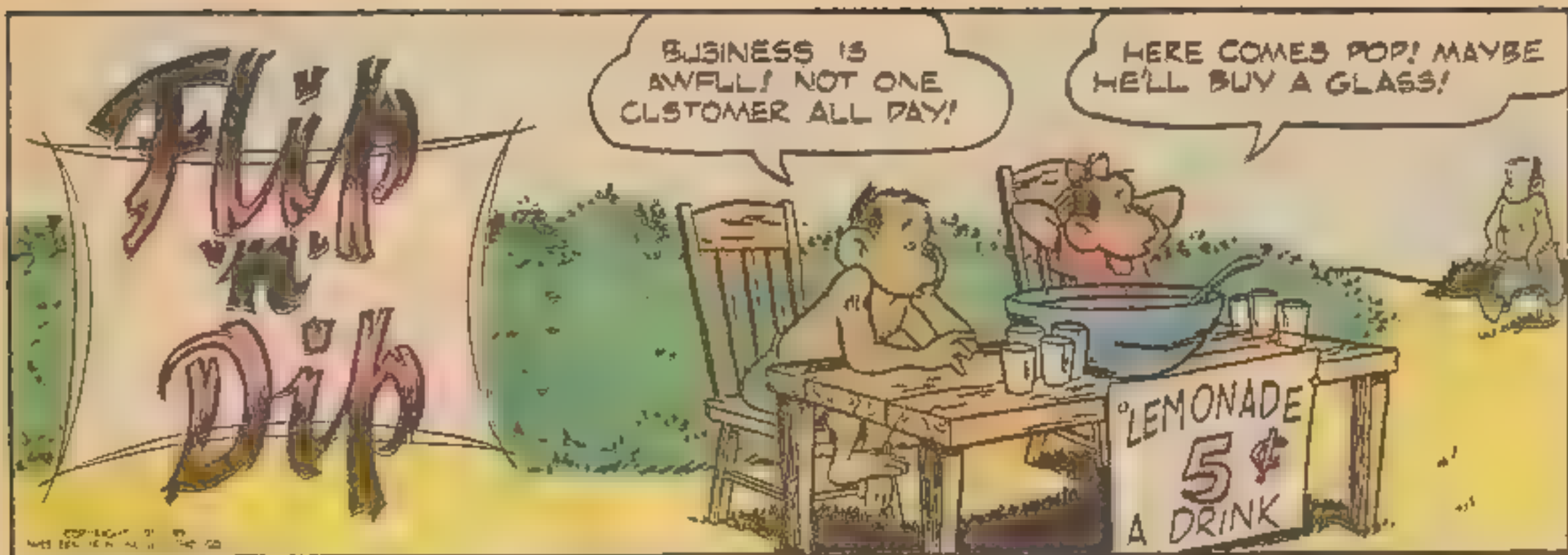


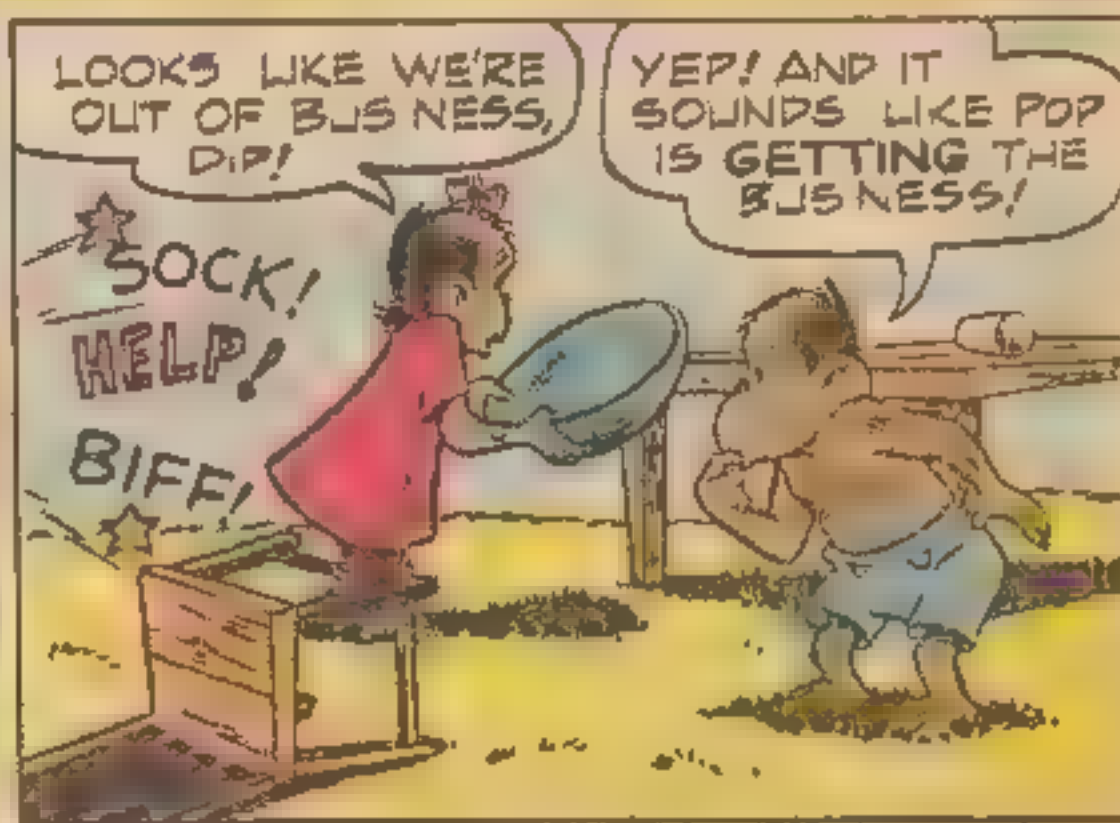
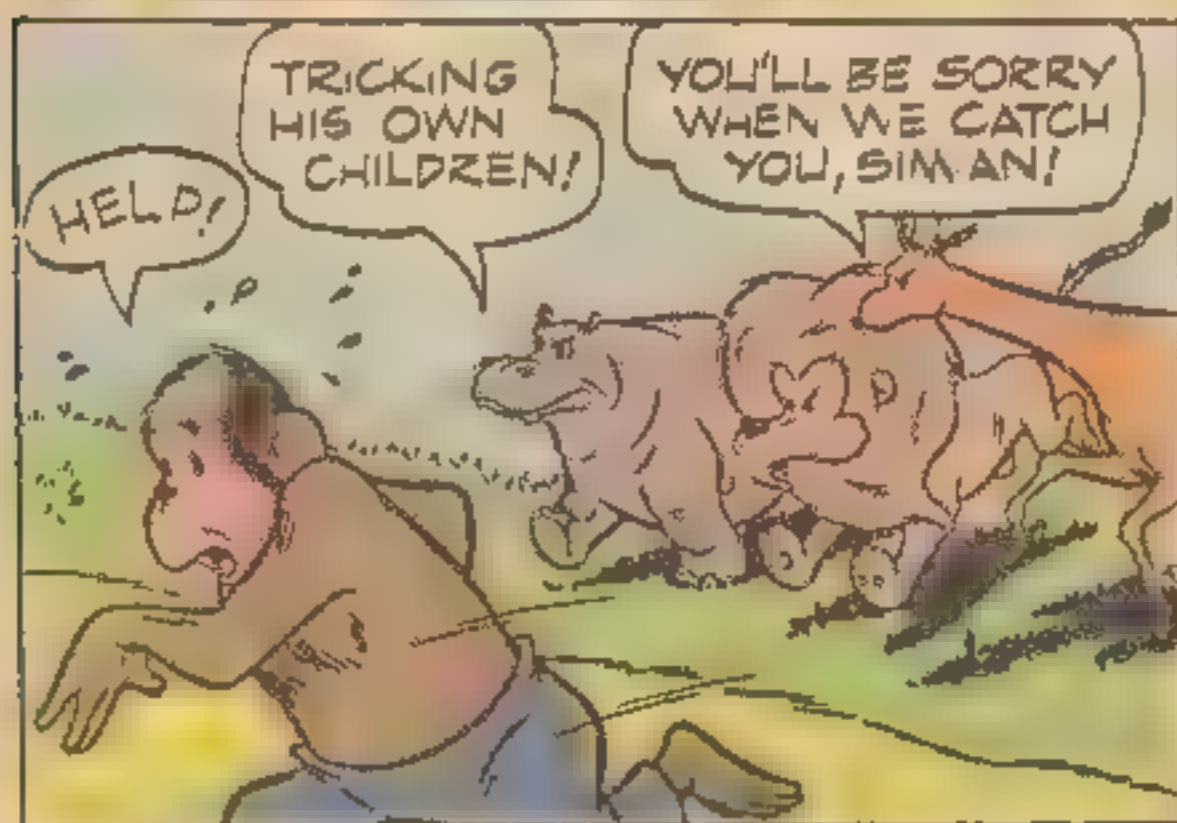
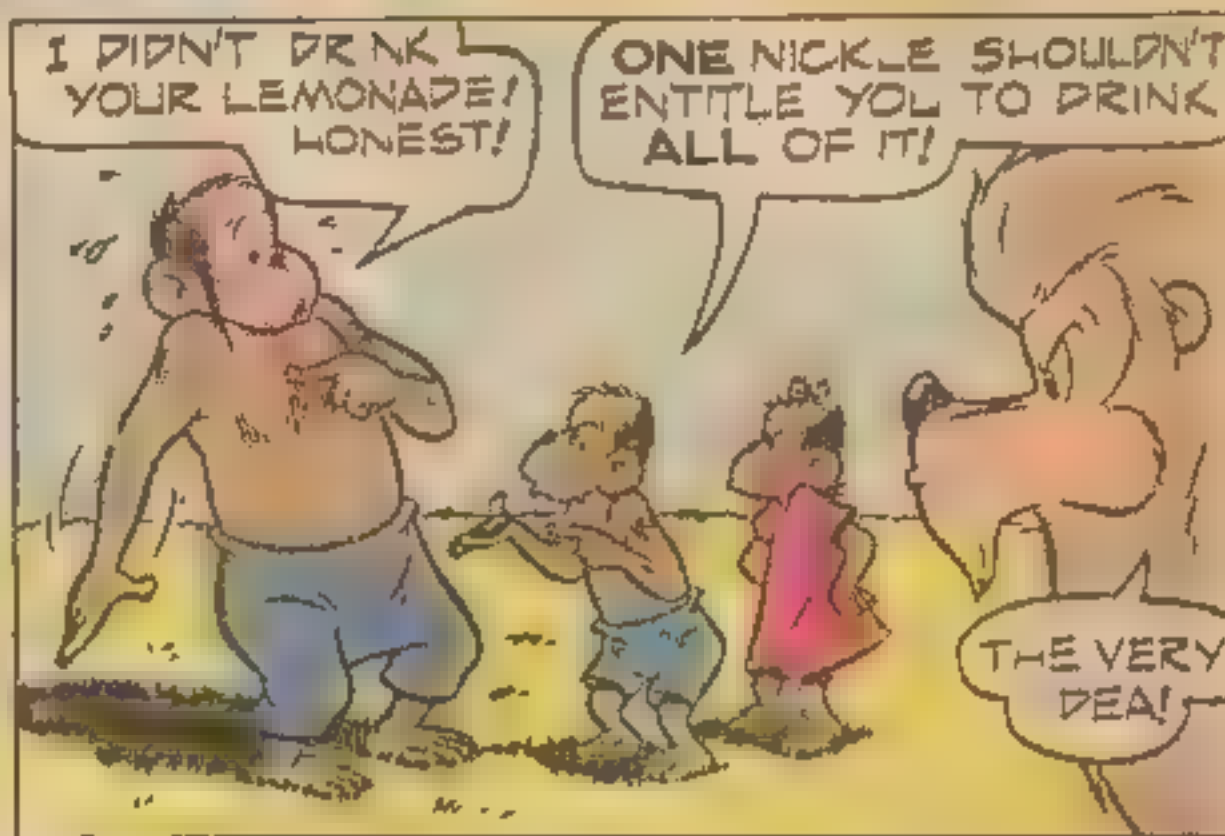
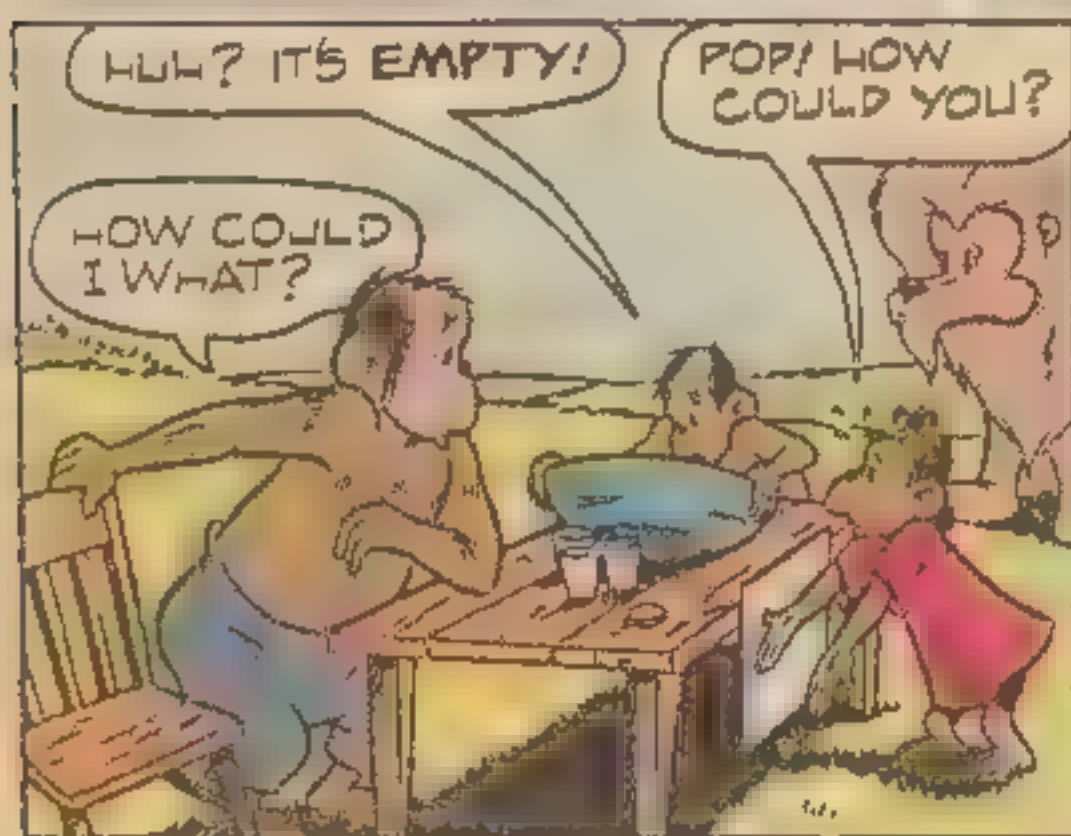
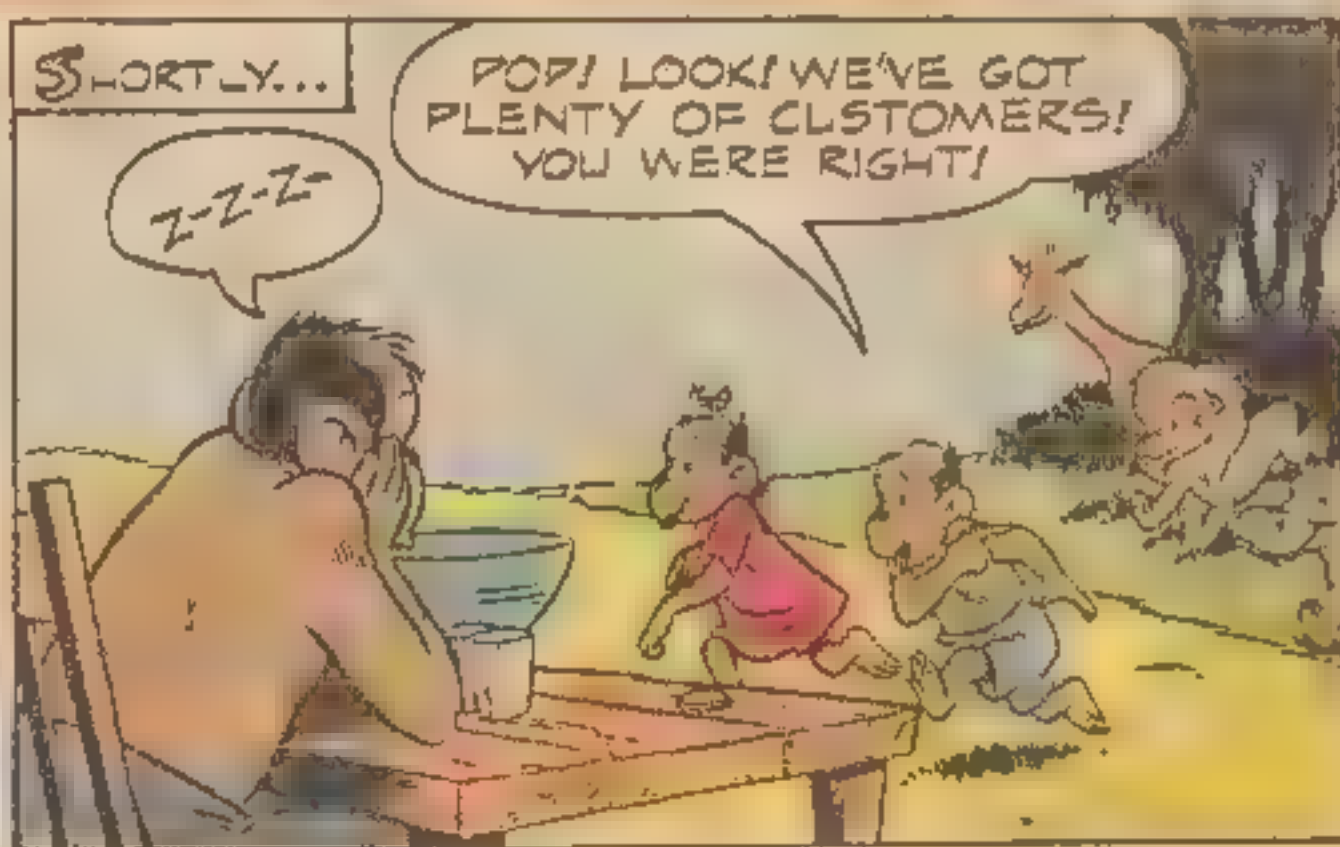
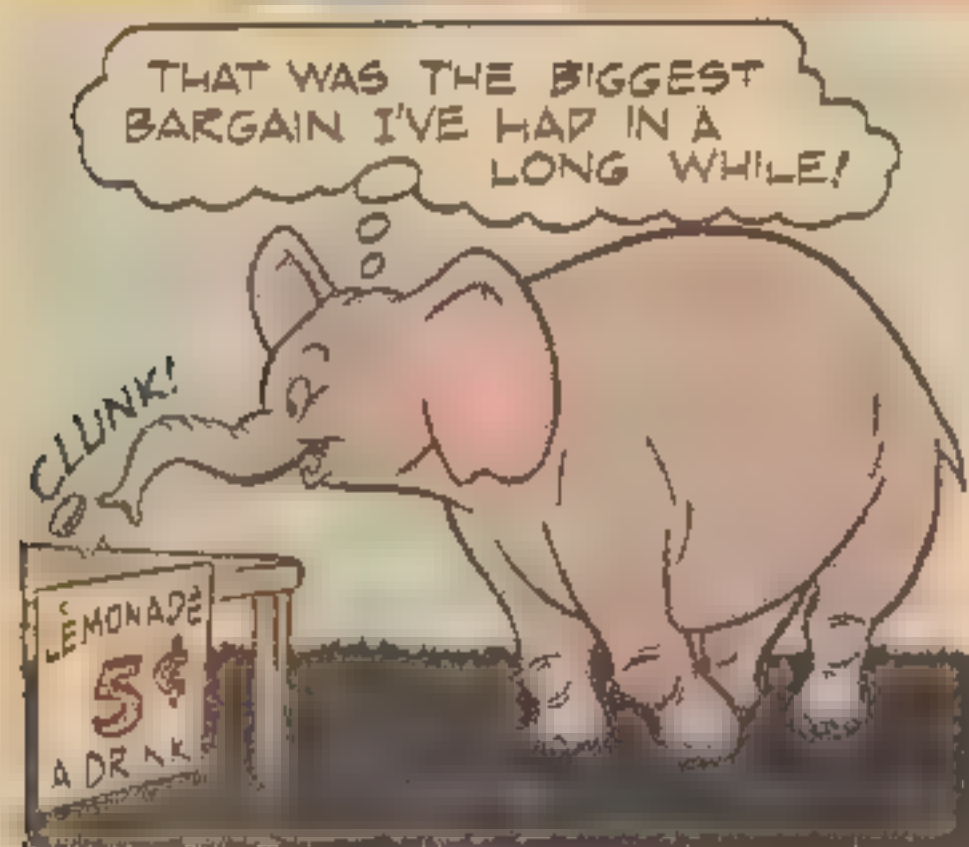
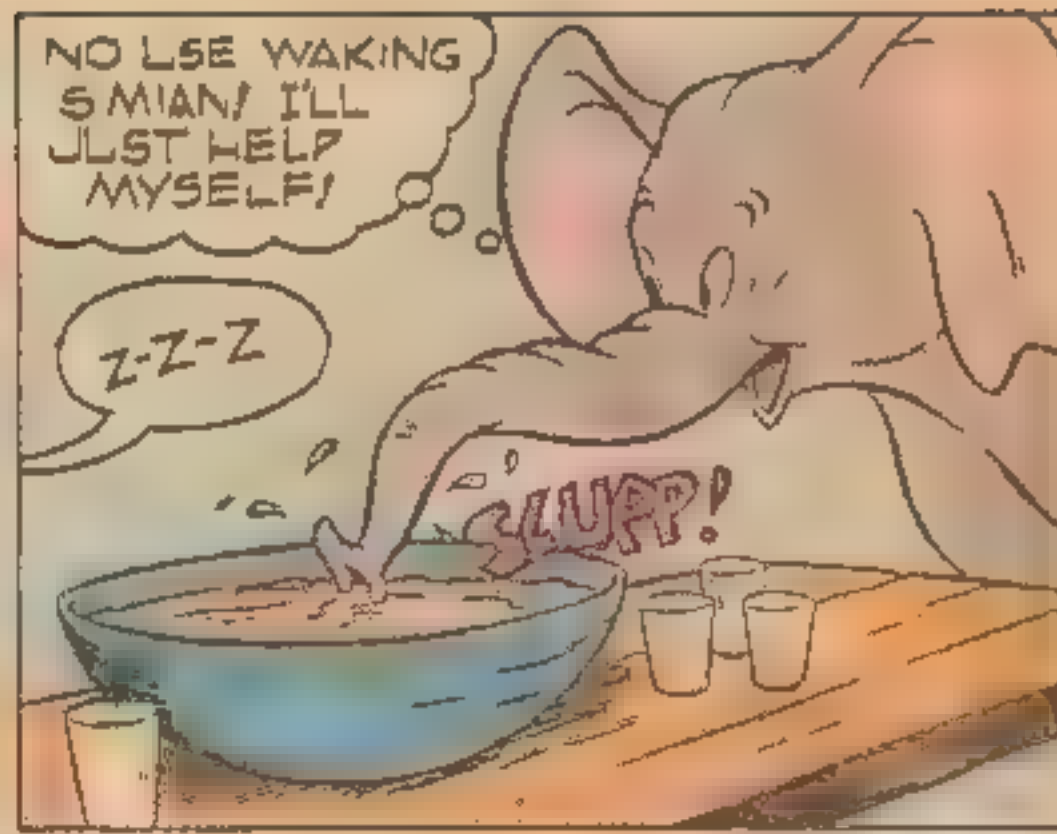
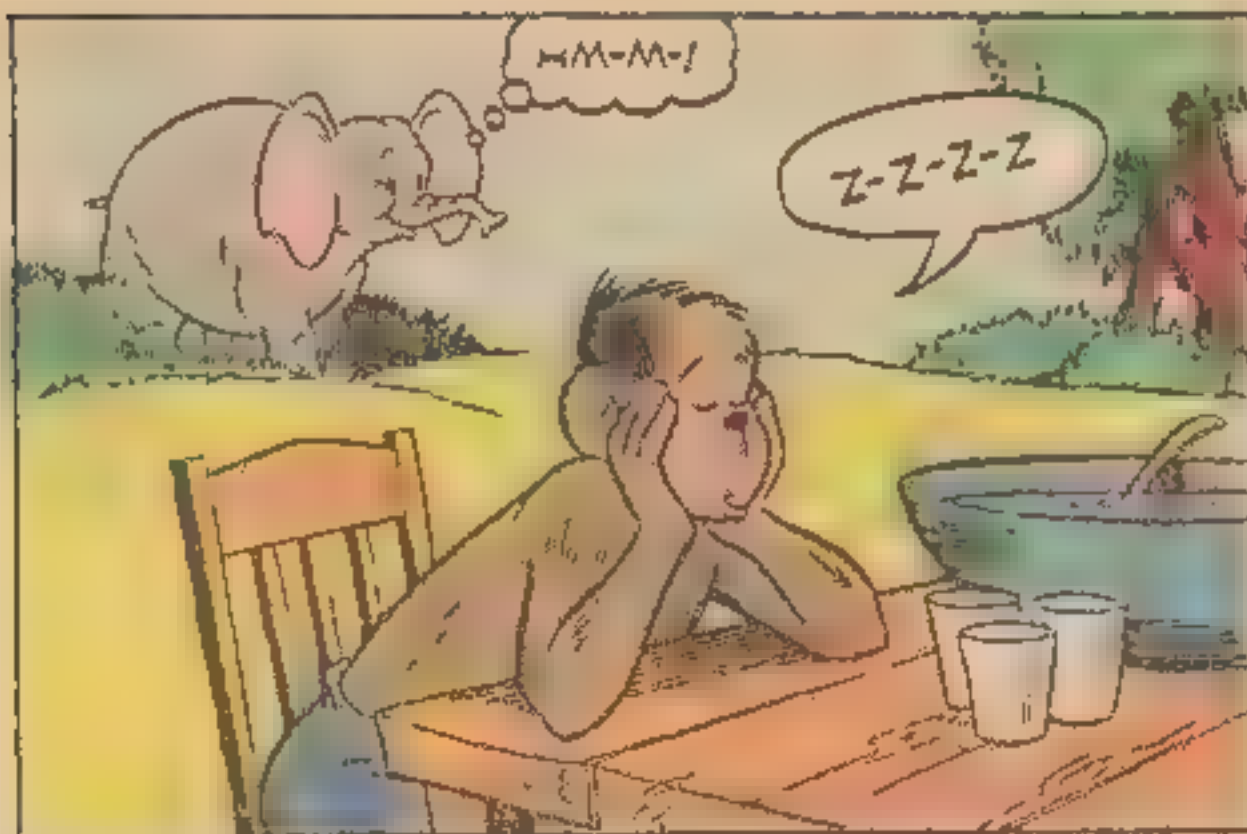
HERE'S THE HONEY, STICKY FINGERS! CATCH!

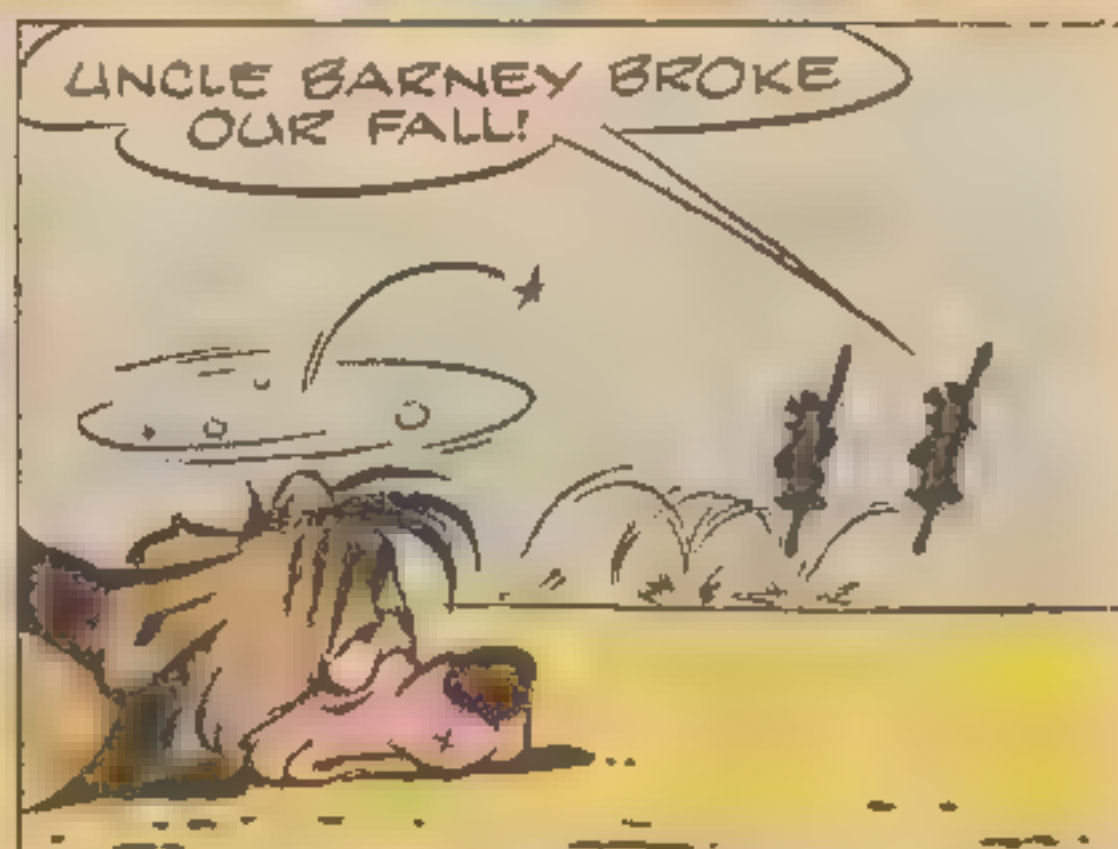
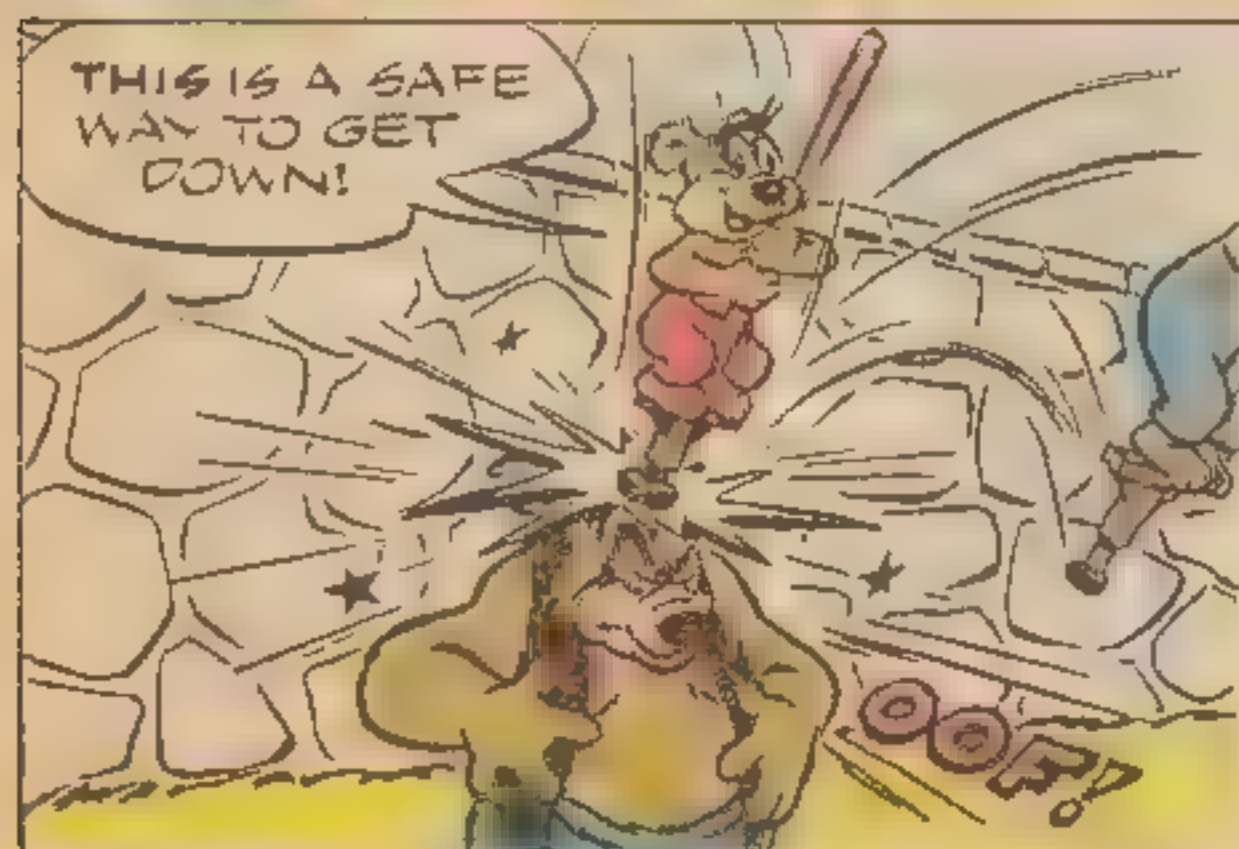
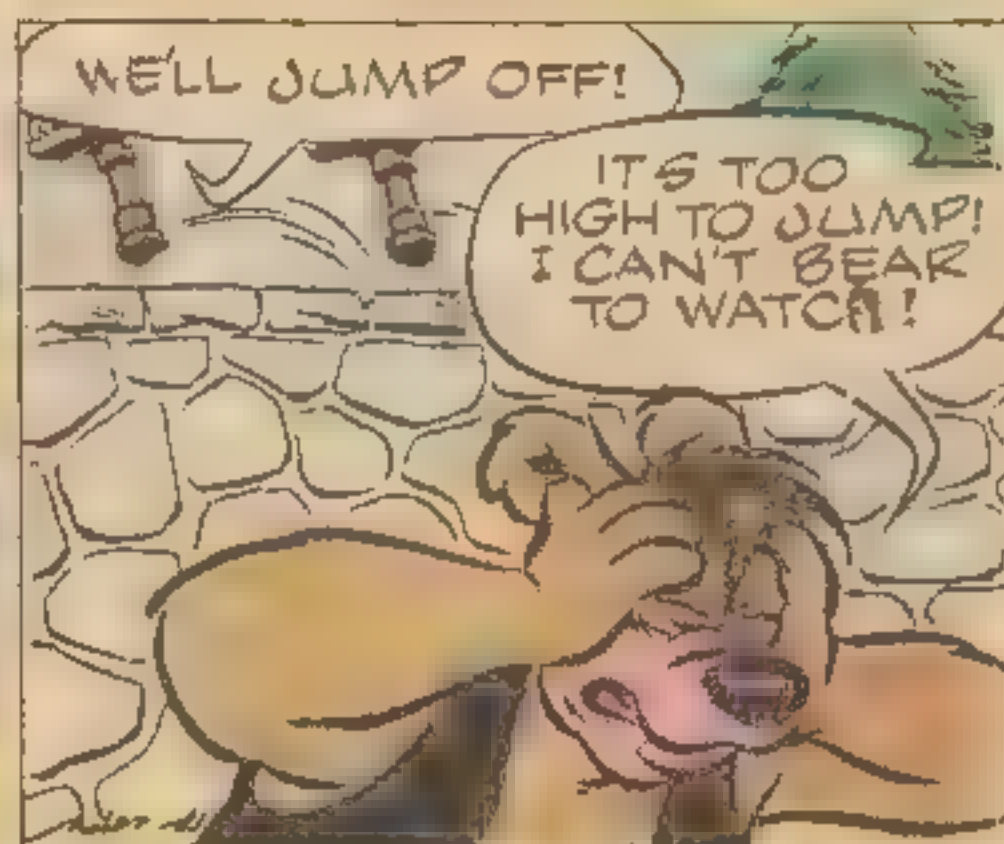
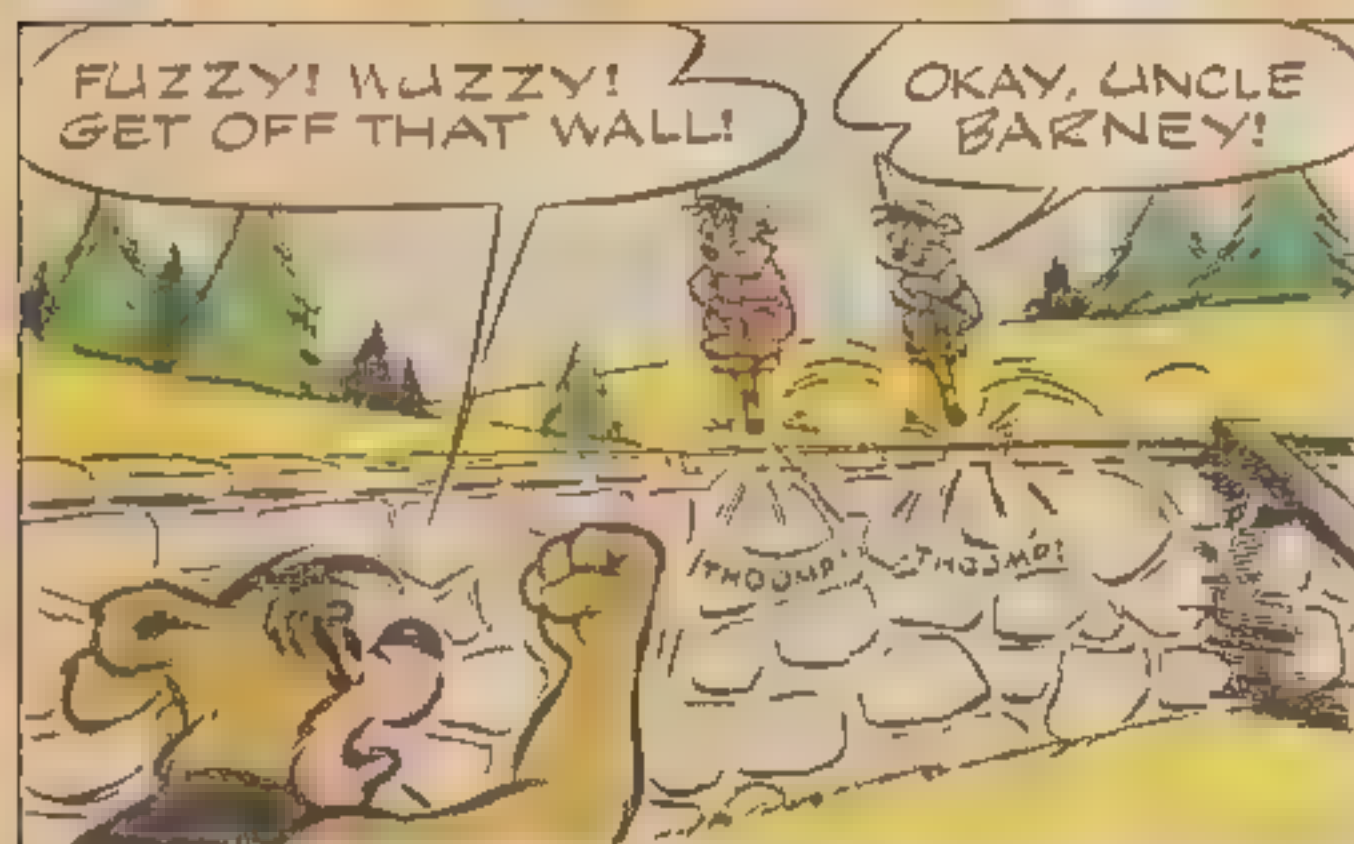
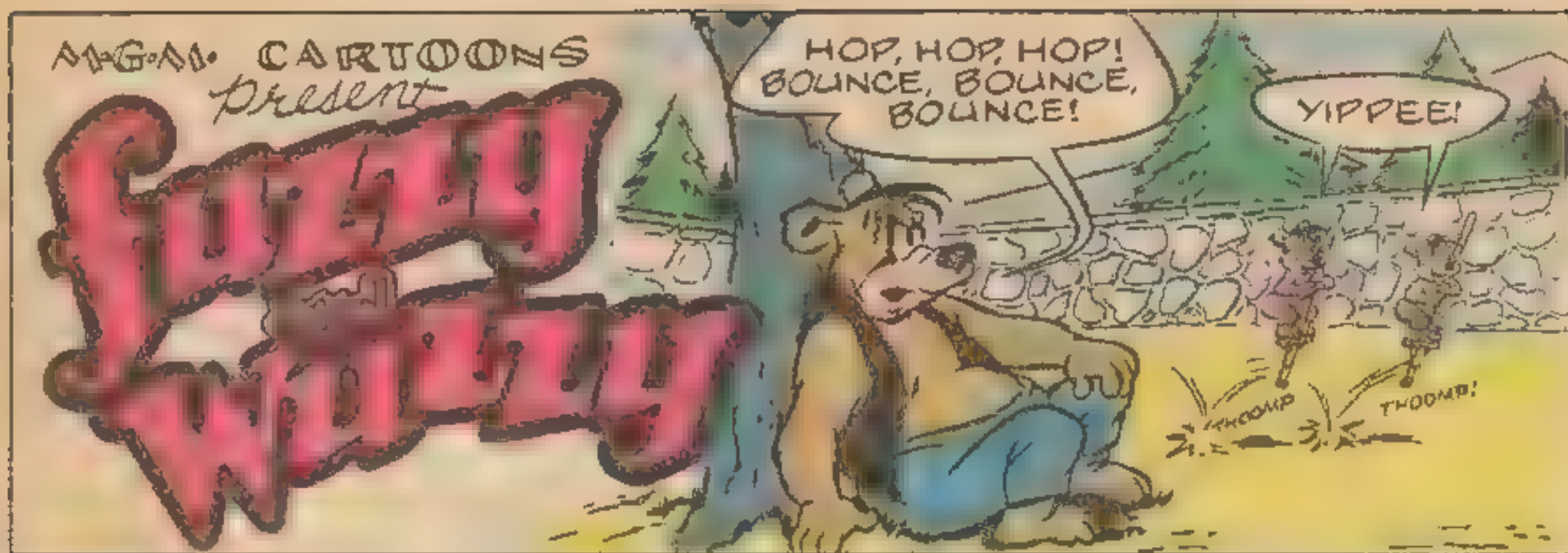
OH, NO! PLEASE! I TAKE IT ALL BACK! DON'T TURN THOSE BEES ON ME!

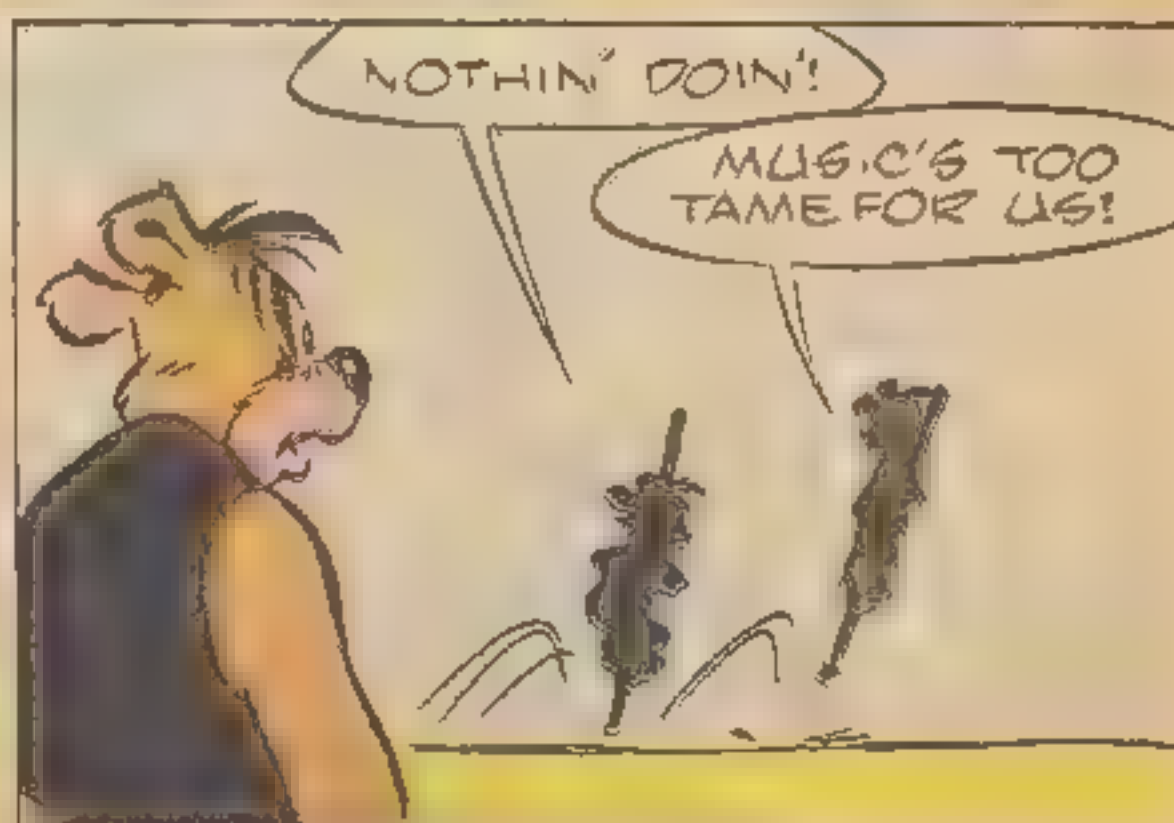
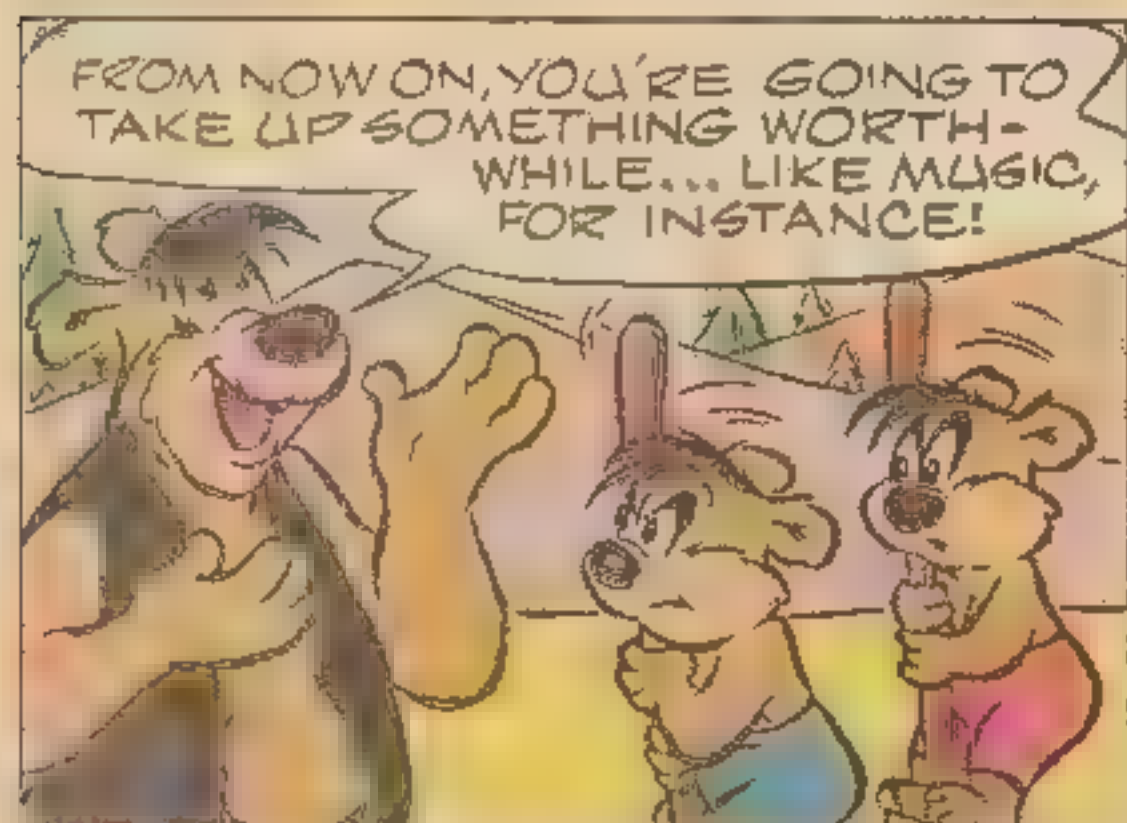
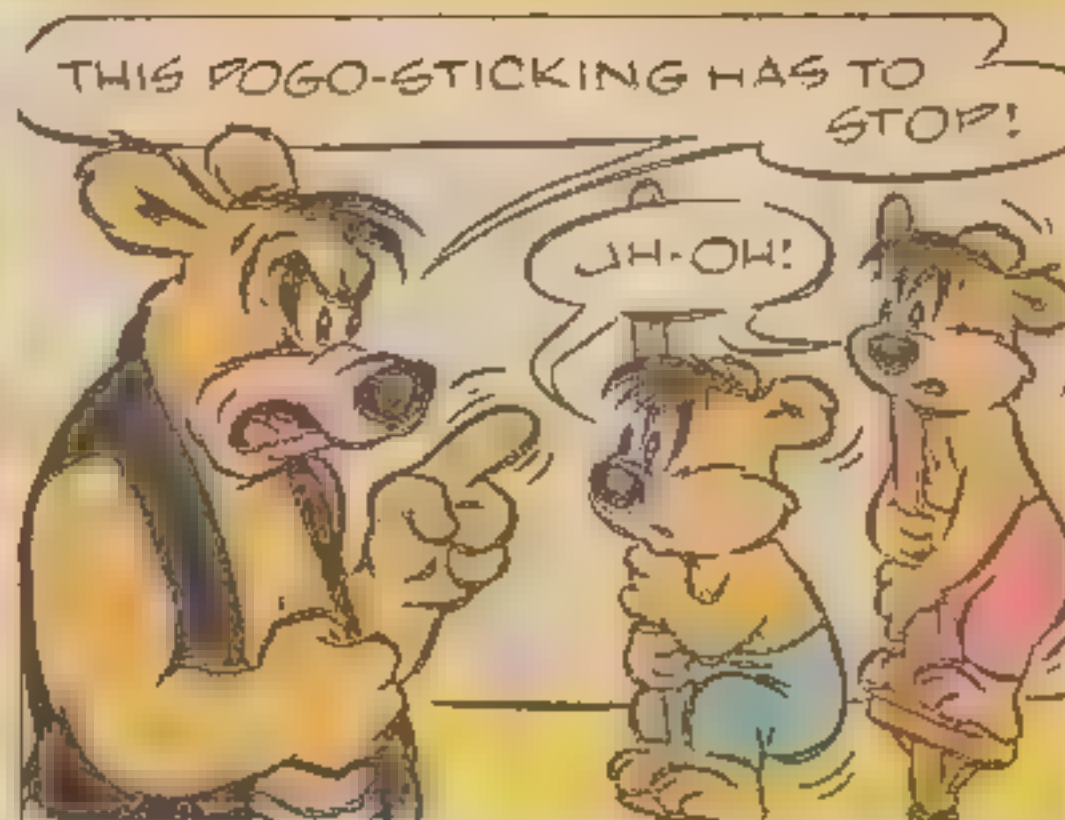
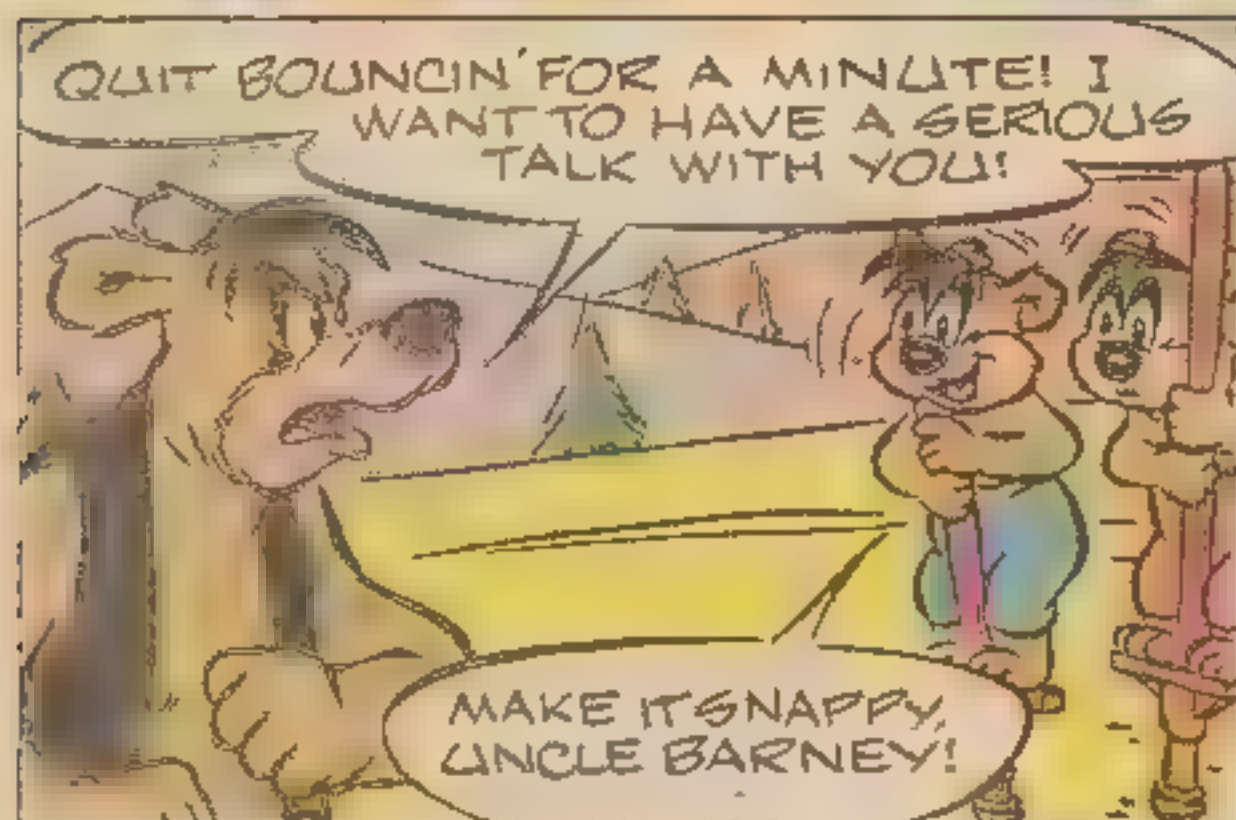
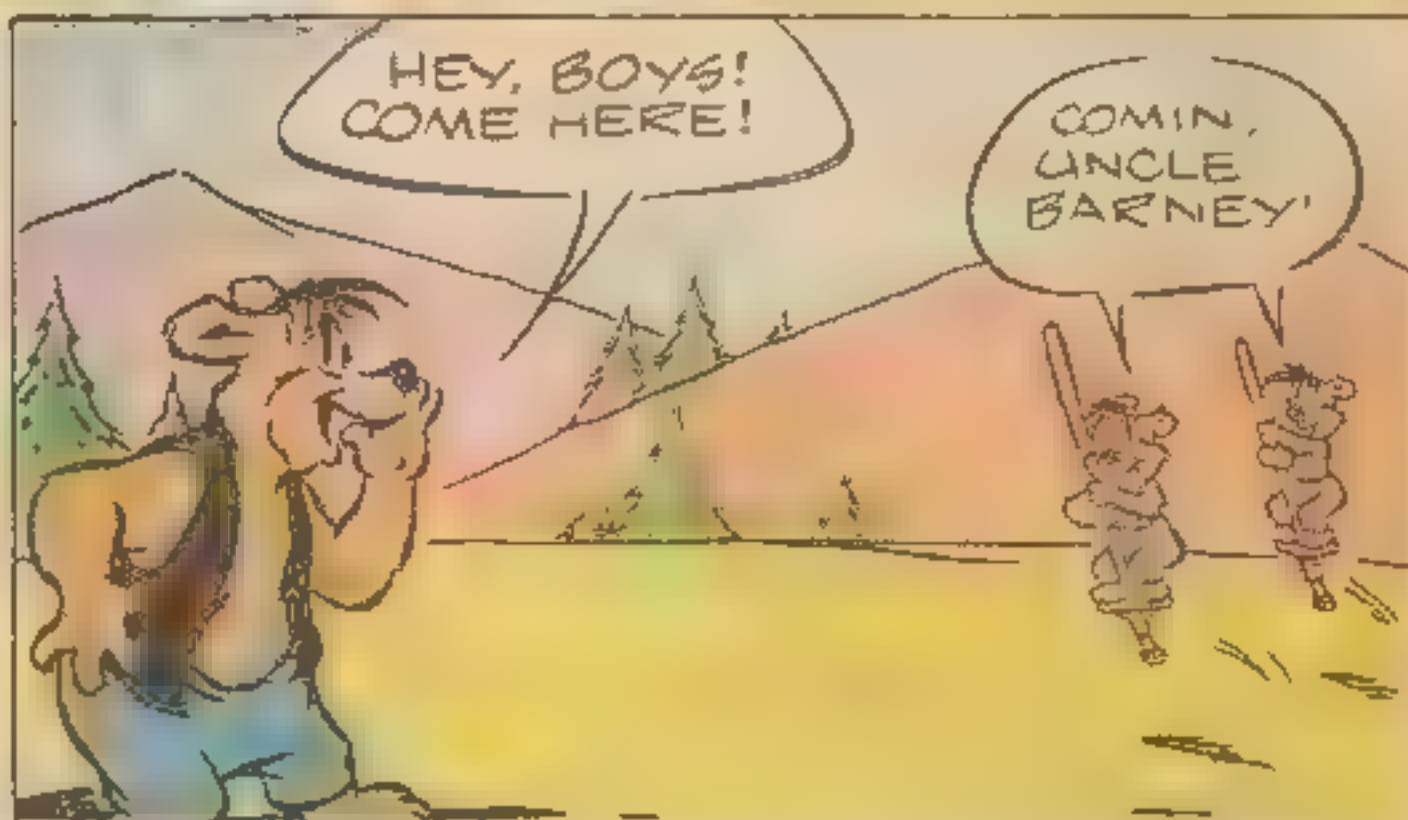
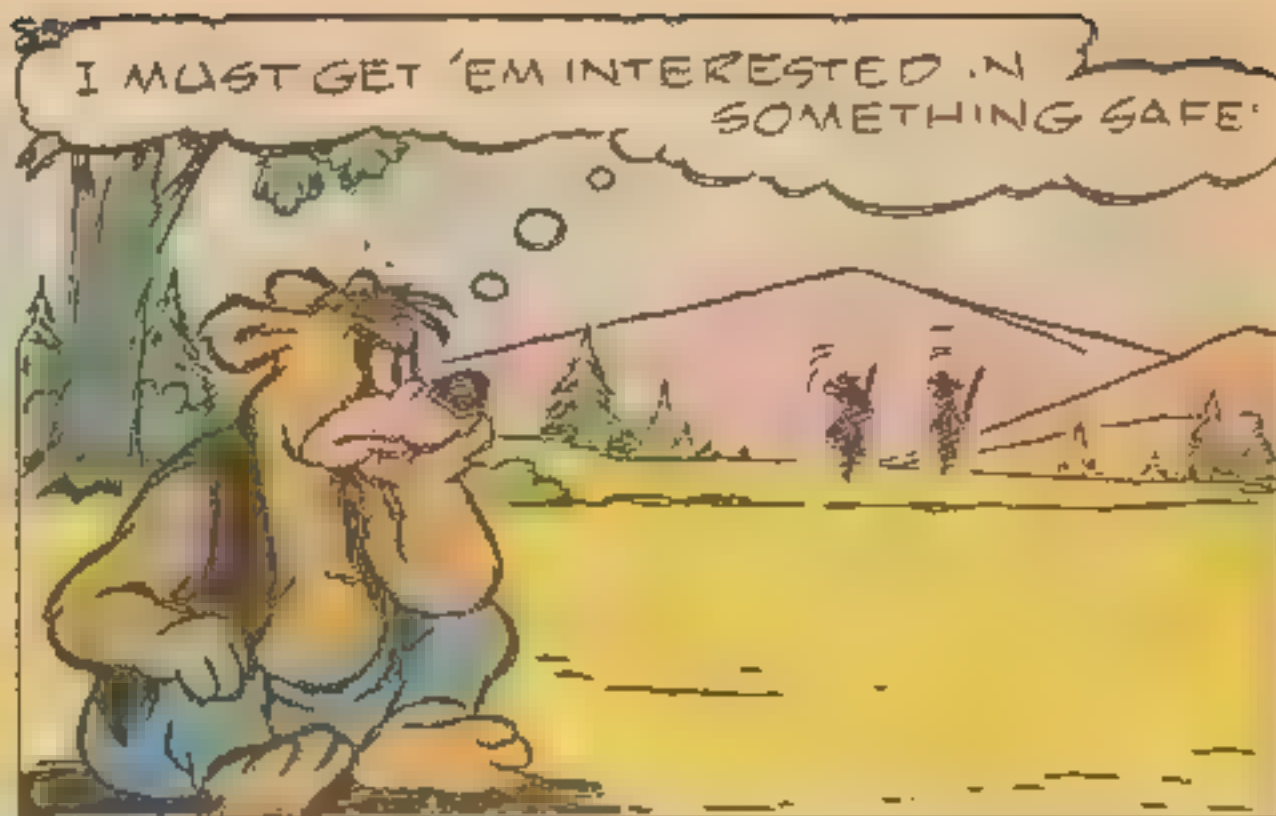
WHEE! IT'S LIKE BOWLING!

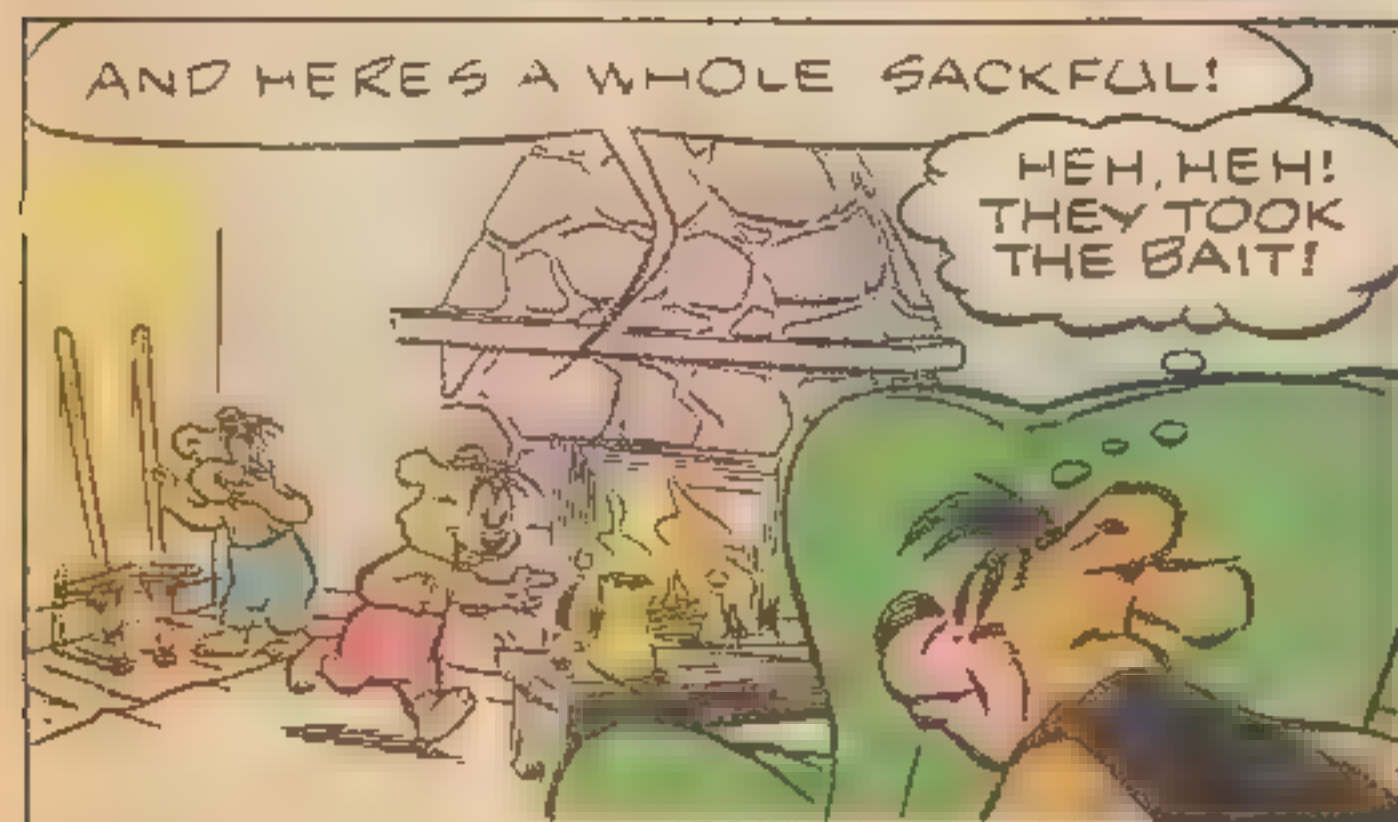
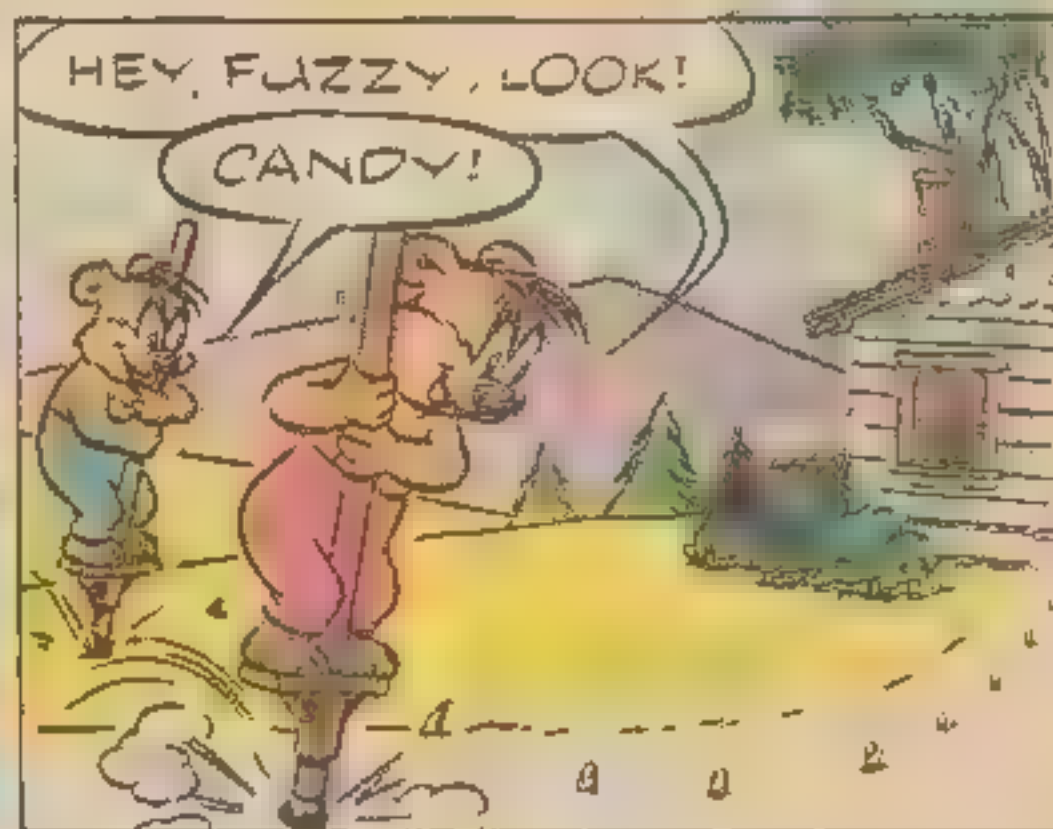
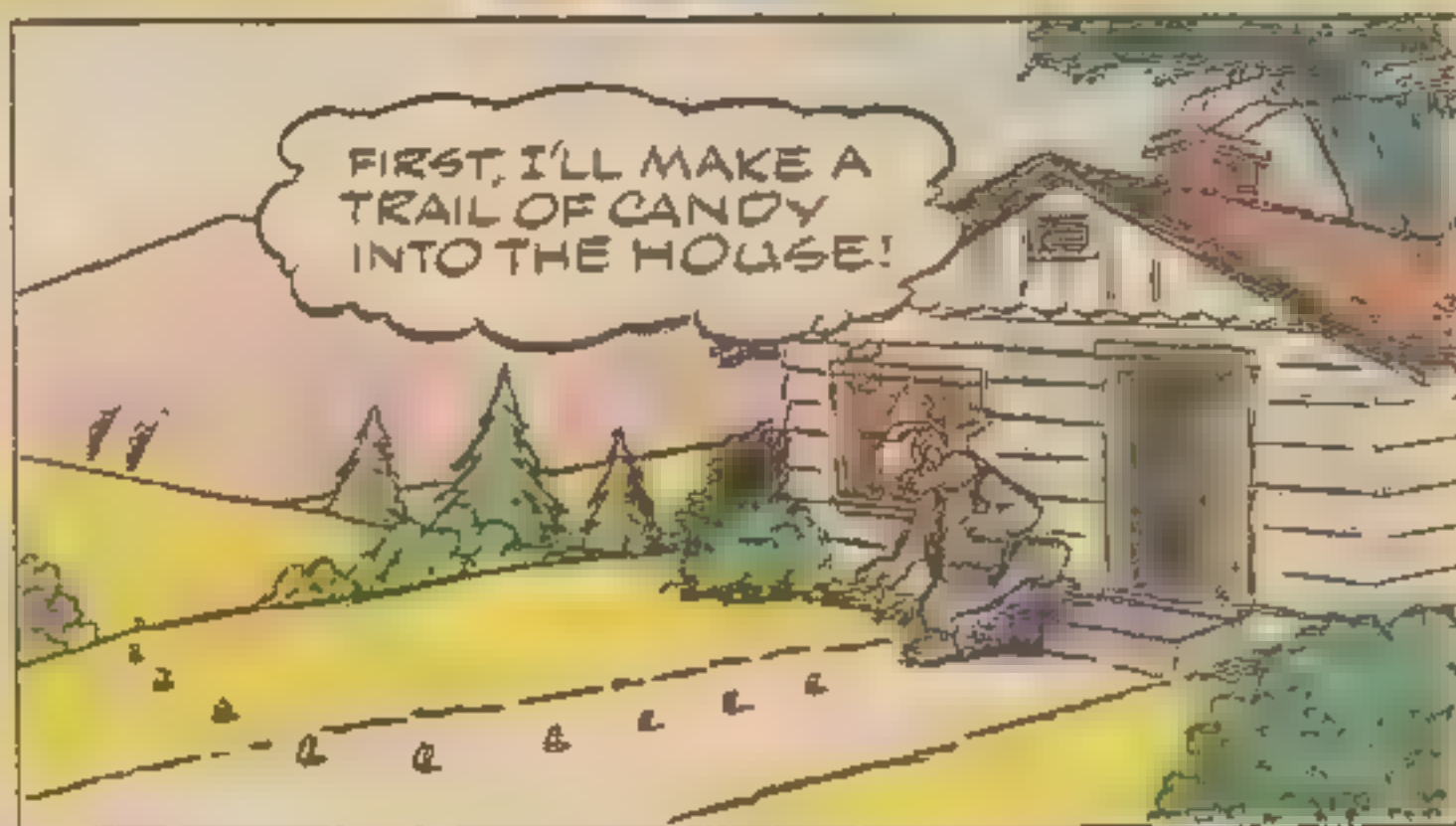
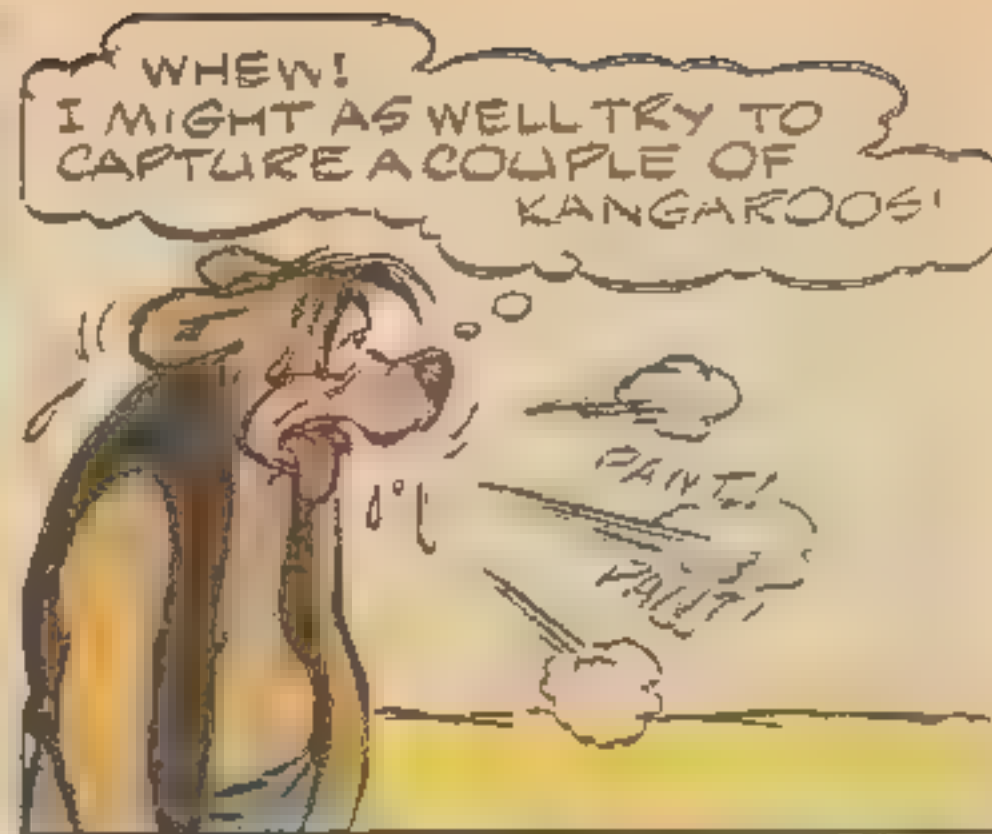
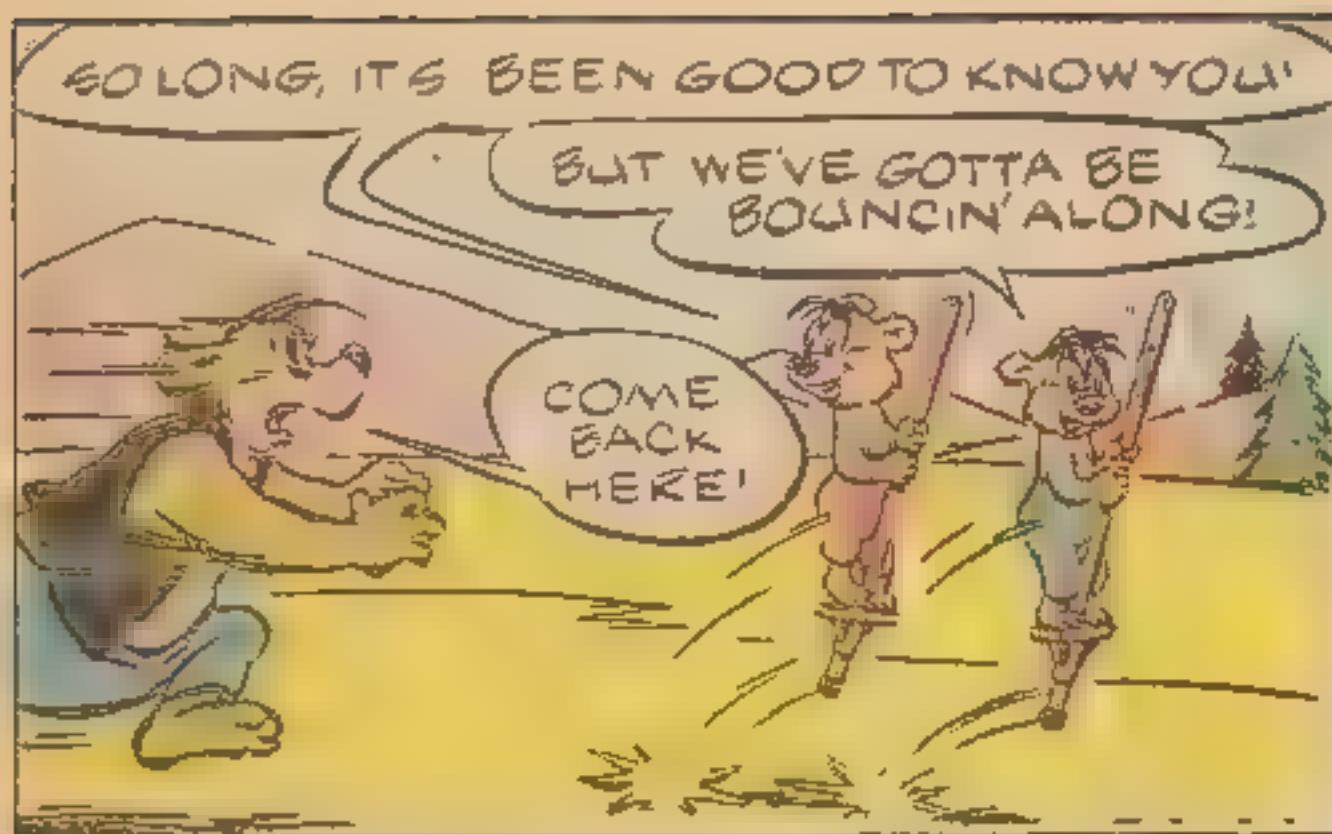


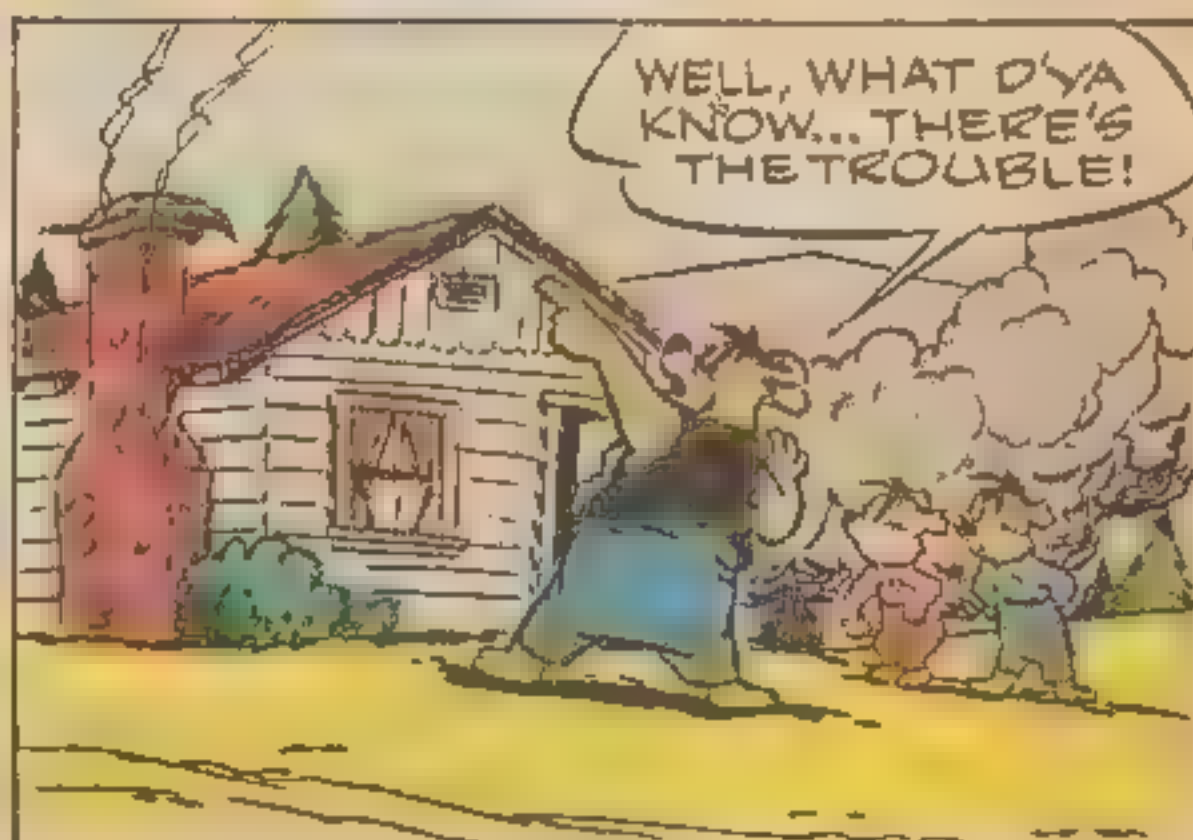
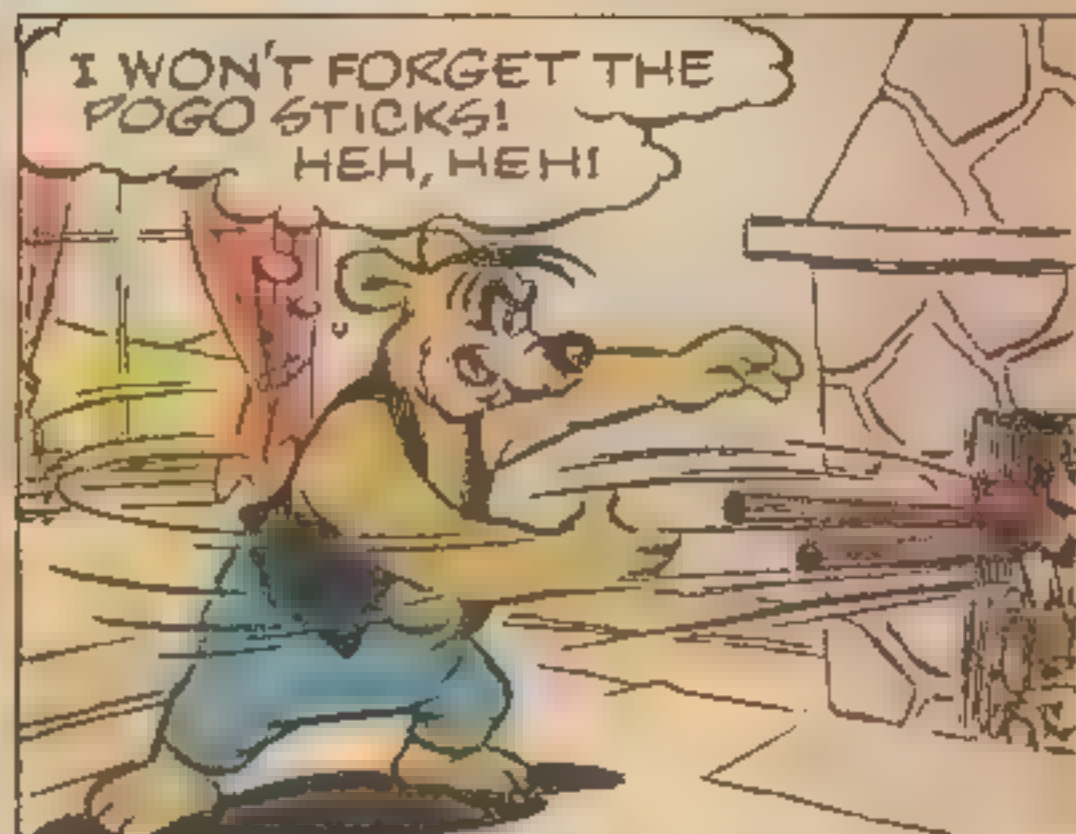
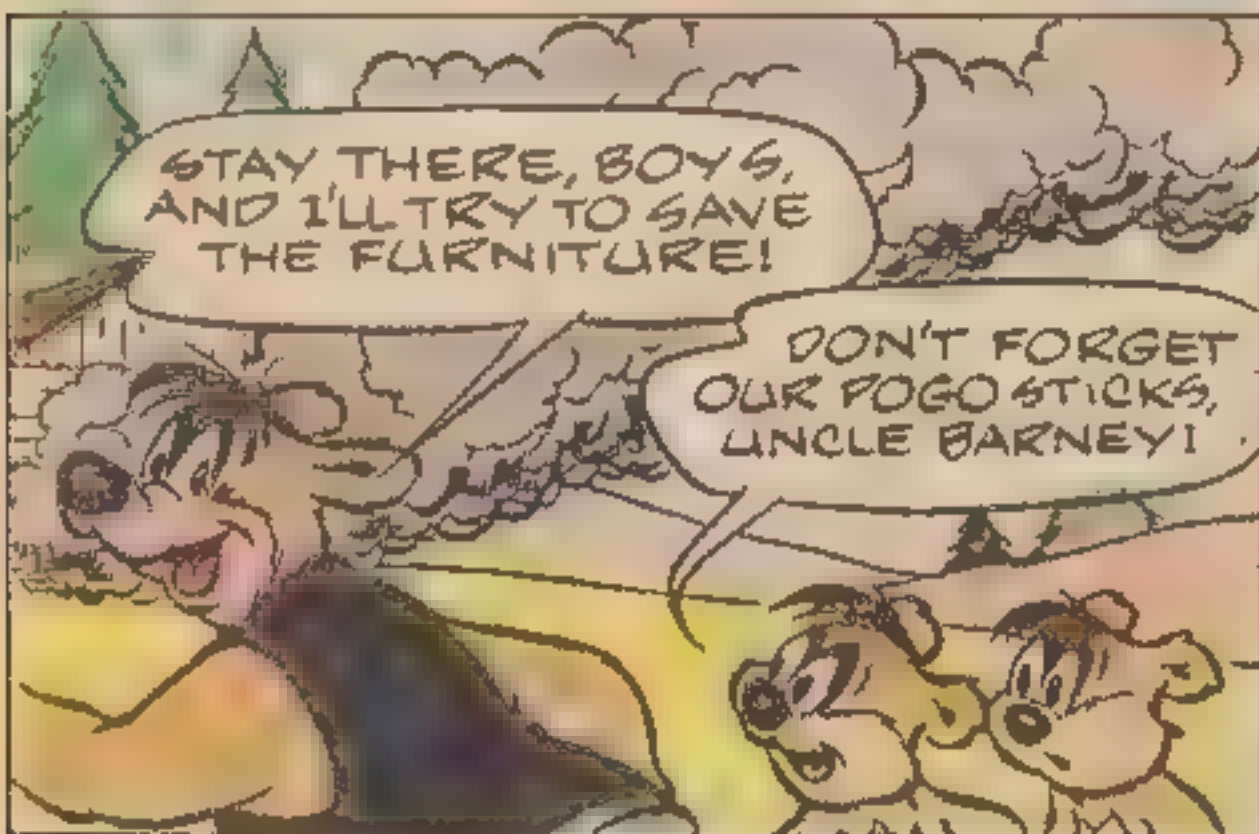
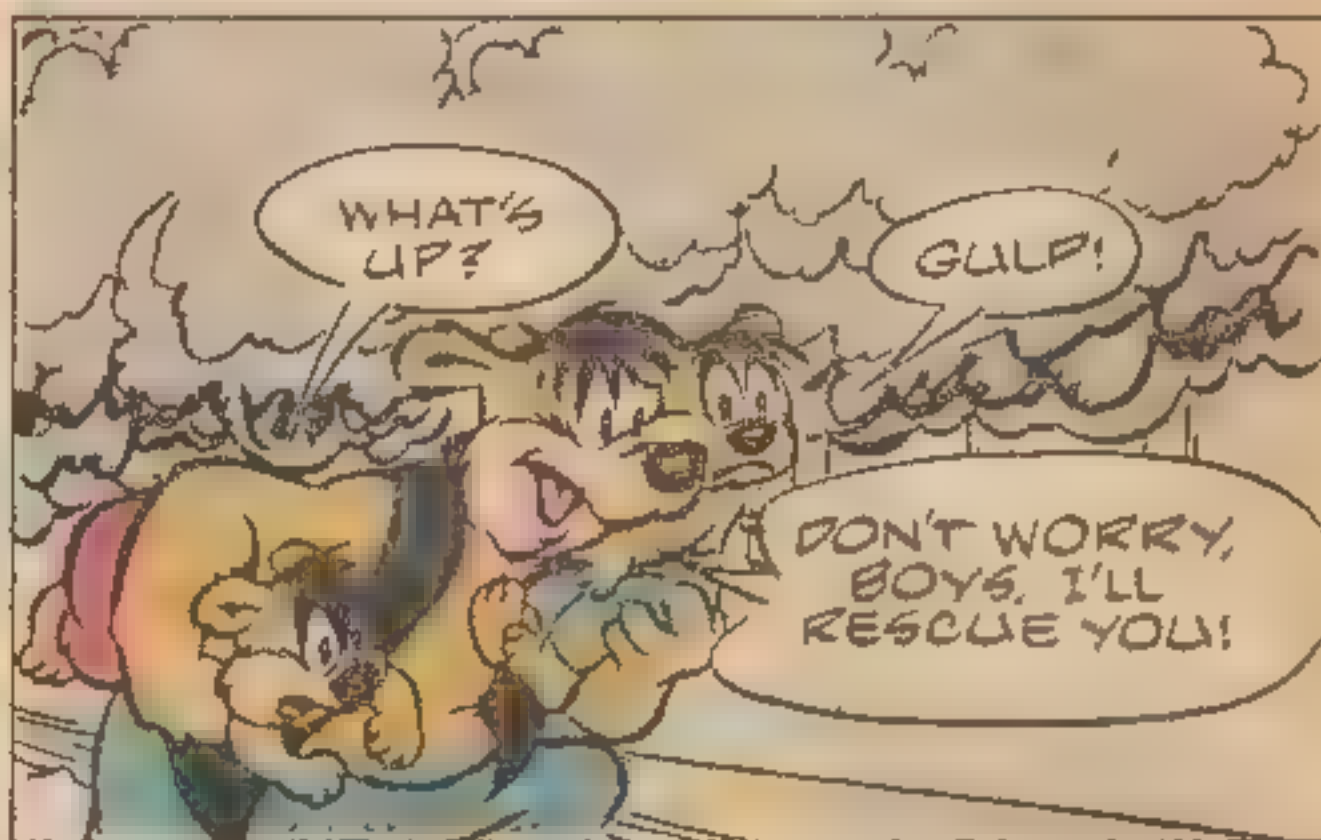
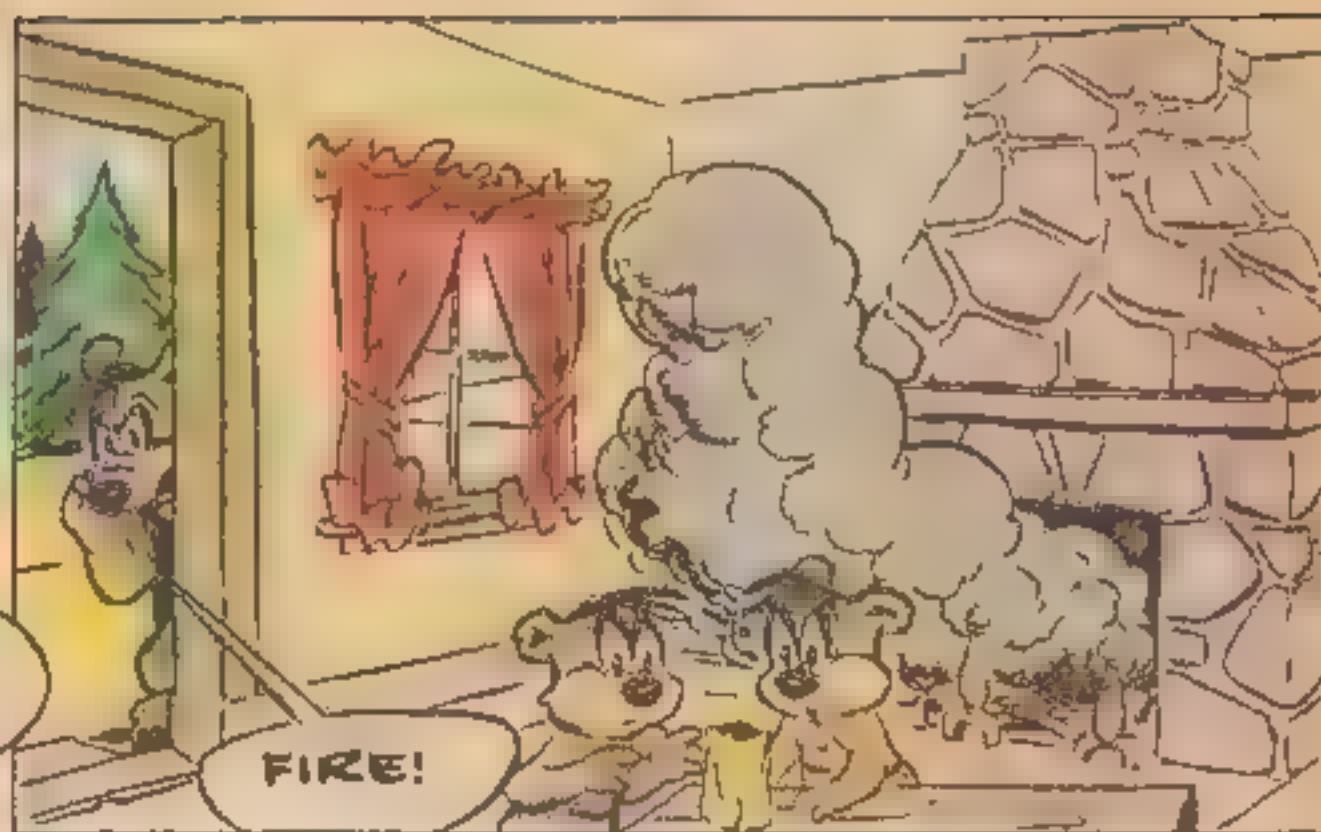


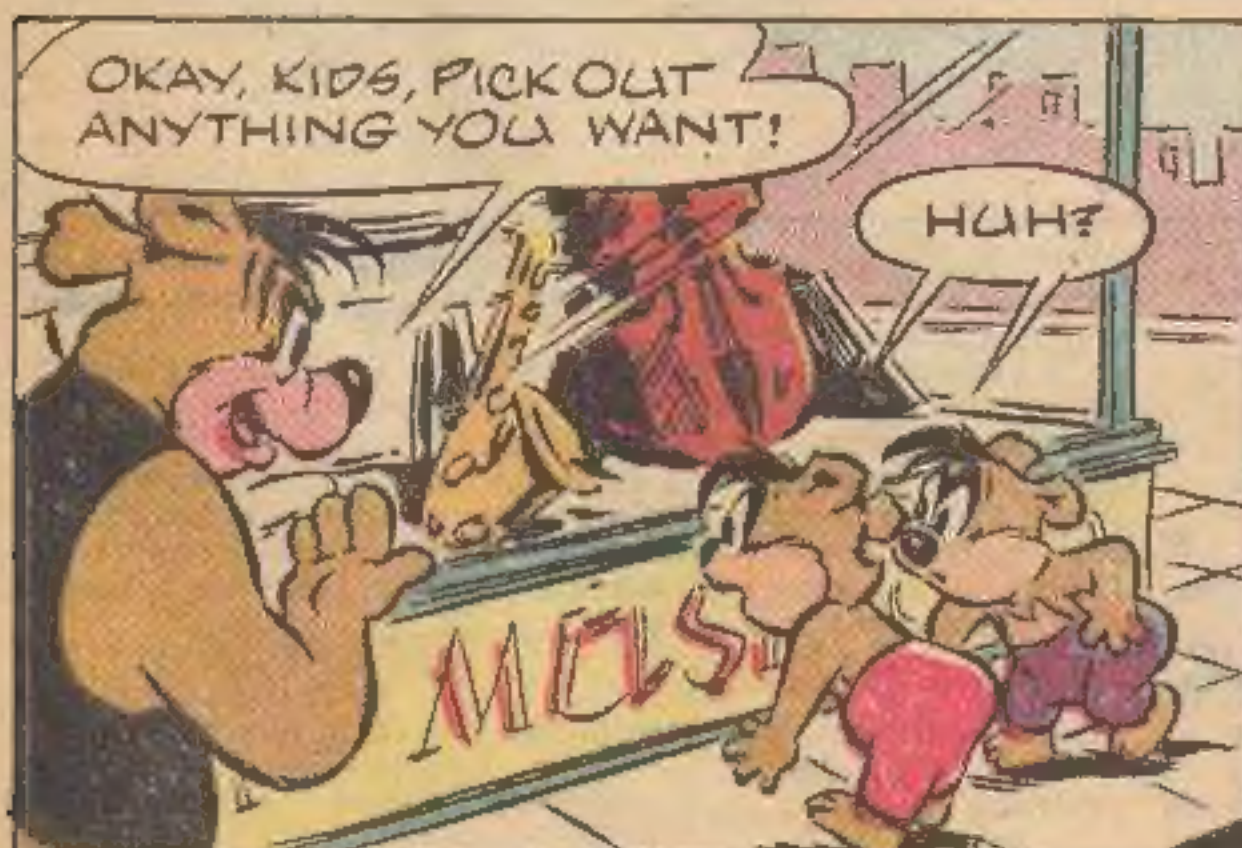
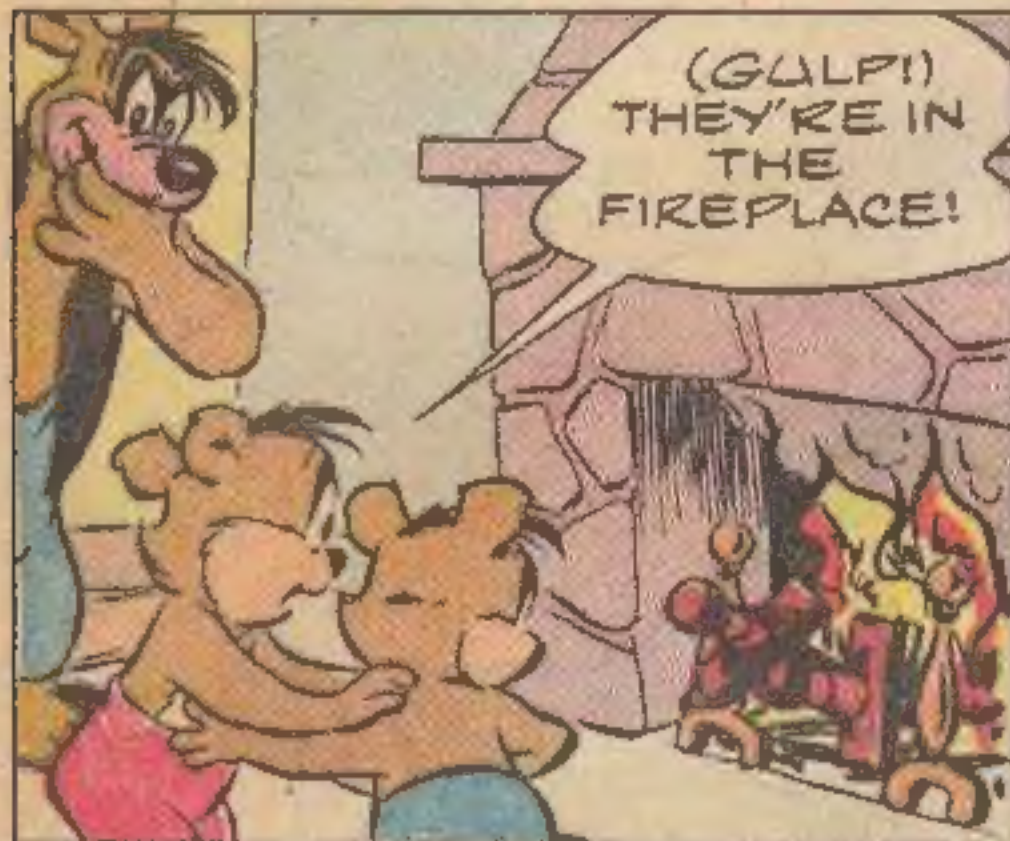


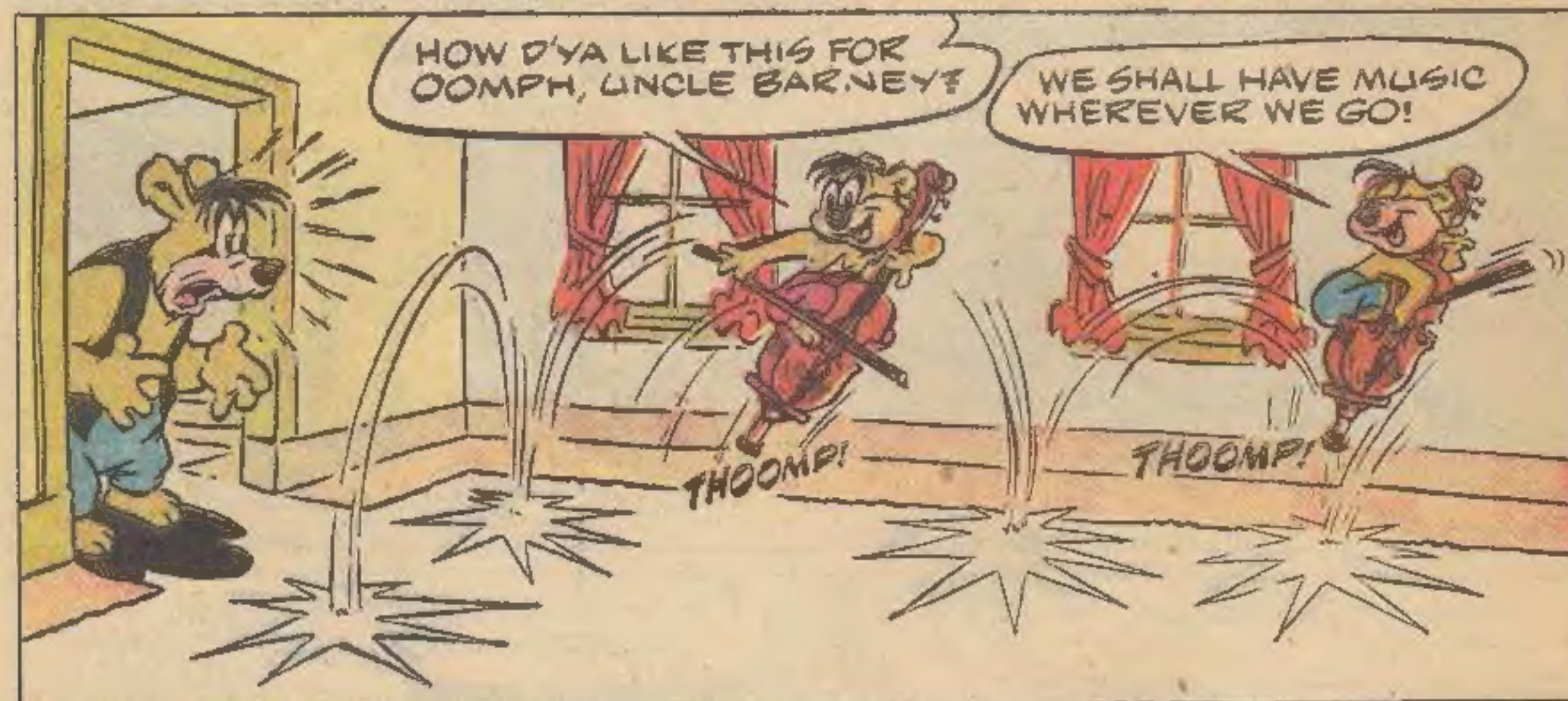












STATEMENT REQUIRED BY THE ACT OF AUGUST 24, 1912, AS AMENDED BY THE ACTS OF MARCH 3, 1933, AND JULY 2, 1946 (Title 39, United States Code, Section 253) SHOWING THE OWNERSHIP, MANAGEMENT, AND CIRCULATION OF Tom and Jerry Comics published monthly at New York, N. Y., for October 1, 1952.

1. The names and addresses of the publisher, editor, managing editor, and business managers are: Publisher, George T. Delacorte, Jr., 261 Fifth Avenue, New York 16, N. Y.; Editor, Helen Meyer, 261 Fifth Avenue, New York 16, N. Y.; Managing editor, Norie; Business manager, Helen Meyer, 261 Fifth Avenue, New York 16, N. Y.

2. The owner is: Dell Publishing Company, Inc., 261 Fifth Avenue, New York 16, N. Y.; George T. Delacorte, Jr., 261 Fifth Avenue, New York 16, N. Y.; Margarita Delacorte, 261 Fifth Avenue, New York 16, N. Y.

3. The known bondholders, mortgagees, and other security holders owning or holding 1 percent or more of total amount of bonds, mortgages, or other securities are: None.

4. Paragraphs 2 and 3 include, in cases where the stockholder or security holder appears upon the books of the company as trustee or in any other fiduciary relation, the name of the person or corporation for whom such trustee is acting; also the statements in the two paragraphs show the affiant's full knowledge and belief as to the circumstances and conditions under which stockholders and security holders who do not appear upon the books of the company as trustees, hold stock and securities in a capacity other than that of a bona fide owner.

(Signed) HELEN MEYER
Business Manager

Sworn to and subscribed before me this 11th day of September, 1952

JEANNETTE S. GREEN

(Seal)

(My Commission Expires March 30, 1954)

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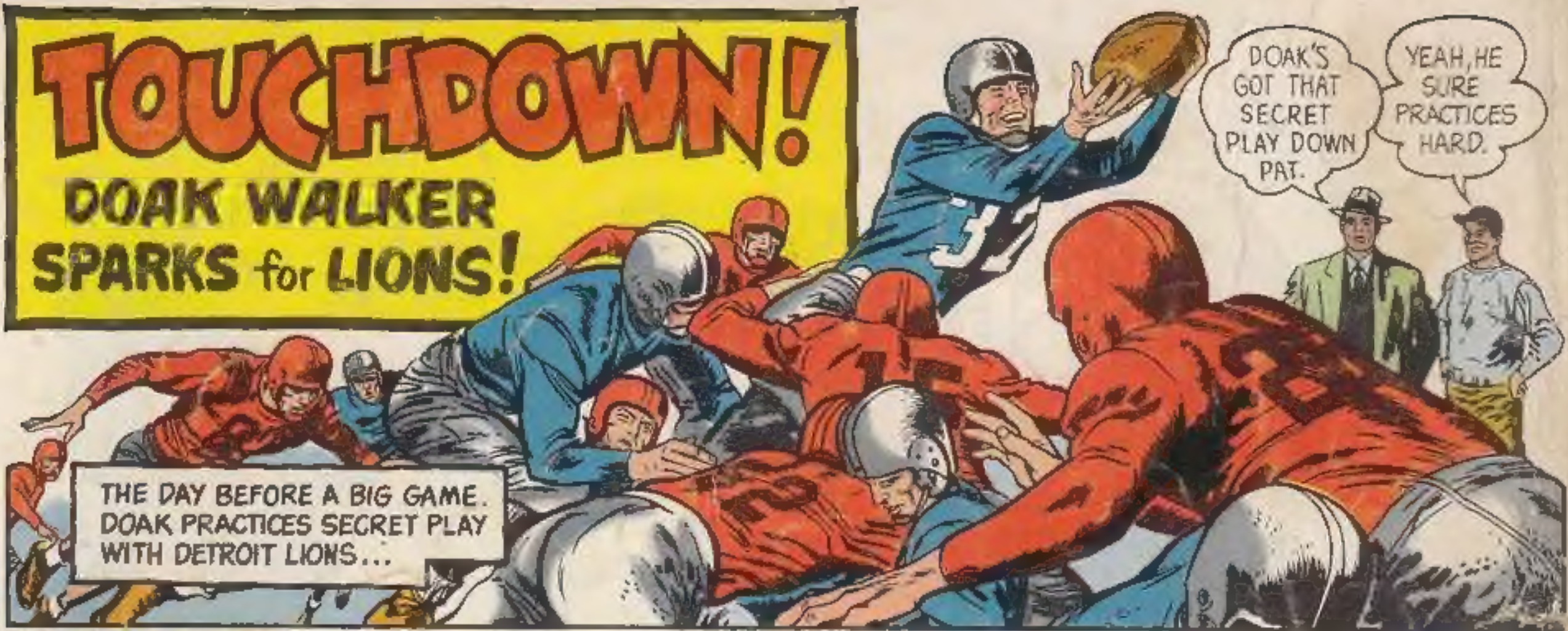
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TOUCHDOWN!

DOAK WALKER SPARKS for LIONS!

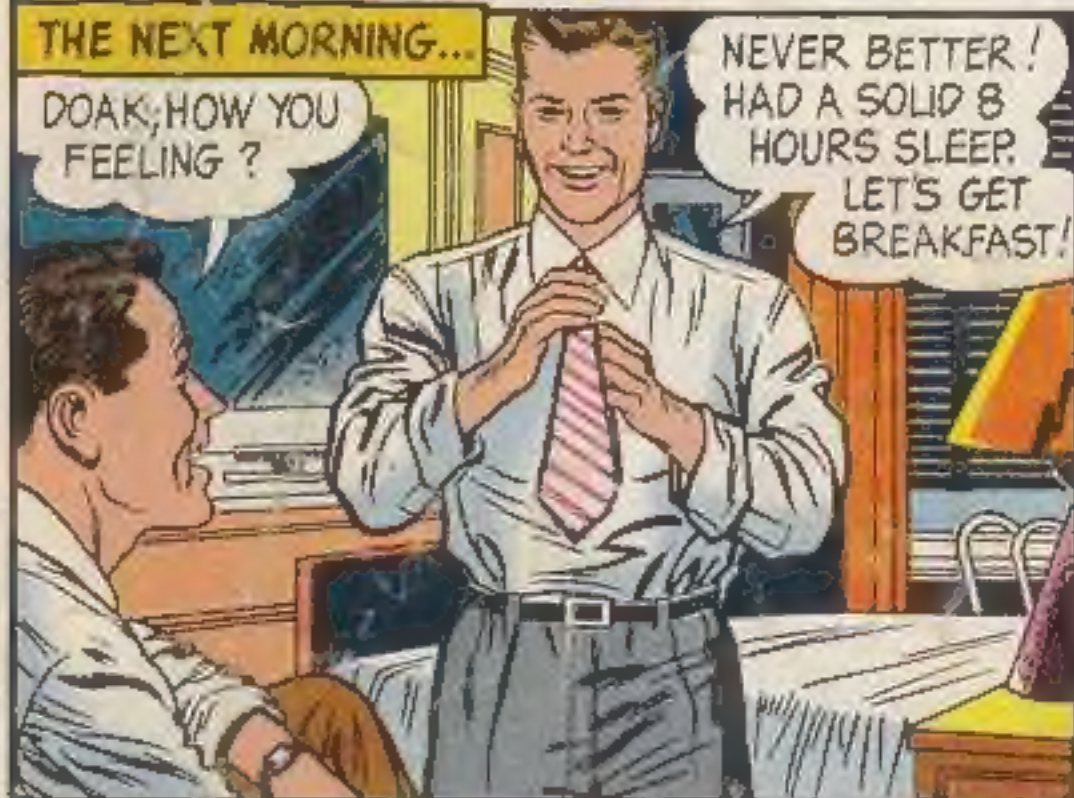


THE DAY BEFORE A BIG GAME. DOAK PRACTICES SECRET PLAY WITH DETROIT LIONS...

THE NEXT MORNING...

DOAK, HOW YOU FEELING?

NEVER BETTER! HAD A SOLID 8 HOURS SLEEP. LET'S GET BREAKFAST!



DOES SPARKIN' UP ON WHEATIES REALLY HELP, DOAK?

YOU BET! THERE'S A WHOLE KERNEL OF WHEAT IN EVERY WHEATIES FLAKE!



THAT AFTERNOON WITH SECONDS TO GO, LIONS TRAIL BY 3 POINTS. LIONS' QUARTERBACK CALLS SECRET PLAY...

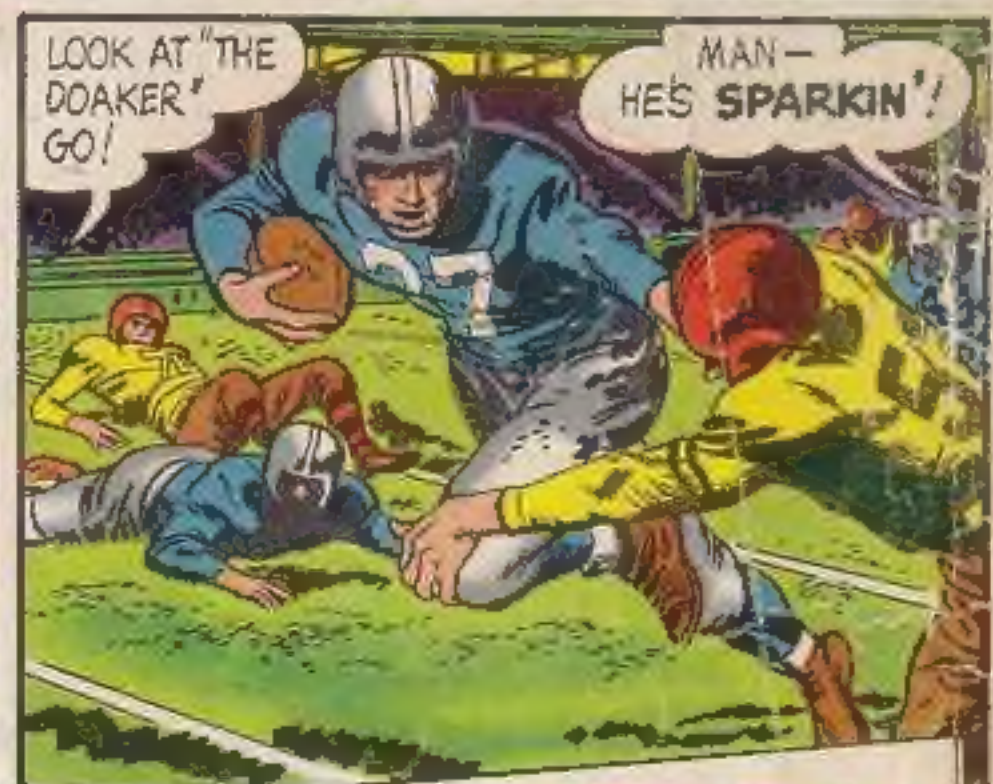
OOOH, BAD PASS FROM CENTER!

NO TIME FOR SECRET PLAY. I'LL TRY TO RUN IT!



LOOK AT "THE DOAKER" GO!

MAN - HE'S SPARKIN'!



TOUCHDOWN! LIONS WIN!

MADE IT!



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